MAN AS HE IS.

A NOVEL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME I.

Voluptates, blanditiæ dominæ, majores partes animi a virtute deterquent.

DUBLIN:

Printed by P. Wogan, No. 23, Old-Bridge;
P. Byrne, No. 108, Grafton-Street;
B. Smith, No. 38, Mary-Street.

1793.

BODLEIAN
8 III 1935
LIBRARY

PREFACE.

TO a refined and ſenſible people,—ſays Mr. Rouſſeau,—inſtruction can only be offered in form of a novel. The Engliſh are a refined and ſenſible people; and I deſire to inſtruct them in the beſt manner poſſible. Indeed the mode of inſtruction by novels, is become as prevalent as Mr. Rouſſeau himſelf could have wiſhed; and, to all who think in his elegant manner, will be irrefragable proof of my beloved country being, whatſoever may become of our politics, the firſt of nations, for refinement and ſenſibility.

Whether reviewers are graver than the reſt of mankind; whether they do not accord to the abovementioned ſentiment of John James; or whether they do not think us yet ſufficiently refined and ſenſible; it is certain the whole corps, *una voce*, exclaim againſt this favor'd ſpecies of compoſition. Some, I believe, becauſe they think, les Sages, les Marivaux, the Fieldings, the Smollets, are dead and buried, and will not riſe again; others becauſe novels, as novels, do poiſon the minds of young ladies; and young ladies do poiſon young gentlemen; and ſo there is danger of an univerſal ſanies, from this corrupted and corrupting cauſe. But I humbly opine, that boarding ſchools, where young ladies go to learn to dreſs and behave, and where they do learn to dreſs with vanity, and behave with

pride, may at leaſt claim an equal ſhare in this buſineſs of corruption.

It is true, and it is pity; but it muſt be owned, there are books called novels, and it is probable I am increaſing the number, which would weary the patience of German or Dutch reviewers. Our gentlemen, might with reaſon complain of their triſtes calendæ, thoſe ſad days when they were obliged to labour through them, if they were obliged; but ſurely, here, if any where, it may be allowed them to catch the eel of ſcience, by the tail.

It is not now—as in the days of good Queen Ann—when none read, but thoſe who could read. Except the wives and daughters of country labourers, all women read now, or ſeem to read. Whether fairy tales or novels, be the mental food moſt meet for a moiety of our reading ladies, I do not determine; but ſince, as I preſume by the demand, their choice falls upon the latter—I remember what the great king of Pruſſia ſaid upon a ſort of ſimilar occaſion:—If my loving ſubjects chuſe to be damned, I give them my permiſſion.—So, if my pretty countrywomen will read nonſenſe, I am not a man to bar them ſo reaſonable a liberty; and I hope the reviewers will henceforward, grant them the ſame indulgence.

Upon a ſerious conſideration of the foregoing premiſes, ſmit with the love of fame, and having weighed my own abilities in the accurate balance, which authors generally uſe upon ſuch occaſions, I ventured to aſſume the pen. For fame is fame; whether it ariſe from the delicate whiſper of the well judging few, or the loud roar of the many. Kings have been known to prefer the latter. So has John Weſley. Why not I?

When

When I had gotten together a competent aggregate, I ſubmitted it to the inſpection of a lady of taſte, who reads all novels, and has more to ſay in their praiſe, than reviewers. She returned my manuſcript with this compliment: I thank you, ſir, for the peruſal; but it by no means anſwers my expectation.

"Pray ma'am," ſaid I, with an odd ſort of trepidation; for authors have delicate nervous ſyſtems, and I felt mine rather deranged; "pray ma'am—what a—are your—objections?"

"You called it a novel," anſwered ſhe. "No, ſir—it is not a novel. A novel ſhould have plot. You have no plot. Character—but character is not your forte. Incident—you have indeed a few ſmall incidents, but weak, and by no means of the right ſort. Of the marvellous—nothing. Of diſtreſs—why you have abſolutely no diſtreſs that deſerves the name. And for love!—oh, I promiſe you, your twenty thouſand fair readers will not thank you for the leſſons you have given them on that ſubject."

"Pray, Madam," ſaid I, humbled to the duſt, "if it is not a novel, what is it?"

"Really," anſwered ſhe, "it is totally out of my power to ſolve that enigma. It is, I believe, what naturaliſts call a non-deſcript. However, if you will print, don't mind the title. Leave it to the reviewers to give your book a name; they will do it—depend upon it."

To the reviewers then, with all humiliation of ſpirit, I commit it; hoping they will condeſcend to tell us, as ſoon as may be convenient—

WHAT IT IS.

EXORDIUM.

THAT a deviation from virtue is a deviation from happineſs, divines have always taught; yet men will not believe; for there are ſtill deviations from virtue. As far as my own experience reaches, I can aver the truth of this firſt of moral maxims, which cannot be too often inculcated. I have friends who deny its univerſality. I have others who are aſſured of it; and who for the benefit of the univerſe, have put into my hands the papers whence I have extracted the following true hiſtory. Which without farther preface, begins thus;

MAN

MAN AS HE IS.

CHAP. I.

THE family of the Paradynes is very ancient in England. Walter Erdolf Paradyne held of Henry the ſecond in capite; and having delivered up one of the king's caſtles when nothing was left in it to eat, the monarch ordered him into cloſe cuſtody in the caſtle of Wincheſter. Alice his wife, paid this gracious king ten marks to be with her huſband one night. Thoſe were the times when kings were conſiderate, and attentive to the wiſhes of the ſubject.

When the antiquity of a family is once eſtabliſhed, it ſeldom renders any very material ſervice to it to inquire why the original honours were beſtowed, or how ſupported; ſatisfied, therefore, with having built upon a ſolid foundation, the right of looking down upon the common herd; I paſs over from the reign of Henry the ſecond to that of George the third, without taking the trouble to make compariſons.

As a country gentleman, the late Sir Jeffery Paradyne muſt have been in ſome eſtimation. His eſtate was large; he was œconomical, without avarice; and his tenantry were flouriſh-

ing. He was in the houſe many years; always endeavoured to diſtinguiſh the right from the wrong in a queſtion; and when he could perform this arduous operation to his own ſatisfaction, always voted for this right; although he had married the ſiſter of Lord Auſchamp; who never fluctuated in his opinions; was always the firm friend of adminiſtration; and took all complaiſant pains to inſtruct his ill-informed brother-in-law.

Lady Mary Paradyne had little fortune, and was therefore under the neceſſity of ſetting a very high value upon rank. It was troubleſome to Sir Jeffery, to the country ladies, and even to Lady Mary herſelf. I ſpeak of the routine of etiquette which it induced. Sir Jeffery would ſometimes endeavour to break it; but never had the happineſs to render his lady leſs perverſe by the attempt. Not that ſhe was perverſe in all her ways. She brought Sir Jeffery three ſons and a daughter, charming children, and ſo properly brought up, that they ſeldom laughed at papa and mama, or ventured to make mouths, till they were at a reaſonable diſtance.

Whatever might be the portion of Sir Jeffery's happineſs, it was terminated very prematurely by a fatal accident. The Drogheda, from Dublin to Holyhead, was loſt in a ſtorm, and all on board periſhed. The principal of the unfortunate paſſengers were Sir Jeffery and his two eldeſt ſons returning from Ireland, where the baronet had improveable eſtates.

I do not pretend to deſcribe the affliction of Lady Mary Paradyne; one may judge of its exceſs by its conſequences. The firſt quarter, Lady Mary reſolved to paſs in ſilence. In the ſecond, ſhe would allow herſelf to ſpeak provided

ed any kind friend would indulge her in the language of ſorrow. Cards were abſolutely to be interdicted during this immenſe portion of widow-hood. In the third quarter they might be allowed to appear, for the comfort of her condoling friends, but not her own. No—the world ſhould not bribe her to touch them till the laſt period of widowhood; if, even then, ſhe ſhould be able to endure them.

Thoſe who know what cards and ladies are, will be amazed at the aſtoniſhing effects of ſo common a cauſe, for huſbands die daily; and what ladies are found ſo deficient in true piety, not to bear the diſpenſations of Providence with due reſignation? But it was not the ſimple death of Sir Jeffery and her ſons which afflicted Lady Mary ſo inordinately; it was the manner of it. Had it happened in bed, after a year's ſubſtantial ſickneſs, I dare ſay Lady Mary would have been governed by the milder laws which faſhion has in that caſe made and provided.

I cannot ſpeak of the grief of Miſs Paradyne in the ſame terms. She was only in her nineteenth year, not yet much initiated in ton, and knew to grieve only as nature taught her. She loved her father and brothers; the roſe died upon her cheeks; her appetite was loſt, her amuſements were no longer amuſements; her breaſt was oppreſſed with an uncommon ſenſe of weight, and her hours waſted in wearineſs and languor. Diſpoſed nearly in the ſame manner, were the feelings of Mr. George, now Sir George Paradyne, a ſtudent at Oxford. A ſtrong addiction to ſcience had hitherto been his guard againſt libertiniſm, without having weakened the ſocial affections. He felt his loſs; and

was little inclined to admit the rich ſucceſſion he became heir to, as an alleviation.

When he arrived at Dennington, he found himſelf more diſpoſed to a ſoft ſympathy with his ſiſter, than to adopt the mode of ſorrow Lady Mary had choſen. It was their duty, however, to endeavour to comfort their mother; it was a vain endeavour. Lady Mary could not ſupport the idea of comfort. It abſolutely enraged her, and ſhe actually broke her determined ſilence in the very firſt week of her widowhood, in order to chaſtiſe the preſumption of two unnatural children, who could ſuppoſe her capable of entertaining ſo prepoſterous and idea.

CHAP. II.

SIR George Paradyne, now in his twenty-firſt year, had been deſigned for the church, had ſubſcribed to the thirty-nine articles, which he perfectly underſtood, that is, as perfectly as thoſe who made them; and was upon the point of declaring his call to the miniſtry by the holy ſpirit, when the news of this family misfortune reached him. It was not till three months after, he could reſume this divine conſideration; and then he perceived clearly his call was gone; and that the ſpirit had quite abandoned him——ſo hard is it for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven.

In a month the family removed to London, Lady Mary conceiving the metropolis wanted an example ſuch as hers; and her ſon an inſtructor, like the Earl of Auſchamp. The Earl would willingly have undertaken the entire guardianſhip of

of his nephew, with all its appendages; but by Sir Jeffery's laſt will, made many years before his melancholy cataſtrophe, he had given this guardianſhip of all the minors of the family to Mr. James Paradyne, his brother.

Mr. James Paradyne was a plain country gentleman, and an honeſt, though not perhaps very ſagacious, juſtice of the peace. In the language of the laſt half century, he was a jolly hale hearty fellow, kept fox hounds, loved his bottle, had no objections to a pretty girl in the dark; but had the wiſdom to take warning by his elder brother; and keep out of the matrimonial precincts.

Lady Mary Paradyne never could bear the untutored manners of her brother-in-law, and contrived to ſhew her contempt of him ſo many ways, that he became an intire ſtranger at Dennington-hall. This contempt he returned as oft' as opportunity offered, ſo that the lady and the gentleman ſoon conceived as cordial a hatred for each other as ever need to diſgrace humanity.

Mr. Paradyne was much bent upon oppoſing the journey of his wards to town; and of conſigning Lady Mary over to her, jointure and jointure-houſe. The nephew made pious and even learned remonſtrances againſt it without effect. The gentle and ſmiling entreaties of his engaging niece were the ſole powers capable of changing the direction of a will, unaccuſtomed to find any impediment to its reſolutions.

Lord Auſchamp had the mortification to find Sir George a moſt indocile ſcholar in the great ſchool of politics. He never could make him comprehend that great political truth, that power is always right; and the

the conſequent neceſſity of ſupporting government in all its motions. So untractable was his pupil in theſe particulars, ſo obſtinate in oppoſition, that the ſmiling politeneſs of Lord Auſchamp would ſometimes give way to angry conceptions; and ſuffer him to be ſurpriſed into very uncourtly language.

On the other hand Sir George, warm with the ideas of Greece and Rome, began to ſuſpect that his uncle was little of a ſtateſman and leſs of a patriot; that his morals were verſatile; and his manners affected. So he determined to confine his reverence to the exterior reſpect due to the brother of his mother, but by no means to conſider him as a model for himſelf.

Something of this was perceptible to Lord Auſchamp, who knowing the force of early impreſſions, and the importance Sir George might be of to him in his political capacity; communicated his opinions to Lady Mary. That gentle ſiſter concurred with her brother in thinking it expedient Sir George ſhould travel. "Abroad, Lord Auſchamp ſaid, he will learn a little more implicit obedience, and correct the errors of his academic education."

Sir George aſſented to the propoſal willingly; for over and above the pleaſures the idea of travelling preſents to youthful minds, the temper of Lady Mary made it a difficult taſk to him to treat her with all the attention and reſpect her maternal relation demanded.

Mr. Paradyne conſented alſo, becauſe, as he ſaid, Lady Mary would make the boy a beau and a milkſop; and Lord Auſchamp would make him a jacobite. It is true, this did not demonſtrate the accuracy of Mr. Paradyne's ideas, but fully denoted their tenor.

Nothing

Nothing therefore remained but to ſeek a tutor worthy of ſo important a truſt. Many were found and rejected. It was his lordſhip's department, as he was a courtier, to examine their morals; her ladyſhip's, as ſhe was a lady, their manners, and Sir George, with all the ſapience of twenty years and a half, undertook the article of wiſdom.

Lady Mary was ſo attentive to this important office, that ſhe rejected five ſucceſſive candidates. Lord Auſchamp only three. I believe I ought rather to ſay three were rejected for want of virtue, moral or political; five for want of grace. Not that either of theſe polite inquiſitors thought it neceſſary to inquire whether the candidate had a few private vices more or leſs; but Lord Auſchamp thought true virtue was to love one's king, and to ſupport his miniſters; whilſt Lady Mary thought the perfection of human nature, was taſte in dreſs and elegance of deportment. In ſhort the difficulty of choice was ſo great, that it is probable none would ever have been made, had not chance, or what we are pleaſed to call ſo, determined Sir George to make his own election.

One Mr. Lagray a mathematical inſtrument maker, had got into the king's bench priſon for certain failures of payment; occaſioned, as he afterwards aſſured Sir George, by the misfortune of having Lords for cuſtomers. He was a very honeſt man, his ſcales were very exact, and he had a very pretty daughter, who being of French extraction, had a great deal of French freedom and vivacity.

Sometimes Sir George amuſed himſelf in Mr. Lagray's workſhop; ſometimes in Miſs Lagray's parlour. He had too tender a heart to ſee Miſs Lagray

Lagray weep. He had alſo, for he was yet young in the world, money, liberality, and compaſſion. Would nature, if it is her buſineſs, but give the two latter, wherever fortune is pleaſed to beſtow the former, it is inconceivable how this ſingle circumſtance would change, all for the better, the moral face of this our globe. At leaſt, this was the opinion of Epictetus; I anſwer for nothing.

Sir George went to the king's bench priſon to confer with Mr. Lagray, who having proved, that had he been poſſeſſed of x+y+z pounds, he might ſtill have been making diagonals in his own attic ſtory, Sir George agreed to replace him there. The probability of ſuch an event, being only as one to ninety-ſeven againſt it, according to the marquis of Condorcel's moral calculations, it excited the honeſt mechanic's wonder, almoſt as much as it excited his gratitude.

Whilſt they were ſtanding in a corner of the area, conſidering the ſteps neceſſary to procure Mr. Lagray's freedom, Sir George ſaw a middle aged gentleman paſs by, in company with another, too gaily dreſſed to be thought an inhabitant of any priſon. The firſt, who had been a priſoner ſome years, was decently dreſſed in a plain ſuit of broad cloth; had an open agreeable face, but tinged with the hue of ſicklineſs; a penſive caſt of feature; eyes which indicated intelligence, and a tout enſemble capable of intereſting a profound phyſiognomiſt in no ſmall degree.

"Once again, ſir, I anſwer no. I can have bread here, ſir, bread and peace. What I believe to be wrong, I will not ſay or write for any man; nor will I owe an obligation to———"

was

was his reply to the gentleman as they paſſed along; but the cloſe was loſt by the diſtance.

Sir George aſked Mr. Lagray if he knew him? Mr. Lagray anſwered, he knew no more of him than his name, which was Lindſay; and that he was regarded in the priſon as a man of nice honour, and active kindneſs; who never refuſed pity and comfort to wretchedneſs, and often found a way to relieve it more ſubſtantially.

By the keeper of the priſon, Sir George was informed that Mr. Lindſay was the ſon of a clergyman; and thrown into priſon by his father's widow, for a debt of fifty pounds. That he was viſited occaſionally by reſpectable people, ſome of whom had in his hearing ſolicited leave to pay the debt. That Mr. Lindſay always refuſed this kindneſs, ſaying that it was the demand of malignity, and ſhould not be gratified. That he ſupported himſelf by the preſs, and when he had a ſuperfluity of money, he parted with it to relieve the neceſſities of thoſe who were moſt in want. For more particulars he referred him to the lodgings whence the arreſt had taken him.

Theſe were in Bloomſbury, at the houſe of a widow, who burſt into tears at the mention of Mr. Lindſay, and ſpoke of him in terms which increaſed Sir George's reſpect for his character.

Repairing the next day to the priſon and calling for a room, he ſent to requeſt Mr. Lindſay's company; and having an idea (would all men had it) that a perſon in Mr. Lindſay's ſituation ought to be treated with peculiar delicacy, began the converſation with an apology for the liberty he had preſumed to take; but that his character had inſpired him with the deſire of ſoliciting his friendſhip.

Mr. Lindſay, who knew the world, and did not

not believe that motives of mere benevolence could induce a young man of Sir George's gay appearance to ſeek him in priſon, anſwered politely, but with ſome coldneſs and reſerve.

"Mr. Lindſay, ſays Sir George, you do right to repreſs my preſumption. Friendſhip, I know, is not to be had for the mere aſking; and yours, I believe, is too valuable to be beſtowed upon a man, who may poſſibly never poſſeſs ſufficient merit to deſerve it. I ſhould have aſked your acquaintance only, and left it to time and my own attentions, to procure the whole of my deſire."

"You treat me with a candour, ſir, replies Mr. Lindſay, which demands an equal return of candour on my part. I cannot ſuppoſe a gentleman would deſcend into a priſon with the ſole view of adding an unhappy man to the number of his acquaintance. You conceive probably ſome ſervice I might be able to render you for this condeſcenſion."

"So far, Mr. Lindſay, anſwered Sir George, you are perfectly right."

"It depends then upon the nature of that ſervice, what reply I ought to make."

"Nothing in the world, ſays Sir George, but to ingraft your knowledge upon my ignorance; your experience upon my want of it."

"Have the goodneſs to be more explicit."

"Moſt willingly, anſwered Sir George. You have your misfortunes; ſo have I, but they happen to be the reverſe of yours. You have too much poverty; I have too much wealth. I have juſt experience enough of the world to know my own danger; juſt prudence enough to deſire to take cautions againſt the follies of the age, and my

my own. I am a minor of family. My relations are looking out for a tutor. Dare you undertake the taſk?"

"Indeed I dare not."

"Oh, ſays Sir George, ſmiling, you have a competent idea of its nature."

"I have, anſwered Mr. Lindſay, a competent idea of my own impotence. I have never yet been able to govern myſelf."

"That indeed, ſays Sir George, is the moſt difficult of all government. You'll learn it, as other people do, when you come to three ſcore years and ten. I believe the wiſe Solomon did not acquire it much before that term. In the mean time, make a few experiments upon other ſubjects. I offer myſelf for your firſt eſſay."

"If, ſays Mr. Lindſay, I could believe myſelf capable of doing you ſervice, this engaging frankneſs might determine me to try. But it cannot be; a tutor ſhould be well acquainted with the world. I am not ſo——at leaſt not your world.—His mind and body ought to be in habits of activity. Mine is loſt. Diſguſted with mankind—is it for me to introduce a gentleman into a proper commerce with it? It is your humanity, ſir, has betrayed you into this error. It ought to be the part of my integrity to prevent your ſuffering by the illuſion."

"So it is, ſays Sir George, men draw concluſions.—Hear mine. You have been taught in the great ſchool of adverſity, where men beſt learn prudence, temperance, and fortitude. Now theſe I have much inclination to learn, but none to go into your ſchool. In ſhort, it was written in the book of fate, that you ſhould buy virtue at the price of affliction, and I ſhould have the benefit of it. And what is it that induces

duces you to quarrel ſo bitterly with the race of man, oh ſeptuagenary of forty?"

"A long ſeries of diſtreſſing ſenſations."

"Of which you are ſo violently enamoured, that you will not change them for the agreeable tribe."

"Moſt willingly, ſir; but what ſhould change them? ſhall I no longer find ſelfiſh meanneſs, fraud, cunning, and ingratitude, amongſt men? Is there in ſo ſmall a time, ſo large an increaſe of moral virtues, with human kindneſs at their head?"

"Excellent, ſays Sir George; this is preciſely what I want, I love the world too well, eſpecially the fairer part of it. A gentleman of your miſanthropic turn will mitigate the violence of this paſſion. It is through magnifiers I look at the world and its pleaſures. You turn the glaſs the oppoſite way; who knows, but that by our mutual labours, we may at length conſtruct that catoptric inſtrument, at which divines and philoſophers have been labouring ſo long, and with ſo little ſucceſs—the glaſs of truth; and ſee things as they are."

"It does not appear to me, ſays Mr. Lindſay with a ſmile, that you want a tutor." "No—replies Sir George. That is the want of my friends, not mine. Lord Auſchamp, my uncle, and Lady Mary Paradyne my mother, are for ſending me the grand tour; and are looking out for me, one, a guide, who has ſtudied politics under Sir Robert Filmer; the other, who has ſtudied manners under Lord Cheſterfield. I am ſeeking out too—for a gentleman, a ſcholar and a friend."

"A friend, Sir George? and is it in me you could expect to find one? In a cloſe unſociable contracted

contracted heart, ſhut to pleaſure, and unopening even to kindneſs."

"Oh, replies Sir George, I could find plenty of friends with hearts open to profeſs, and hands open to receive, the common currency of coffee-houſes and taverns. I want friendſhip *a la mode d' antiquite*. I know too it is not an act of volition, and I know the kind of merit I muſt have to obtain yours. I requeſt permiſſion to try; conſent dear Lindſay, to endure the world and me a year or two. Whatſoever be the reſult, you ſhall be ſo far benefited as to be no more expoſed to indigence. When you chuſe to retire, you ſhall retire with the means of comfort; or if (ſmiling) you prefer this ſplendid and happy manſion to every other, means may be found to reinſtate you in it."

"There are, replies Mr. Lindſay, worſe priſons than this, with far different names. Compared with the Eſcurial and Verſailles, this is a little world of freedom."

"Oh, you need not, ſays Sir George, have croſſed the ſeas for a compariſon. I am not yet entered at St. James's."

The converſation did not end here. The gentlemen dined together, and before they parted, Mr. Lindſay conſented to Sir George's requeſt; in conſequence of which, the following day he was in poſſeſſion of his old lodgings, which happened fortunately to be unoccupied.

CHAP. III.

SIR GEORGE, eager in the execution of a ſcheme, formed by the concurring powers of wiſdom

wiſdom and benevolence, propoſed Mr. Lindſay on the next day, to Lady Mary, and Lord Auſchamp, relating at the ſame time, the manner in which he became acquainted with him, and dwelling largely on his good ſenſe, his candour, and integrity. Lady Mary was paſſive; Lord Auſchamp deſired to ſee him: Although, ſays he, I am unable to comprehend how a jail can be a good ſeminary for tutors—and I, ſays Lady Mary, ſuppoſe the man may do very well to teach boys their letters; but really, Sir George, you have already too much college ruſt about you.

Lord Auſchamp received Mr. Lindſay with great politeneſs; and after the uſual civilities ſaid,—I have not the honour to know you, Mr. Lindſay: I have no doubt you may be extremely well qualified for the office of tutor, but I believe it is cuſtomary to enquire for certain credentials in ſuch caſes; and you are too much a gentleman to be offended with proper precautions.

"If it is character, my lord, anſwered Mr. Lindſay, you wiſh to inveſtigate, I know not how to direct your inquiry: mine is ſo perfectly unknown, that I am afraid your Lordſhip cannot be ſatisfied in that particular."

"My nephew has celebrated your candour, ſir—probably with juſtice."—Mr. Lindſay bowed.

"Sir George Paradyne, Mr. Lindſay, is a young man of vaſt fortune, and great political connections. Betwixt the morals that befit a gentleman, and that which is calculated for common life, I make no doubt you diſtinguiſh properly."

"I preſume your Lordſhip means manners, not morals."

"Mr. Lindſay, I underſtand the Engliſh language

guage tolerably well.—There is no neceſſity to ſuppoſe I mean any thing but what I ſay."

"I beg your Lordſhip's pardon. There may be a commodious morality for the excluſive uſe of the rich and great; but I own myſelf unacquainted with it."

"You do not mean to recommend yourſelf by liberality of idea, I perceive; but let us paſs this. Sir George is going to make the grand tour. It is to be wiſhed he may return rather with an enlarged than a diminiſhed affection for his own country."

"As far as depends upon me, my Lord, I ſhall be attentive to this; nor can the taſk be difficult. The ſuperiority of his own country, when compared with thoſe he viſits, will be ſo evident, that he muſt love it the more, the more he compares."

"In what, Mr. Lindſay," aſked Lord Auſchamp, "do you conceive this ſuperiority to conſiſt?"

"In good laws, my Lord; by which perſonal liberty is as well ſecured, and private property as well guarded, as is conſiſtent with civil ſociety."

"Theſe bleſſings, ſays Lord Auſchamp, we owe to the indulgent family upon the throne; to which I ſuppoſe you will think it juſt to inculcate a peculiar loyalty."

"I hope my Lord, I have the proper ſentiments of a ſubject to this illuſtrious family; to which all loyalty will be due ſo long as it continues the faithful guardian and executor of our laws. As to the civil bleſſings we enjoy, I humbly conceive we owe them to our own good ſenſe and manly exertions; nor do I know that liberty like ours ever flowed, with deſign at leaſt, from any throne on earth."

"Very

"Very well Mr. —a—a— Mr. Lindſay, ſaid my lord, I believe we need not extend the converſation farther; I ſee you are perfectly qualified, and if it lies in my way to do you ſervice, depend upon me."

CHAP. IV.

I KNOW not how it is poſſible to carry politeneſs higher than it was carried by Lord Auſchamp. Unleſs he conceived himſelf directly offended by a want of a proper deference to his conſequence, he could ſeldom be brought to ſay a diſagreeable thing. So great a ſuperiority of courteſy have courtiers over the reſt of mankind.

Whilſt Mr. Lindſay was aſſuring Sir George, that Lord Auſchamp would oppoſe his ſchemes with reſpect to himſelf; and whilſt Sir George was wondering how Lindſay could draw ſuch a preſage from a diſcourſe which ſeemed to promiſe the contrary, Lady Mary received the following note:

"I have converſed with Lindſay, the perſon "on whom Sir George was ſo laviſh in his en- "comiums. My opinion is, that he is, as your "Ladyſhip juſtly obſerved, very well to teach "letters to boys, but by no means to introduce "into the world the ſon of Lady Mary Paradyne, "and the nephew of the Earl of Auſchamp."

It was kind in Lord Auſchamp to pay ſo polite an attention to Lady Mary's obſervations; and particularly ſo, becauſe he had not the higheſt opinion either of Lady Mary's wiſdom or temper. But politeneſs has many cauſes; one of theſe is money. Lady Mary had great power over

over her ſon. Sir George had great power of accommodation——at his banker's. And ſome cauſes had ariſen which rendered accommodation highly convenient to Lord Auſchamp.

There were but two people in the world who appeared to Lady Mary to be always right,—Lord Auſchamp and herſelf. The late Sir Jeffery indeed, had formerly conteſted the opinion in both its branches; but her Ladyſhip ſupported it with equal firmneſs and intrepidity, and Sir Jeffery loving peace, had ſuffered it to paſs ſub ſilentio, ſo that Lady Mary had no apprehenſion ſhe ſhould ever more hear it controverted.

"Sir George," ſays ſhe, "my dear, your uncle, Lord Auſchamp, does not like Mr. Lindſay."

"But I do, Madam," anſwered Sir George.

Lady Mary was ſtruck at once with the ſimplicity and grandeur of the reply. "Eh well—ſays ſhe——after the aſtoniſhment of a minute ———what am I to underſtand by this?"

"Mr. Lindſey, I preſume, is deſigned to be my tutor, not Lord Auſchamp's."

"And when, my pretty maſter, do boys chooſe their own tutors?"

"I am ſo near the age of diſcretion by law, that I think it ſcarce worth Lord Auſchamp's while to trouble himſelf about me."

"I wiſh, Sir George, you were at the age of diſcretion by nature."

"I think I am, madam."

"Young men are apt to make miſtakes upon that head."

"I allow it, madam. Granting then my deficiency, is it to Lord Auſchamp I am to apply for wiſdom?"

"Certainly,

"Certainly, ſir; where can you apply better?"

"My father's will has directed me to my uncle James."

"The boor. Could it have directed you worſe?"

"I own I think it might, madam."

"I wonder where?"

"Excuſe me, madam."

"What, Sir George———is it poſſible you can mean Lord Auſchamp?"———Sir George did not anſwer. "Lord Auſchamp deſpiſed by his ſiſter's ſon!"

"Deſpiſed, Madam! no certainly. I am ſenſible of the proper reſpect due to him, and mean to pay it."

"Let me tell you, ſir, he is conſidered as a man of the very firſt underſtanding about court."

"It may be ſo, madam. I have not the honour to know the court."

"But I ſuppoſe you know it is the place which all look up to for the higheſt degrees of underſtanding and politeneſs."

"Oh———for politeneſs, madam;——it is impoſſible now to look where it is not. An hundred years ſince, no doubt, the court got it up in a ſuperior manner; but the manufacture has been ſince ſo extended, that it is now become a queſtion whether the fineſt fabric is at St. James's. As to the other article it was always a queſtion."

"I don't like your Spitalfields wit; and admire your obſtinacy, and perſiſting in error. As to reaſoning with you, it is in vain——— therefore I deſire, to oblige me, you will give up the deſign of taking Mr. Lindſay as a tutor."

"I

"I obey, madam.——I ſhall henceforth conſider him only as a friend."

"No—I inſiſt upon it you give up his acquaintance."

"I beg you will not think of it, madam; I am engaged to Mr. Lindſay by honour and inclination."

"I don't ſee what buſineſs you have to form acquaintances without my leave. I muſt have him given up. You take an early opportunity to let me know my authority is gone."

It was Lady Mary's cuſtom, when ſhe got into the ſtrain of declamation, to perſiſt in it a long time with great rapidity of utterance; and it was Sir George's, to hear with reſpectful ſilence, and without reply. For the firſt time in his life, in the midſt of a long oration, which had become violent and rather abuſive, he roſe and making his bow, departed.

Before he was dreſſed to go out, Lord Auſchamp called. Sir George, little diſpoſed for a lecture upon the ſame topic, heard Lord Auſchamp's remarks with more impatience; ſupported the character of Mr. Lindſay with a degree of warmth very well authoriſed by the occaſion, but by no means agreeable to the pride of his uncle. The language of anger ceaſes to be polite; and the imperial part of Lord Auſchamp's character took the aſcendant over the art of the courtier.

Sir George Paradyne had his pride alſo, too much to bear inſult or contempt from any man. He had diſcernment too, perhaps ſharpened by reſentment; and began to perceive more and more clearly, that Lord Auſchamp was not that prodigious luminary he wiſhed to be thought. It is not indeed always for the benefit of thoſe

who ſhine—eſpecially in courts—to be too deeply appreciated.

CHAP. V.

OF this new-born ſpirit of Sir George, Lady Mary formed a prognoſtic not favourable to the continuance of her authority; and Lord Auſchamp began to doubt whether he ſhould draw ſix new members to the court party next ſeſſions, by the influence of his nephew, or not. As far as politicians can be convinced they have acted wrong, Lord Auſchamp was ſo, in having forgot that diſſimulation was the firſt and greateſt quality of a great man; and having in conſequence, treated Sir George too much en hauteur.

"This ſeed of rebellion to paternal and matruclian authority, Lady Mary, ſays Lord Auſchamp, at their next conferenee, has been ſown by that Lindſay. The man has parts; ſo much the worſe. He will the more ſucceſsfully inculcate his pernicious opinions; opinions calculated to depreſs the true ſpirit of allegiance, and change a government one may call divine, into democratic anarchy."

"That is your Lordſhip's province to judge of, anſwered lady Mary. Pray how is the man with regard to elegance and addreſs?"

"Oh——anſwered Lord Auſchamp, who inſtantly perceived he had not applied his diſcourſe to Lady Mary's ruling ideas—intolerable, my dear; no man had ever leſs obligation to the graces. My fear is, leſt he ſhould inſpire Sir

Sir George with a notion that bon ton air is uſeleſs to a gentleman.

"My dear Lord, ſays Lady Mary, I never ſhall be able to endure him."

"I am confident your ladyſhip never will. One way or other they muſt be ſeparated. I will think of it. In the mean time, it may be proper that you ſhould take no notice of it to Sir George at preſent. The young man is irritable, and the too free laws of this country will ſupport him in diſobedience. We muſt be cautious. I muſt confeſs, too peremptory a tone loſt us America."

"So well know miniſters and miniſterial coadjutors the road of ſecret intelligence, that in three days Lord Auſchamp was provided with ſome reſpecting Mr. Lindſay, of immenſe importance as a dernier reſort. But as it is the faſhion—for all things have faſhion—not now to uſe force 'till influence fails, Lord Auſchamp prepared to try his influence once more, and putting on his aſpect of ceremony, began thus:

"I flatter myſelf, Sir George, I need not make uſe of many words to convince you that I have your intereſt ſincerely at heart, or that I have any motive for giving my advice but your own good. You are of an ancient family, have large property, and may aſpire to the firſt honours of the ſtate. Your education however, has not been correſpondent to your proſpects, and I fear, the defect is not to be amended by taking Mr. Lindſay as a tutor. I do not mean that Mr. Lindſay wants learning or good common ſenſe, but it is of the academic kind, and ſmells of the lamp. Of the world, I preſume to ſay, he is ignorant; nor have I much doubt,

whatſoever gloſſes may have been uſed, but from this ignorance have ariſen his diſtreſſes; unleſs indeed one might ſuppoſe him to have been addicted to expenſive private vices. Nor is this an improbable ſuppoſition. I know mankind pretty well, and I always ſuſpect your men who make a ſhew of virtue; let this however be as it may. Certainly Mr. Lindſay is not a proper perſon to be your tutor."

"So, anſwered Sir George, ſo he ſays himſelf, and pleads his ignorance as your Lordſhip does. My mother Lady Mary too, thinks he has had a bad dancing maſter. And indeed, except learning, probity, and a total abſence of vice, be qualifications for modern tutorage, which I am informed they are not, I know not how Mr. Lindſay can be recommended. But will your Lordſhip permit me to aſk, where is the neceſſity for any tutor at all?"

"Really, Sir George, anſwered my Lord, you ought to ſpare my delicacy on this head."

"I thank your Lordſhip. I had a tutor at Oxford; is it to continue me in the ſame line of ſtudy you wiſh to provide me a tutor now?"

"By no means. Upon academic ſcience you are now to engraft the ſcience of politics; a very important one to men of rank and fortune. Youthful minds are apt to run impetuouſly into maxims of liberty——I ſhould rather ſay licence. ——A man of experience may be uſeful, in ſhewing how to avoid the rocks on which ſo many young politicians wreck their frail barks; in teaching the genuine principles of government, and painting, in their true but abominable colours, the factious principles of the leaders of oppoſition."

"I

"I hope, my Lord, I may be able to build my own ſyſtem upon general hiſtory and the rights of man.——————Not borrow it ready formed, and independent of my own underſtanding, from any teacher—from any advocate of deſpotiſm, or of licenſe."

"This is a pretty plauſible way of talking, ſir, and muſt procure you much admiration ——from the ladies. But if you will prefer the crude notions of youth to the experience of age ——be it ſo. It is not my occupation to read lectures on politics to ſtateſmen juſt ſprung up from the banks of the Cam. or the Iſis; I have really no ſuch time to waſte. May I make Lady Mary happy, by letting her know you intend to pay her the compliment of conforming to her inclination reſpecting this god of your idolatry, this Mr. Lindſay, and that you will give up his acquaintance."

"His tutorage, if your lordſhip pleaſes. You are too juſt to preſcribe to me in reſpect of friendſhip."

"Then I am to inform Lady Mary of your abſolute non-compliance.

"I ſhall be obliged to your Lordſhip for permiſſion to inform Lady Mary myſelf. It is a very unfortunate circumſtance when mediation is neceſſary betwixt a mother and ſon. I have not any idea of this being the caſe between lady Mary and me.

"This means then, that you determine to reject my advice and authority."

"I beg your Lordſhip's pardon; it means no ſuch thing. I may often have occaſion to look up to your Lordſhip's ſuperior wiſdom and experience. At preſent I am under no perplexity; I have no advice to aſk, and know not how I could make your Lordſhip's authority uſeful to me."

Although Sir George ſaid this with the moſt reſpectful air poſſible, there was ſomething in it which offended the dignity of Lord Auſchamp. All at once, his politeneſs was giving way. "Sir George," ſays he, "you provoke me to ſay" —A ray of recollection came. He ſtopt. "You are a very ſtrange young man. However if you do think you are fit to govern yourſelf———"

"I ſhall certainly think ſo, my Lord, a few months hence, and I am endeavouring to accuſtom myſelf to the idea."

"Oh—nothing ſo eaſy."

CHAP. VI.

IT is probable the policy of Lord Auſchamp would have induced him to drop an oppoſition, which muſt appear trifling to the reader; but ſome cauſes prevented it. In the firſt place he had himſelf given Lady Mary an impreſſion much to Mr. Lindſay's diſadvantage; and impreſſions of diſlike were with Lady Mary indelible. In the ſecond place, Sir George's borough intereſt was very large; he was a young man of promiſing talents; and it was of great importance to Lord Auſchamp, that Sir George ſhould enter the political career under his auſpices, and that he ſhould gain an aſcendancy which it would not be eaſy for Sir George himſelf to break. Laſtly, he had learned that Mr. Lindſay was a writer of no ſmall abilities, and that he had exerciſed his pen, principally, though not conſtantly, on the ſide of oppoſition.

It was no undeſirable thing to have ſuch a man for a friend; and next to this was the not having him

him for an enemy. He conſidered the means he ought to purſue, and imagining condeſcenſion in ſo great a man as himſelf, might be a good pre-diſpoſing cauſe, he took the courteous method of calling upon him at his own lodgings.

"When I had the pleaſure of ſeeing you in South Audley-ſtreet, Mr. Lindſay," Lord Auſchamp began, "I was not perhaps in proper temper of mind to ſee all your merit, though I ſaw you had very much. I am ſorry for your misfortunes, and wiſh I might be the happy means of placing you out of their reach. I aſſure you Sir, it would give me infinite pleaſure.

Your talents are really too great to be loſt in the little occupation of a tutor. I do not ſee why one day you might not ſerve your country in ſome conſpicuous ſtation; but every thing has its beginning. What ſhould you think of an office under government, requiring attendance only a few hours a-day. I have ſuch an one in my eye, likely to fall in ſoon, about 200l. a year; too ſmall for your abilities, no doubt; but ſmall things lead to great."

Mr. Lindſay not offering to anſwer, Lord Auſchamp continued, "I own frankly to you, Mr. Lindſay that I am not without ſome ſelf conſideration in my deſire to ſerve you. In a good heart, gratitude is a predominant ſentiment. I am informed you write ſometimes. Every man of ſenſe allows that the political pro and con, out of doors, is nothing but a play of words, merely to amuſe the public, and that it is of no conſideration which ſide a man takes, except ſo far as regards his own emolument. Now I preſume, Mr. Lindſay, this is better ſe-

cured on the ſide of adminiſtration than on that of oppoſition; what think you?"

"I dare ſay it is, my Lord; and if I had nothing in view but my own emolument, I ſhould embrace your Lordſhip's propoſals with pleaſure; and as your Lordſhip obſerves, with gratitude. But it would be preſumption to trifle with your Lordſhip. I cannot accept of bread with the condition annexed, of no longer daring to think for myſelf. I have been in that habit ſo long, that I ſhould find the labour of diveſting myſelf of it too difficult, and as I cannot hope that all the plans of adminiſtration merit the public thanks, I ſhould ſometimes be in danger of incurring the imputation of ingratitude, even for the exerciſe of that common right of man, the ſaying that he thinks. It is probable alſo I ſhould ſometimes incur it, for not doing that which no emolument ſhall ever perſuade me to do—ſay what I do not think."

Even that great ſchool of virtue, the court, had not taught Lord Auſchamp totally to ſubdue a certain iraſcibility of temper, to which the pride of rank, and other pride, too frequently gave birth; nor could he forbear being piqued, that an argument which had converted ſo many patriots, ſhould in his hands fail of ſucceſs with a man ſo poor.

"I ſuppoſe ſir," ſays Lord Auſchamp, "you depend upon the plility of my nephew for ſomething greater than you think it is in my power tobeſtow."

"I do not ſee," anſwered Mr. Lindſay, "the neceſſity or the politeneſs of your Lordſhip's ſuppoſition."

"Nor do I," ſays my Lord, "ſee the neceſſity of politeneſs to a man, who I have reaſon to believe,

believe, is making his prey of the eaſy credulity of my own nephew."

"I muſt intreat the favour of your Lordſhip to change this language; I have not learned to bear it."

"Learn then, ſir, not to deſerve it."

"My Lord, ſaid Mr. Lindſay, with a riſing ſpirit, I have been unfortunate, but never mean. What right have you acquired to inſult me?"

"If you call this inſult, ſir, I have acquired it I think, by my rank, and my affinity to Sir George Paradyne."

"You oblige me to tell your Lordſhip I regard not either. Whether you allow me the title of a gentleman or not, I will ſupport the character. If I could think it worth a boaſt, there is in the family whence I ſpring, blood as illuſtrious as your Lordſhip's. Nor ſhall you or any man inſult me with impunity."

"Look up then, ſays his Lordſhip, to this illuſtrious blood for your protection; you will hear from me in a manner that will require it."

"In any manner your Lordſhip pleaſes."

CHAP. VII.

LADY MARY PARADYNE was the beſt of mothers; for ſhe doated upon this dear ſon ever ſince he became Sir George, and never omitted her daily precepts to him, to behave with dignity and grace. It muſt be owned they were wanted; for Sir George had yet only the politeneſs of good humour, and of an obliging temper and of unaffected eaſe. The more eſſential politeneſs of a dancing maſter he had ſtill to learn.

Lady Mary's affections went to the whole duties of a mother. It was not her fault, if he was not the moſt accompliſhed fine gentleman of his age. It was ſhe who regulated his taſte in dreſs, who ſuperintended the friſeur in the important decoration of his head, and who moſt willingly would have taken the trouble to regulate his amuſements and even his ſtudies.

Of theſe maternal cares, Sir George began to be weary; ſo much the more as they were accompanied with a diffuſive oratory; preceptive when Lady Mary was in good humour, vituperative when ſhe was not; and always unwilling to come to a cloſe. This ſmooth and orderly courſe of things was interrupted by Lord Auſchamp's communication of his laſt converſation with Mr. Lindſay. Lady Mary could not conceive that ſuch a man as he would dare to offend ſuch a man as Lord Auſchamp, unleſs encouraged, perhaps prompted, by Sir George, and aſſured of his ſupport. On the firſt hearing of it, ſhe was almoſt ſuffocated with paſſion; but as Sir George happened not to be in the way to receive it, it began to ſubſide, and at laſt ſunk into a ſomething, known to the canaille by the name of the ſullens; but in the beau monde, which acknowledges nothing in common with roturius, we muſt give it the appellation of a dignified anger. This agreeable ſwell of the boſom continued four days, in which time Lady Mary ſcarce honoured Sir George with a word, or even a look. Sir George, who knew the cauſe but not the remedy, and who liked this mode of reproof, quite as well as the mode oratorial, permitted it quietly to take its courſe. It terminated towards the concluſion of a dinner, and in a manner quite unexpected. When the ſervants

vants were withdrawn, Lady Mary took up her fourth glaſs of madeira, and looking at Sir George with uncommon tenderneſs, drank his health. This ceremony over—"You know, ſays ſhe, how dearly I love you, you know I doat upon you to diſtraction." Sir George bowed. "You know you are the comfort of my life—my only comfort." Miſs Paradyne bowed. "Don't be ſilly Emilia, cries Lady Mary; I do not mean domeſtic comfort; but Sir George is the only remaining ſupport of the honour and dignity of the Paradyne family; nay, there ſtands but one life betwixt him and my brother's earldom; if that drops, the dignity of his father's houſe will be loſt in the far ſuperior dignity and ſplendor of mine.

"To be ſure, continued Lady Mary, wiping her eyes when ſhe ſpoke of Sir Jeffrey——— your father was conſidered in the country; eſpecially after his marriage; he was an affectionate huſband, and would have been ſtill more ſo, but for that brute your uncle; I ſhall never ſurvive his loſs many years. It weighs too heavy upon me. Eſpecially ſince I ſee my cares in forming you, Sir George, to dignity and honour, are thrown away. Oh, if children knew what they owed to parents———eſpecially mothers! But what is filial gratitude in this age? and what is a mother but an old woman?"

Lady Mary was now got into her own peculiar ſtrain; in which, aided by the fifth glaſs of madeira, ſhe might have kept rolling on, a little eternity, without interruption; for Sir George made it a point of duty to attend, or ſeem to attend, his mother's beneficent lectures. It is true, this was unuſually long, but he conſidered the four preceding days of ſilence, and armed

ed himſelf with a dutiful degree of patience accordingly.

But, in an inſtant, when Lady Mary was peculiarly emphatical, Sir George mechanically ——yes certainly mechanically gave the wonted ſignal to chloe, who lay at her maſter's feet, and ſprung up to receive her uſual careſſes at his hand. Sir George was appriſed of his error, by the inſtantaneous ceſſation of Lady Mary's eloquence, and looking up at her, ſaw an increaſed inflammation upon her cheek, and her eyes ſparkling with new fire.

"Oh——ſays ſhe——after the angry pauſe of a minute—oh that I was with my dear Sir Jeffrey in his watery grave, where no undutiful children trouble!"

"Good Heaven! madam——ſays the aſtoniſhed Sir George,—am I ſo unhappy as to be the object of your preſent anger?"

"Yes—anſwered Lady Mary—yes you are—who is there elſe in this world that can give me any cauſe of grief? the very ſon who ought to give me comfort and conſolation in my hapleſs widowed ſtate, deſpiſes me, pays no attention to my advice, though all for his own good—and—"

"Dear madam—ſays Sir George—why do you ſay this? ſure you have not the leaſt cauſe—my reſpect—"

"Yes—it's very reſpectful to be ſure to interrupt me in the midſt of what I was ſaying, and with a flat contradiction—God help me. Oh! if mothers could but foreſee how their pains and tenderneſs would be rewarded, they would ſpare themſelves a world of anxiety. I ſuppoſe it was out of reſpect to me that you encouraged that Lindſay to affront Lord Auſchamp."

"May

"May I take the liberty to ſay madam, that Lord Auſchamp gave the offence."

"How could ſuch a fellow dare to take offence at the Earl of Auſchamp, and preſume to affront a peer of the realm? I have not patience."

"I incline to loſe my patience alſo, when I think of a peer of the realm forgetting himſelf ſo far as to affront his inferior."

"Who elſe ſhould they affront, pray? and what buſineſs have inferiors to be affronted?"

"Sure madam, you would not confine all the ſenſibilities of life to the great."

"I hate to hear you talk. For any dignity of ſentiment, you might have been bred and born amongſt mechanics; but it does not ſignify talking, I will have you diſcharge that Lindſay."

"He is not my ſervant, madam."

"I don't care what he is; you ſhall give up his acquaintance."

"In this I am ſorry I cannot obey your Ladyſhip. *I* cannot ſtoop to affront a gentleman becauſe he is poor."

"You provoking monſter. Go—go—I cannot bear to ſee you." Sir George bowed and withdrew. "Stay, ſays Lady Mary, you are mighty fond of this ſort of obedience. Stay, I ſay." But Sir George was not at preſent in the humour to hear.

CHAP. VIII.

LADY MARY gave herſelf and Sir George ſo little reſpite that he now began to find his days paſs without enjoyment, and his nights without

without repoſe. Miſs Paradyne was alſo drooping under her mother's tyranny; but, like the brother whom ſhe loved, too dutiful to think of reſiſtance.

This Sir George could leſs bear than his own uſage, nor did he know a remedy, ſuch as he durſt adviſe or Miſs Paradyne take. He determined therefore, as the ſpring was now come, to take the advice of Mr. Lindſay, to put off his tour abroad till the end of his minority, and to employ the intervening ſummer, except as much of it as was neceſſary to become well acquainted with his eſtates, and to ſettle a plan of oeconomy equally free from meanneſs and profuſion, in a tour of Great Britain.

Sir George took leave of his ſiſter with tears, of Lady Mary by a reſpectful letter, and accompanied by Mr. Lindſay, with each a ſervant, ſet out on horſeback, and took the road to Dennington in Suſſex, Sir George's principal country ſeat.

I beg the gentlemen minors of the preſent day will not ſuppoſe I mean Sir George Paradyne as a model of duty for them; I only deſire to make his apology. The reſpect he paid to Lady Mary Paradyne would hardly be paid to the queen of England, if her requeſts took the air of authority; but Sir George was totally ignorant how ſlender are now the faſhionable ties of affinity.

One mile from Dennington lived Mr. James Paradyne, of whom I have ſpoke in the firſt chapter. Sir George ſurpriſed him by a viſit; for "George, ſays he, when you went with your mother to London, I gave you up for loſt. Lord Auſchamp I knew would want to enliſt you among the court puppies. Lady Mary among

among the danglers at the tail of the ladies, and the loungers at coffee-houſes. I ſhall be glad to hear of a good eſcape from both."

Of Lady Mary Sir George ſpoke with great caution, not to give her to his uncle for a ſubject of exultation. On Lord Auſchamp's account, he had not this delicacy, but gave Mr. Paradyne an exact relation of what had paſſed betwixt the noble peer, himſelf, and Mr. Lindſay.

No ſubject could have pleaſed him better. He ordered his horſe to ride with Sir George to Dennington, on purpoſe to dine and make an acquaintance with ſuch a ſpirited and honeſt fellow —a man after his own heart.

The plan concerted with Mr. Lindſay made the principal ſubject of the evening's converſation. Mr. Paradyne thought it good, ſo far as it drew Sir George away from the auſpices of Lord Auſchamp and Lady Mary.—"But as to travelling, George, why I think looking at other people's eſtates not ſo good as cultivating one's own. However, young men muſt do ſome fooliſh things; for how ſhould they do wiſe ones before they have learnt. And riding through France and Italy! why I'm told you may ſit at home, and ſee every nook and corner of both; and how many ſtreets and churches there are, and how many miles from town to town. Then why can't you ſtay at home and ſave your money? Look at me George;—I am fifty-eight next birth-day;—I can riſe with the ſun and hunt him down;—ay, and afterwards drink down the moon my boy, as the ſong ſays, if I get among the right ſort.—Never had the head-ache in my life.—Good luck too to keep out of matrimony.—Never rack'd a tenant, George,—no occaſion—never went to court."

"I

"I never could underſtand, dear uncle, ſays Sir George, whence proceeded your averſion to marriage.——Did you ever meet with peculiar ill uſage from the fair ſex?

"No—nothing peculiar, George. Jilted and robbed; common luck—it might have been worſe with a wife."

"A good wife, they ſay, is the greateſt bleſſing heaven can beſtow upon man here below."

"Too great for mortal man, George. Rara avis. Ever ſee one, George?"

"Sir George anſwered this queſtion with a ſmile. Mr. Lindſay with a ſigh."

After a month's ſtay at Dennington, having made the neceſſary oeconomical regulations in concord with Mr. Paradyne, having been fortified by him with excellent advice, and receiving from him a competent quantity of caſh and bank notes, our travellers ſet forward on their tour.

CHAP. IX.

SENTIMENTAL travellers ought to find matter fit to make books of at every inn. Landlords and Landladies have been extremely facetious for twenty years laſt paſt; their daughters and chambermaids, patterns of chaſtity, ſenſibility, and refined love. Something worthy of notice, out of the abundant notes and journals I am favoured with, I hope to be able to extract—for I would pleaſe every body. My firſt ambition however, is to make a ſelection agreeable to my fair readers, of whom I promiſe myſelf juſt twenty thouſand. If I am happy enough to ſucceed

ſucceed in this laudable expectation, I ſhall think little of men, and leſs of critics.

Now the ſubject *moſt* agreeable to the fair is love; the ſecond in eſtimation faſhion. Theſe propoſitions are demonſtrable. As to love—it will come when it will come. Faſhion *is* always, as it occaſionally occupied the attention of our travellers. I hope I ſhall be able to draw ſomething from their remarks, to extend its influence, and enlarge the power of charming, of the charming ſex.

I find by the peruſal of their papers, that it was the cuſtom of Sir George and Mr. Lindſay to ſpeculate along the king's highway, both with mental and bodily eyes, and to employ an hour of the evening in recording theſe ſpeculations, and the preſent ſtate of their own opinions. Sir George's I find rather characterized with inſtability; for all objects do not appear to the ſame eye, under the ſame angle, every time they are viewed, let mathematicians ſay what they will. Peace to the manes of the Dioclefians and Carol. Quints! they were honeſt people, who ſaw at ſixty what fools, or knaves perhaps, they had been at forty. But I appeal to my fair readers, whether amongſt their numerous acquaintance there may not be ſome, to whom at twenty a ball room was not the moſt animating of all objects; and at ſixty, a card table.

As Mr. Lindſay, though impriſonment and diſquiet had given him an older appearance, was only thirty, and Sir George twenty years and a half old, it might have been expected their ſentiments would generally have coincided. So they did, when they talked of Cicero and Demoſthenes, of Horace and Virgil; but when the ſubjects were human manners and improvements, there

was

was as fine an oppoſition as ever gave birth to argument. According to ſir George, the preſent times were in all reſpects the beſt which England had ever known. Mr. Lindſay allowed them ſo, for the civilities and exterior courteſies of life; but contended that what we had gained in the milder virtues, we had loſt in the manly ones.

One day they were obſerving a handſome houſe a little on the left of the road, beautifully ſituated, but all around it bore the marks of neglect. Sir George wiſhed to know whoſe it was, and aſked the queſtion of ſome workmen who were falling trees in the hedge row.

"It belongs to ſquire Garford, ſays one, but he does not live here now; he's in Swee—Swee—ſome where gareat way over ſea, where living is cheap; they ſain here that he's tied up."

The true meaning of the phraſe did not occur to Sir George; "tied up, ſays he; what, is he mad?"

"No ſir, ſays the woodman, his eſtate's out at nurſe." I underſtand you, ſays Sir George, he lived beyond his income."

"He kept bad hours, ſir."

"Sure a man may keep bad hours, without running out his fortune."

"That's according to how he keeps them, I believe ſir." Squire Garford married before he came of age, a very pretty young lady from Londonwards. Neither houſe nor ground was like what it is now; for the ground would have done you good to look at, it was in ſuch condition; but the houſe was old. Now the ground's old and the houſe new. Then you ſee a mort of obeliſks they call 'em, and temples up and down; and ſix hundred acres of prime land as crow e'er flew over, was turned into pleaſure ground. But this

this was not all ſir; for he built a vaſt great place for a play-houſe; ſo they played plays, and 'ſquire Garford treated every body as came to look at 'em. My ſiſter was one of the ſix chambermaids, and ſhe ſay's many's the time they have made up four ſcore beds and above, only for gueſts."

"His fortune was ſuppoſed to be large?" ſays Sir George. "Aboon ten thouſand a year ſir, as they ſaid; but they lived ſo cruel comical, an it had been twenty, it would have been ſcant."

"Pray how did they live?" aſked Sir George.

"Why I'll tell you ſir: About twelve o'clock they began to breakfaſt, and by two they had done all over the houſe, for mayhap they'd breakfaſt in twenty rooms. Then they went ſome to their airings, and ſome to their dreſſings; about four or five o'clock they had ſoups, and jellies, and what not; then behap, muſic, and at eight they ſat down to dinner."

"Very well, ſays Sir George, ſoon after dinner I ſuppoſe they went to bed."

"No ſir——they went to cards all over the houſe, tag, rag, and bobtail, excepting play nights and ball nights. At two it was ſupper; and before ſix, they would have been aſleep from the garret to the cellar, only for the ſtable-boys getting up to their horſes."

Giving the men ſomething to drink, our travellers rode on in contemplative ſilence, only ſometimes Mr. Lindſay looked at Sir George with a ſort of ſmile. At length he ſaid, "and this is faſhion——faſhion in its leading principles, which diſdains order, and tramples upon common ſenſe. Are you prepared Sir George to be its advocate here?"

"I am not, anſwered Sir George, the advo-

cate

cate of diſorder, and hope I ſhall never be troubled with a vanity, which muſt be gratified at the expence of ruin. But Mr. Garford's caſe is ſingular and outre, conſequently not faſhion."

"I ſhould rather call it faſhion at its apex, ſays Mr. Lindſay; but this is only diſputing about a name. Is the mode of life, and conſequently the example, pernicious to ſociety? If not, I know no other cauſe why the natural liberty of man ſhould be reſtrained."

"Oh, yes, replies Sir George; I can allow that if all the ſons and daughters of labour and induſtry were to live like Garford, it might rather diſarrange the order of ſociety."

"If nature ever ſpeaks intelligibly to man, it is when ſhe ſays, night, not day, was deſigned for ſleep. It is when ſhe ſays to all animal exiſtence—exceſs is diſorder. All but man underſtand and obey. In the body natural, in the body politic, in health, in oeconomy, exceſs is diſorder."

"Oh, ſays Sir George——a new edition of Horace's golden mean; which whoſoever does not believe and practiſe, is damned poetically and morally, to all eternity."

"That whoſoever deviates pretty much from the practice will be puniſhed more or leſs, is indeed my creed; only it ſometimes happens when a man finiſhes at once with eclat, his conſtitution, his fortune, and his life, and can no longer feel poverty, contempt, and the gout; theſe deſcend as an inheritance to his children. He is only puniſhed in his generations. But in general, nature puniſhes pretty regularly the breach of this her golden rule, and ſociety ſuffers when it is deviated from too widely——even on the ſide of virtue."

"Faith,

"Faith, that's hard, anſwered Sir George; but ſuppoſing we allow the expediency of this famous mean, ſo conſtantly recommended, and as you ſay, ſo little obſerved, who ſhall fix it? Every one for himſelf, or our gracious lord the king, or the philoſophers, or William Lindſay the cynic; he who would rob poor girls of their oſtrich plumes and bracelets, unleſs they could afford to pay for them; who arraigns the taſte even of thoſe who can, and calls them ſpoilers of beauty and apes of faſhion; ſuppoſe the dear creatures a little fantaſtical, is it not their deſtiny here below to endeavour to pleaſe men? and do they not fulfil their deſtiny?"

"Their endeavours are ill-directed, they apply all to their outſides——this does not pleaſe men."

"No———ſuch men as you perhaps; but they are always endeavouring, and who would not pardon a ſimple error of judgment in favour of ſuch amiable intentions?"

"Oh, any man; every man, if it could be found; but know you any individual in which ſuch judgment reſides? If any one has pretenſions to elegance of her own, is it not ſacrificed at the ſhrine of faſhion? Is there any one who does not execrate (I do not mean that ladies ſwear) the tyranny which ſubjects them to incommodious and ugly habiliments? one who does not cry out upon the ſhocking—the abſurd of this new invented———ſomething, even on their way to the miliners, where they are haſtening, like racers to the goal, leſt the evaneſcent cap of folly ſhould be gone before they had worn it?"

"Poor

"Poor Lindſay, replies Sir George, theſe are the infallible ſymptons of premature old age—why, ſplenetic moralizer———why would you circumſcribe the bounties of heaven? not a vanity you know is given in vain."

"Certainly, Sir George; a poet ſaid it, and poets are inſpired. I know alſo that this agreeable expanſion of the mind is ſo dear to the dear ſex———ſo much their own—makes ſo conſpicuous a part of their identity, that I ſhould think a woman more changed by the loſs of it, than by the ravages of the ſmall pox."

"Inhuman ſatiriſt! be thy ſpleen thy puniſhment. For my part, I do not ſee what ſhould provoke the bile of a philoſopher, in the innocent luxury of dreſs?"

"Innocent! Sir George———true——in itſelf it is nothing: I arraign it only as the pander to thoſe numerous follies of which we complain and with which we comply."

"Let us hear how you proſecute the indictment."

"You quoted a poet juſt now, and will not deny your own authority.

"Juſt as the twig is bent the tree's inclin'd." Look now at the preſent generation of mothers; obſerve how early by the means of dreſs, they ſow the ſeeds of vanity in their daughters minds. How plentifully they water theſe ſeeds! and keep them free of that unprofitable weed, once called modeſty, now better known by the name of awkwardneſs. Can you wonder at the ſtrength and duration of a plant ſo carefully cultivated? Now what follows this diſſemination? Univerſal emulation in the moſt paltry of all vanities; univerſal contention and expence; nor does it ſtop at

at perſonal ornaments, it extends to every particle of inanimate matter which cuſtom or convenience has introduced to the ſervice of the ladies; all things muſt be fine, all muſt be coſtly."

"Of the rich and great I am not now ſpeaking; taſte and expence are with them in their proper elements, whilſt they are contained within the limits of their fortune: their palaces, their gilded cielings, their luſtres, and their girandoles, encourage the arts and reward ingenuity. I ſtop not here to enquire whether this expence might not be better directed. My cenſure chiefly applies to the middle ranks. To how many thouſands of individuals do theſe vanities purſued, prove deſtructive of tranquillity and ruinous to fortune. So parents give their offſpring a thouſand wants which nature never gave, and exhauſts the ſprings which ſhould be deſtined to their ſupply."

"Had you been a painter, Lindſay, ſays Sir George, one may judge by this gloomy declamation, what would have been the genius of your pictures: the dark objects would have been illumined, the bright ones thrown into the ſhade; and at what are you railing? at that diffuſion of wealth thro' the whole body of a ſociety, which has humanized our manners, purified our religion, has rendered the nation happy, ſtrong within, terrible without, and unbounded in its reſources; if you believe orthodox divines, and ſtateſmen in place. And may not a nation be truly ſaid to flouriſh, when ſcience is cultivated, the arts cheriſhed, and the accommodations of life abundant?"

"If, replied Mr. Lindſay, the increaſe of printing preſſes, carvers, and gilders, be a proof of the increaſe of ſcience and of art, you are

right.

right. The accommodations of life——meaning no doubt, down beds and coaches, looking-glaſſes and gauze——are abundant; too abundant. Refinement is progreſſive; there is ſomewhere a degree of it, at which if it would ſtop the happineſs of a whole people might be the greateſt poſſible, and the moſt permanent. This point, I doubt, we have reached———and paſſed."

"Is it, aſked Sir George, that you regret the elegant times of the Edwards and the Henries? Or at what period would you have ſtopped the progreſs?"

"Not at thoſe times, certainly. Perhaps I might have choſen the beginning of the eighteenth century———before nabobs were———when wealth was more moderate, and more equal—when coxcombry, now ſwelled into a deluge, entered the land in a gentle current, capable of being checked in its courſe by the pen of the poet and the moraliſt——— before the poor, that tolerably large proportion of the human race, forgot in all our diſquiſitions, political and moral, whom we deſpiſe, and to whom we owe our ſubſiſtence, and the gratification of our pride—had learned in an alehouſe to imitate, at humble diſtance, the luxury of the tavern——before this imitation had tainted their———." Mr. Lindſay did not ſee that they were now under the ſign of the inn, where they had propoſed to dine; his horſe did; ſtopt, and broke the period. No matter. I hope there is not one of my fair readers will regret it, or pay any regard to ſuch cold blooded, prudential declaimers. Not one, who will not ſtill do what is right in the eye of faſhion. And with this hope I conclude the chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

THE Falcon at Comber, where our travellers had ſtopped to dine, was a ſpacious, but quiet, unfaſtidious village inn, to which the cold and chilling elegance of more ſuperb houſes was unknown. It was beautifully ſituated on riſing ground; in front was a romantic valley, at the bottom of which was the village. It poſſeſſed a good bowling-green, and was a favourite houſe for juſtice meetings. The hoſteſs, Mrs. Bane, a widow, to a fine open good humoured countenance, added great perſonal gravity, perhaps equal to 250lb. avoirdupois; and was beſides a very reputable and reſpected good woman.

Behind the houſe the ground roſe gradually for the ſpace of half a mile; on the higheſt part was ſituated the church, an old and large ſtructure, in an ample church yard ſkirted by pines. Hither, after dinner, our travellers choſe to walk, and richly was the trouble repaid by the magnificence and grandeur of the views:

Towards the ſouth was a diſtant view of the Iſle of Wight, and the channel; on the north-eaſt, Wincheſter; on the eaſt, Portſmouth; nearer a fine view of Southampton. My fair geographers will perceive we are now in Hampſhire not far from the new foreſt. The landſcape immediately ſurrounding was beautiful; the principal object was the once fine, but now rather neglected ſeat of Sir Simon Haubert. On the other ſide, a ſmall dry common ſkirted round with houſes and cots.

Having admired theſe views to ſatiety, they returned

returned to the Falcon, where having invited Mrs. Bane to make their tea, and declared their intention of remaining there till Monday, Sir George aſked her, if there was any thing in the neighbourhood worthy the particular attention of travellers.

Mrs. Bane anſwered, that many gentlemen took views from the church yard; ſome went to ſee the late Sir Simon Haubert's; and now and then one called upon Mr. Holford the clergyman, who was a great floriſt, and a collector of medals; but what ſhe believed principally recommended him to notice, was ſome ſort of model he was taking of the country a mile or two round, after the manner of ſome gentleman abroad, who lived, ſhe thought, in Swiſſerland. No doubt, this was general Oſſiſſer.

The introduction to Mr. Holford was very eaſy; the good man had a taſte for fame, and did not know a better road to it than his exhibitions. It is a charming advantage when we can gratify ourſelves under the appearance of kindneſs and courteſy to others. Our travellers paid the viſit and the price, which was nothing more than a few compliments to the obſequious entertainer. Once indeed, Sir George was upon the point of quitting his politeneſs in favour of hiſtorical truth; Mr. Holford having in his medalic elucidation made a conſiderable anachroniſm. Mr. Lindſay ſaw its effects upon Sir George, and puſhed before him, with ſomething very agreeable to the reverend gentleman. Sir George thought flattery was never worſe applied.

In the garden part of the exhibition, Mrs. Holford was ſo obliging to add herſelf to the company; they ſoon found her value; it was ſufficient

ſufficient for Mr. Holford to give a hint; ſhe took care to purſue it; diſcourſed upon the variegated tints of nature; and as the garden commanded a proſpect, upon pictureſque beautè. Nor did ſhe miſs any kind opportunity to correct Mr. Holford's miſtakes. Her diffuſive powers had kept them an hour longer than the viſit was intended; and had began to afflict Sir George with an involuntary hiatus of the mouth; Mr. Lindſay ſaw this effect alſo, and thought proper to counter act it by a ſtill greater profuſion of compliment than he had beſtowed upon Mr. Holford.

God had given to Mrs. Holford, and will I hope, give it to every lady who deſires to fulfil all the duties of a wife, the agreeable and uſeful talent of quick penetration into her huſband's faults, and indeed into thoſe of moſt of her neighbours; and ſhe did not bury it in the earth. When Mr. Holford caſt the eyes of affection upon her, ſhe was an elderly maiden, and had been accuſtomed to amuſe her leiſure hours in writing novels. The ſeveral merits of the great miſtreſſes of this noble art ſhe perfectly knew; and from her pen may be expected one day, that great deſideratum in this moſt favoured production of the preſs, canons of criticiſm; for want of which, I muſt needs ſay, after Mrs. Holford herſelf, there is rather too much heterogeneity.

A ſervant maid came into the garden to ſay ſomething to her miſtreſs, who anſwered, ſhew the ladies into the parlour. She was juſt then informing Mr. Holford, that if, according to her advice, he had managed his bed of auriculas ſo and ſo, the colours would have been deeper, and the ſilk more gloſſy. Mr. Holford anſwered that he did not know that any body knew better

than himſelf the management of theſe beauties of the garden. Mrs. Holford ſaid, that had it been ſo, it would have been acknowledged at the late floriſt's feaſt; from whence if he would pleaſe to remember, he returned home typſey, from mere vexation at having been honoured with no prize; for nature, ſhe ſaid, was uniform in all her works; and had the beſt methods been taken, there would have flowed the beſt reſults. The reply Mr. Holford was going to make, if it might be judged of from the caſt his brow had taken, would not have been the reply courteous; but a chariot at that inſtant driving by, followed by two footmen, put a ſtop to it, and Mrs. Holford ran to receive a lady who was in it alone.

Sir George was beginning to thank Mr. Holford for the great pleaſure he had given them, and to invite him to the Falcon, when Mrs. Holford ſent her compliments to the gentlemen and hoped they would favour her with their company to tea. The gentlemen accepting the invitation, were conducted to the parlour by Mr. Holford, who announced Miſs Haubert to the gentlemen, and theſe to the lady, by the names of Sir George Paradyne and Mr. Lindſay. Two other ladies were there whom he noticed only by a ſlight inclination of the head, for it did not amount to a bow.

One of theſe appeared by her dreſs to be a quaker; ſhe ſeemed about thirty, had a pretty face, and a pair of black eyes very intelligent, and denoting a certain archneſs: this was Miſs Carlill.

The other was in deep mourning, about twenty, apparently; a fine ſhape, blue eyes, expreſſive of peculiar ſweetneſs, but with that penſive

penſive and dejected caſt of countenance, which long continued anxiety is wont to give; her name was Colerain.

The other lady, Miſs Haubert, appeared to approach her fiftieth year, was richly dreſt, with an aſpect not quite charming, and a ſhape not quite regular; but theſe were trifles, the had 5000l. a year, and was patroneſs of the living.

This lady began the converſation, by enquiring of Sir George if he had been lately in town. He anſwered in the affirmative, and expected a ſucceſſion of queſtions concerning the court, perhaps the theatres, or the faſhions. No, the next inquiry was, if the town was full of literati? Sir George replied, he was too young to have made a general acquaintance with theſe gentlemen.

"You have probably been at Oxford Sir George, or Cambridge?"

"At Oxford, madam."

"I preſume the ſciences there are in a very flouriſhnig ſtate?"

"I hope they are always ſo there madam."

"Has any able metaphyſician ariſen, or is likely to ariſe, capable of confuting Mr. Hume's ſyſtem of univerſal non-exiſtence."

"Dr. Reid, madam."

"Oh, no—I have read him; he does not go to the bottom."

"I have often admired, madam, ſays Mr. Holford, that a lady of your profound ſcience, ſhould think any thing worth notice which comes from the pen of ſuch a man, ſo great an enemy to religion and piety."

"A man may be wrong in one thing and right in another, Mr. Holford, anſwered the lady.

Every man who wants religion, may not want knowledge."

"It is pity but he did," replied Mr. Holford.

"You are certainly right, madam, ſays Mrs. Holford. Many of our moſt celebrated novels have characters tainted with infidelity, in other reſpects very learned and amiable. As Mr. Wolmar in Rouſſeau's Eloiſa, the elegant Sir Charles Seymour in Cornelia Sedley, and many others."

"Very true, Mrs. Holford; I don't read many novels except yours; but I believe it is allowable to draw all ſorts of characters as they are, and ſince it does happen that there are ingenuous people infidels, to be ſure they may be drawn."

"I wiſh, ſays Mr. Holford, they were all drawn upon hurdles to the ſtake."

"Miſs Colerain abſolutely gave a little ſtart, and was upon the point of an exclamation, but corrected herſelf, and only ſaid, with a ſmile —no, Mr. Holford, I muſt beg leave to refuſe you credit on this head; your theory is cruel, your practice would be merciful."

"I have no mercy for the enemies of God," anſwered Mr. Holford. "The lady, ſays Miſs Haubert with a ſcornful toſs of her head, choſes to ſhew her ſenſibility."

"I hope, ſays Miſs Carlill, if the occaſion was real, thou would'ſt ſhew thine." Miſs Haubert replied with another toſs. "Then you don't approve of zeal in the cauſe of God, Miſs Carlill?" aſked Mr. Holford. "Yea—anſwered ſhe —if it is of the ſpirit."

"Oh ma'm, replies Mr. Holford, we cannot boaſt

boaſt of ſo plentiful a communication with the ſpirit, as your people."

"Thy ſpirit ſeems not to be of our ſort; we perſecute no one."

"Nor would Mr. Holford, I am well convinced, ſays Miſs Colerain."

"Why not? ſays Miſs Haubert; very great and good men have thought it right to perſecute hereſy."

"They would have been better employed, perhaps, in praying for it, ſays Miſs Colerain."

"You may think ſo madam, anſwered Miſs Haubert, but without zeal what is religion?"

"We alſo approve zeal, Miſs Haubert, when it tends to improve our own faith; not when it condemns others, ſays Miſs Carlill."

"Ay, ſays Mr. Holford, this is the modern doctrine of toleration, by which all unity of chriſtianity is cut off from the face of the earth; and men are led aſtray by pretended ſpiritual guides, or permitted to wander without any."

"Thou knoweſt that in heaven there are many manſions. Why ſhould there not be many roads?" ſays Miſs Carlill.

"There can be but one road, madam, anſwered Mr. Holford, the road of truth."

"And few there be that find it," replied Miſs Carlill.

"It is becauſe they ſhut their eyes, ſays Mr. Holford, and harden their hearts, and God gives them up to their own perverſeneſs, and to all unquietneſs of mind. Here are the preſbyterians again, I am told, up in arms, about the repeal of the teſt act, that bulwark of the church and conſtitution. Had there been any underſtanding among them, they muſt have acknowledged the ſuperior force of our arguments."

"If the arguments of thy people, replied Miſs Carlill, had been as ſtrong as their motives, the diſſenters muſt have found them irreſiſtable long ago."

"Blindneſs, wilful blindneſs," ſays Mr. Holford.

Nay, now friend Holford, replied Miſs Carlill, thou muſt excuſe me; it is ſo important to ſee the truth, if they could, that I ſhould rather impute it to their not being able to find good oculiſts.'

"They envy us, ſays Mr. Holford, the very bread we eat, and would ſnatch it out of our mouths."

"I fancy, replied Miſs Carlill, it will take them a great many pulls. Thy church is indeed built upon a rock, if it holds its faith with as firm a hand as its emoluments."

"Have we not a right to them?" aſked Mr. Holford.

"Yea, two rights, replied Miſs Carlill; power and poſſeſſion: neither of theſe, have the diſſenters."

"I ſay, ſays the parſon, the diſſenters have no rights whatever."

"They were born, anſwered Miſs Carlill, with as many as other people. What is become of them?"

"They incapacitate themſelves, by maintaining religious tenets which government chooſes ſhould not be maintained."

"So, ſays Miſs Carlill, it was in the time of Diocleſian. Ye know the law, ſaid the emperor; all chriſtians are to be hanged. But ye need not incur the penalty; ye have nothing to do in order to avoid it, but return to Jupiter, the god

god of your fathers. Did Dioclesian reason well, thinkest thou?"

"How can you ask such a question, madam?" says Mr. Holford.

"Nay———answered Miss Carlill———I know not; if it were not that I thought the reasoning of Dioclesian and thy people, something similar."

"I assure you, madam, says Mr. Holford, you never were more mistaken; and you impute motives to us which never entered our pure hearts. All we want is to bring the community into one faith, and thereby avoid the confusion of sects, and the nonsense of sectaries."

"Thou need'st not tell me this. It is, they say, the distinguishing garb of the priesthood. If a man, in matters of faith, incline to tolerate any nonsense but his own, he hath not on a wedding garment; he is not a true brother."

"You are smart, Miss Carlill, says Mr. Holford, but smartness is not argument. Let us come to the point. There must be a national religion. Grant that."

"I pray thee, Miss Carlill asked, which is the national religion of America?"

"Pshaw! says the parson rather angrily; they'll come to nothing for the want of it."

"When they do the argument will be in thy favour," answered Miss Carlill.

"But if they flourish, says Mr. Holford, they must have a chief magistrate; one or many. This chief must have a religion; he must prefer his own, and the very preference will soon give a decided majority; and a national religion follows of course."

"I do not at present see the justness of thy premises, or of thy conclusion, answered the lady.

A Frenchman of great conſequence, was once at Amſterdam, and being deſirous to ſee every thing, was attended by a burgo-maſter, who noticed, as they paſſed along, many ſmall places of worſhip. This, ſays he, belongs to the anabaptiſts, very induſtrious people and good ſubjects; this to the moravians, very diligent, quiet, good, orderly people; ſo he went on to twenty different ſects, giving each its due praiſe of induſtry and obedience to the laws. And pray ſir, ſays the count what religion are you of? Me, anſwers the magiſtrate,——my lord, I am burgo maſter of Amſterdam. Doſt thou not think it a wiſe anſwer?"

"It would not do in England, Mr. Holford ſaid. The conſtitution was founded upon the inſeparable connection of church and ſtate."

"Pray of what nature may this connection be? How may it differ from the general connection betwixt crown and people?" aſked Miſs Carlill.

"In being more cloſe and intimate, anſwered Mr. Holford, in mutual aſſiſtance, when aſſiſtance is wanted."

"I believe I underſtand thee, replied Miſs Carlill. If the crown gets into a ſcrape, the clergy will kindly help it out. If the crown has ſomething to do the people don't like, the clergy is ready with its aid."

"What right have you to ſuppoſe this, Madam?" aſked Mr. Holford.

"Why, replied Miſs Carlill, when the crown is doing that which the people does approve, it will neceſſarily have its ſupport——the beſt of all ſupports, I think———ſurely when it has the whole it cannot want a part."

"There is no reaſoning, ſays Mr. Holford, with

with people whoſe prejudices are ſo inveterate, they will hear nothing which contradicts them. To me, there is not a problem of Euclid, which is more clear, than that the teſt act, and ſubſcription to articles, are the bulwarks of the church; and that the church is the beſt bulwark of the ſtate."

"I have heard of that Euclid, replied Miſs Carlill; pray thee, how came it to paſs that his problems were ſo clear, as to paſs almoſt into a proverb. Did he demonſtrate after thy manner?"

"That,——let me tell you, ma'm, is a very ignorant queſtion, and ſhews you do not diſtinguiſh betwixt mathematical and ſpeculative ſcience;" ſays Miſs Haubert, with much dignity of aſpect.

"I own my ignorance, ſays Miſs Carlill, ſtill addreſſing herſelf to Mr. Holford, without noticing the rudeneſs of Miſs Haubert——wilt thou inſtruct me in the nature of thoſe articles thou haſt juſt mentioned."

"Mr. Holford did not ſeem to reliſh the employment, and only ſaid, read, read, madam, and underſtand."

"Alas! ſays Miſs Carlill, I have read, and do not underſtand."

"You read, madam, with the prejudice of a ſectary."

"Poſſibly ſo. Conſidering however the very important part they were to act upon this ſtage of ours, one might have expected they would have exhibited the collected wiſdom of ages. At leaſt one ſhould not have found them incomprehenſible."

"There is no neceſſity, ma'm, ſays Miſs Haubert, who never opened her lips to-day, but

but to expreſs ſcorn or diſlike——there is no neceſſity that your comprehenſion ſhould be the meaſure of other people's."

"I grant that, replies Miſs Carlill; but do not many of thy communion, learned divines, nay, prelates, acknowledge the ſame difficulty? have the faculties of mankind degenerated?"

"No, madam, anſwered Mr. Holford; God has given to man his wonted capacity; but how does he now apply it? In the luxuries and vanities of this world; and in oppoſing his own vain imaginations to the myſteries of faith."

"I ſhould imagine, my very good friends, ſays Miſs Colerain, that you would become weary of an argument in which you conclude nothing; and perhaps in which nothing can be concluded. I apprehend, ſpeculations of this kind do not poſſeſs abſolute, but relative truth only. Each party may be right, relative to the different views in which their objects are placed. What I ſhould moſt complain of is, the loſs of mutual benevolence and good will in the conflict. The occaſion may call for activity on both ſides, but ſurely need not generate animoſity. Why is it not poſſible that contentions——for remote objects at leaſt——ſhould be amicable?"

"Sir George and Mr. Lindſay had been much amuſed with the dialogue, and had not once attempted to interrupt it by any obſervation of their own. This placid ſpeech of Miſs Colerain, which denoted gentleneſs at leaſt, now drew their regards more particularly upon her. Certainly it loſt nothing by coming from the lips of a beauty and a grace.

Miſs Haubert, as it was warm weather, fanned herſelf; indeed ſhe was never able to look upon miſs Colerain, or ſee her looked on by man with

with complacence, without kindling a ſort of fire, which all the wind of Nova Zembla would have been inſufficient to cool. If ever I ſhould find myſelf at leiſure to relate the cauſe, my fair readers will allow its univerſal potency, and forgive Miſs Haubert —— almoſt her rudeneſs.

A rudeneſs of an inferior degree, was become almoſt a habit with Miſs Haubert, who indeed ſeldom ſaw any but flatterers about her, and was ſupported by a high ſenſe of her own greatneſs, and a higher ſtill of her intellectual attainments. But this habitual rudeneſs was become acrimony to Miſs Colerain, who ſeldom ſpoke but ſhe met with contradiction from her, little ſhort of inſult; who however from the footſtool of humility, looked down upon the throne of greatneſs, and never condeſcended to honour her effuſions with the leaſt notice.

Not ſo the lively quaker; ——her friendſhip for Miſs Colerain was little ſhort of enthuſiaſm: ſhe was by education and habit, a free and moſt determined ſpeaker, and would not probably have borne in ſilence an inſult upon her friend, ſcarcely from a queen.

The tea equipage introduced, as uſual, tea-table converſation, and the remainder of the viſit paſſed without any remarkable production of malice. The hour of departure came, and I believe Miſs Haubert would have gone away without any freſh inſtance of malevolence to Miſs Colerain, had not this lady, in reply to ſomething Sir George had ſaid, made this innocent reflection——that indeed would be a valuable ſchool, which could teach with ſucceſs, the happy art of ſubduing the paſſions, when they tended to diſturb the peace of ſociety.

Whether Miſs Haubert ſaw any thing in this applicable

applicable to herſelf, or whether it was pure kindneſs to correct Miſs Colerain's error, I know not, but ſhe anſwered rather with too much fierté, that the paſſions were given us by God himſelf, that they were the gales of life, that ſhe did not ſee the neceſſity of ſubduing them, and if there was, they would never be conquered by formal ſpeeches, and a ſtudied diſplay of affectation of ſentiment.

"Thou art right there, ſays the animated quaker, ſome of them are unconquerable things indeed; I have ſeen when they would not yield even to the eſtabliſhed laws of decorum and politeneſs."

"Oh——as to that——ſays Miſs Haubert, making the application inſtantly to herſelf—— I always uſe as much of both as I think neceſſary."

"It would not be amiſs then to rectify thy way of thinking. People of thy rank and fortune think them always neceſſary, eſpecially to thoſe whom they ſuppoſe their inferiors."

"I am not ſo complaiſant. I only pay when due."

"That is to ſay, when thou canſt find inferiors. I own then it will not often be required of thee."

"My dear Miſs Carlill, ſaid Miſs Colerain, ceaſe this unavailing, this unprofitable exertion of ſpirit on my account. I am not angry at Miſs Haubert. When I was proſperous, ſhe was not my friend; I have nothing to aſk from her but common civilities of life when we do happen to meet, and it is moſt probable——a tear ſtarting into her eyes——ſhe will never more be under this diſagreeable neceſſity."

A black ſervant was waiting to attend his miſtreſs

miſtreſs home. Miſs Haubert ſprung into her chariot with more than common alertneſs, and having obſerved that when people kept black ſervants, they ought to be able to pay them, bade the coachman drive on.

The black grinned, and muttered a few execrations; Miſs Carlill ſaid a prayer or two aloud, to the ſame purpoſe; and Miſs Colerain took her leave with a ſilent tear.

On their walk home, Sir George amuſed himſelf with remarks on the uncommon character of Miſs Haubert, and the very common one of Mr. and Mrs. Holford. He applauded the ſpirit of Miſs Carlill, and admired the dignified placidity of Miſs Colerain. From Mr. Lindſay he got nothing but aſſenting monoſyllables, and theſe oft' miſplaced. Sir George had often ſeen him grave, it was his general habit; but ſo grave ſo diſtant, ſo almoſt ſad, he had never ſeen him before.

At ſupper, during which Mrs. Bane uſually waited, Sir George enquired if ſhe knew Miſs Colerain? Mrs. Bane anſwered, ſhe knew her only by report, which ſpoke of her as a very good, but unfortunate young lady. "Do you know a Miſs Carlill?" aſked Sir George. "She is another unfortunate young woman, Mrs. Bane anſwered; but is ſuppoſed to have more ſpirit than her friend. She almoſt ſupports her mother and herſelf, by peculiar needle-work, much ſeen and admired."

After ſupper, Sir George enquired of Mr. Lindſay if any thing had occurred that day which had given him pain. Mr. Lindſay owned he had been much hurt by the circumſtances which had deſervedly given Sir George much pleaſure. Miſs Colerain and Miſs Carlill were charming

women.

women. Two years ago he had loſt a wife who conſtituted his chief happineſs, whilſt they lived together. Miſs Carlill reſembled her in perſon. She ſeems to have reſembled Miſs Colerain in mind."

"Dear Lindſay, ſaid Sir George, I have often wiſhed to know your hiſtory, but never choſe to aſk the relation, fearing ſome recollections might give you pain."

"You are welcome to the relation, Sir George, but there is nothing in it which can gratify curioſity, or reward attention. Tyrannic fathers, improvident ſons, and inſidious ſtepmothers, are to be ſeen every day." Sir George ſtill expreſſing the ſame deſire, Mr. Lindſay proceeded as in the next chapter.

CHAP. XI.

I AM of a Scotch family; there are titles it in too, if titles were of value when wealth, their moſt uſeful and brilliant appendage was gone. My father, a younger brother, was bred for the kirk; ſome agreeableneſſes in converſation procured him the patronage of a Northumbrian gentleman, who offered him a living of value which my father accepted, and then ſaw very little difference betwixt the Engliſh and Scotch church, which could divide ſenſible people. My father, who had ſome patrimony of his own, married a lady with a genteel fortune, I was the only iſſue, ſhe died in the twentieth year of her married ſtate, whilſt I was at Cambridge, for I was deſigned for the church; this loſs was fatal to me; in one year my father married a widow, a Mrs.

a Mrs. Robarts, whoſe principal wealth lay in three unportioned daughters, the eldeſt of whom approached the marriageable ſtate.

At the next vacation I came home to pay my new duty, and rejoice in my father's felicity, but I came with the full remembrance of my mother in my head and heart, and performed my new taſk but ill; next morning my father ſent for me into his ſtudy, and accoſted me in this manner:

"So ſir———like other dutiful children of the preſent day, I ſee you have ſat in judgment upon a father's actions, and condemned them; dead to all ſenſations of a parent's happineſs, their deſires and affections are fixed upon poſſeſſions and inheritances, upon the joyful hour that gives a father to the grave."

This, Sir George, is a ſpecimen of my father's manner; it had always inſpired me with awe, and now with terror. I made haſte to pay my humbleſt ſubmiſſion, for ſubmiſſion was the only road to my father's affection: He forgave me on proper conditions.

In reality, as ſoon as I could forget the dear woman whom I had been accuſtomed to ſee miſtreſs of my father's houſe, I did not find my ſituation diſagreeable. My new mother was all graciouſneſs, Miſs Robarts all ſoftneſs, the girls playful and goodhumoured.

It was not till toward the middle of the third vacation, that I began to make certain reflections. Such is the condition of human life, that without certain reflections, man is an idiot; with them, too often a wretch. My father was dictatorial, my mother the bending reed; It was her peculiar happineſs conſtantly to receive inſtruction from the mouth of wiſdom, and to be led into the

the paths of ſcience by the moſt enlightened man of this age; this was the tenor of her language to my father, and ſhe had ſo many various and agreeable modes of ſpeaking it, that he thought her a prodigy of penetration; and believing that mere worldly concerns, were indeed beneath the care of ſuch a man, he conſigned theſe over totally to my mother, who, though with infinite reluctance, condeſcended to eaſe him of the burthen.

Mrs. Lindſay had this charming politeneſs in ſuch abundance, that it flowed over even upon me; of all men ſhe ever knew I had the ſweeteſt temper——yes——I had quite the manners of a gentleman. Me! the manners of a gentleman. Mrs. Lindſay however did not run into this abſurdity before company. When my father was preſent, ſhe praiſed no one but himſelf.

Miſs Robarts was very engaging alſo, though not quite in the ſame way. A Cambridge ſcholar has, I ſhould think, no right to give the ton to female elegance, yet Miſs Robarts always found my taſte ſo juſt, that ſhe found no difficulty in conforming to it. Once I ſaid, I thought it a ſingular fancy, that nature having allotted at a medium, about two hundred cubic inches for a lady's head, ſhe ſhould want an envelope of two thouſand to put it in. Miſs Robarts's caps were very ſoon contracted in all their dimenſions. All at once, as if it had fallen from heaven upon them for their ſins——if ladies can ſin. An ugly protuberance lodged itſelf upon the hips of the dear ſex. On this occaſion, I happened to ſay, I acquitted ladies of being fond and vain of their own perſons. It was evident they were fond of any diſtortion which made them moſt unlike themſelves. Miſs Robarts's protuberance vaniſhed.

This

This was a delicate flattery, and muſt have its effect upon the vanity of a raw lad, who had never yet *ſeen* women. I really liked her company, and was often favoured with it in an alcove of our garden, which ſhe herſelf had adorned. Our employment there was reading, converſing, and angling for ſmall fiſh in a little ſtream which ran on the outſide. In any liberty, decent or indecent, which denoted a difference of ſex, I never indulged, for I did not love: that paſſion I was not deſtined to feel for Miſs Robarts.

One evening, when the ſun was ſet, and left a beautiful gloom upon the objects it had ceaſed to illumine, I ſtrolled, on my return from a walk, down to this favourite alcove, and there found Miſs Robarts—weeping. Except in harams and opera-houſes, I know not where is to be found any thing in ſhape of man, inſenſible to beauty in tears. I ſat down by her, and aſked the cauſe of her affliction: ſhe wept the faſter; I talked of my regard to her, and how happy it would make me to be the means of diminiſhing her affliction: ſhe grew by degrees more compoſed, and began to endeavour to ſpeak; I took her hand, looked at her with all the ſoftneſs to which I could compoſe my features, and aſked—"Will you not confide the cauſe of your grief to me?" She anſwered quick and earneſtly—Oh no—indeed——never"

"Why not? did I ſay—be aſſured Miſs Robarts, I ſhall always take a brother's intereſt in what concerns you."

"A brother's!" anſwered ſhe with great quickneſs, at the ſame time withdrawing her hand, and applying her handkerchief to her face, as I thought to hide a bluſh; there was ſomething in it which ſtruck me—I wanted to think—but this was

was neither the time nor place. I took her hand again by a ſort of involuntary motion—I had indeed no inclination to preſs it, but it remained ſo acquieſcent, I could as little think of giving it its diſmiſſion. At this inſtant the younger ladies came running to the alcove to inform us ſupper was ready. We roſe to walk, ſtill the hand was not withdrawn; my father and mother were at the parlour window, and ſaw this awkward piece of gallantry. I afterwards learned, ſhe drew him thither on our diſtant appearance, obſerving what a charming thing was family concord.

Horace has ſaid that women have wiles; and Juvenal, that they have wickedneſs. In my commerce with Greek, Latin, and Engliſh, I had found the feminas caveto ſo frequently inculcated, that I was not perfectly clear, that ſome of the dear ſex might not formerly have given cauſe for the caution. This feminas caveto occupied me a part of the night. I was not quite fool enough to be the dupe of art without ſuſpicion, nor wiſe enough to comprehend clearly, upon what to ground it.

The following morning, after we had breakfaſted in great good humour, my father ſent for me to his ſtudy, and with much ſolemnity began to read me a lecture upon the ſacred duties, and the ſacred inſtitution of marriage. If my reſpect had not kept me ſilent, aſtoniſhment would; and my father, uninterrupted, ſaid all he thought proper to ſay. The cloſing periods came at laſt, and brought with them a moſt luminous elucidation of the dark parts of his diſcourſe:

"Since it has ſo happened, ſon William, that you have placed your virtuous affections upon Miſs Robarts, and ſhe her's upon you, I believe it

it is God's doing, to perpetuate concord in a family of love. Moſt fathers would have choſe more wealthy daughters in law; but what are riches? Solomon choſe wiſdom. I am deſirous to make you happy, and Miſs Robarts being a perfect copy of her excellent mother, you cannot fail of being ſo with her. You muſt go back to Cambridge, and when you have got into orders, come to me and I will give you felicity; I will give you the beſt of wives, and a good living, of which I have juſt bought the advowſon, and the incumbent is in the laſt ſtage of a dropſy."

I never was eloquent, and eſpecially in my father's preſence. It was quite neceſſary to ſpeak however, and to thank him for his paternal love; this I did as well as I was able, and added a few faltering ſentences, calculated to inform him of his error.

Long accuſtomed to conſider his opinion, and even his ideas, as infallible, my father was ſome time before he underſtood me; when he did he became angry, accuſed me of deceit, and finally ſummoned Mrs. Lindſay, to whom he gave this new information.

It was one of Mrs. Lindſay's virtues not to ſuffer herſelf to be betrayed into anger; ſhe ſaid ſhe was ſorry, exceſſively ſorry for the miſtake; any one might have fallen into it, who ſaw the engaging manner in which Mr. William had behaved to Miſs Robarts. She did not ſo well know how to excuſe her daughter, who certainly ought to have had deciſive proofs before ſhe ſuffered her affections to be engaged.

"He has deceived her, cried my enraged father, he has deceived her."

"No—father—no—" I anſwered.

"You are ready at contradiction, ſir, ſays he, but

but will not find me ſo eaſily deluded as a young girl. Send for her, my dear Mrs. Lindſay, let us hear the truth from her own mouth."

"It is my duty, ſir, as it is my inclination, to obey you in all things, my mother anſwered; but I hope you will ſpare my daughter the bluſhes ſuch an examination muſt raiſe——her modeſty, ſir—you know, her modeſty is exceſſive. Permit me to interrogate her, ſir, unleſs you chuſe to let this unhappy affair ſink into oblivion."

"Manage it as you pleaſe, my dear Mrs. Lindſay, but I inſiſt upon knowing if deceit has been uſed; I cannot pardon deceit." Mrs. Lindſay withdrew with a curteſy, a ceremony ſhe uſually obſerved when ſhe left my father's preſence; as to me I was diſmiſſed with a menace, and retired wondering to my own apartment.

I had not enjoyed the ſolid comforts of reflecting upon a father's kindneſs more than twenty minutes, when I heard a buſtle below. I opened the door. Heavens———what an alarm! Miſs Robarts is dead———Miſs Robarts is dying—my ſiſter is fallen into a ſwoon; and my mamma is going to fall into a ſwoon too. Lord have mercy, ——what will become of us all.

I could not help running down to aſſiſt at the obſequies, and met my father at the door of Miſs Robarts's apartment. This young lady was not dead; ſhe muſt have ſwooned indeed, for her mother ſaid ſo; at preſent there was only a diſpoſition to ſhed tears, which on my father's entrance, flowed profuſely. Theſe did not tend to quench my father's anger; (but even in anger he could be pathetic) and he concluded a bitter phillippic againſt me, with a ſort of an addreſs to heaven:———"Why——O why———ſays he———am I puniſhed with an obdurate wretch, whoſe heart is hardened, and whoſe

whoſe eyes are blind to ſo much merit and ſoftneſs!" In reality my father was miſtaken here; thoſe eyes began to ſee but too clearly.

Miſs Robarts, as ſoon as ſhe could ſpeak, ſpoke in extenuation of my culpability. "Love, ſhe ſaid, was involuntary. It was more her misfortune than my fault. She muſt own, indeed, that the many agreeable and flattering things Mr. William had ſaid to her, did ſeem to indicate affection; ſhe feared ſhe had miſinterpreted; gentlemen, now a-days, ſhe was informed, took great liberties of language with young women."

"I ſee it all—ſays my angry father—I ſee it all; he is undone, corrupted, and ſunk into perdition, by the vile manners of the age. Go, ſir,—go back to college—and think of your tranſgreſſions. But preſume not to take holy orders, contaminated as you are with fraud and perfidy ——Go.——" I entreated to be heard; my father would not hear, and my mother, with great gentleneſs intreated me to retire for the preſent ——" till, (ſays ſhe in a whiſper) your father's anger is abated; that ſhall be my buſineſs."

I waited for this abatement till the next day, but received only a poſitive order to go back to Cambridge, for that whilſt I ſtayed he ſhould be confined to his ſtudy, not being able to endure to ſee me. So this houſe of concord fell all into diſorder. I left it as ſoon as poſſible, and, with an humble mind, but proud, angry, and I fear, a little vindictive.

Into this ſtate of mind I was brought, by a ſenſe of my father's ill uſage, and Mrs. Lindſay's art; but from ſubmiſſion and repentance; my father's injunctions I was withheld by love. One mile from Cambridge lived a Miſs Johnſon, elegant, penny-leſs, and devoted to anxiety. Family

Family misfortunes had reduced her to the neceſſity of living a dependent upon a peeviſh aunt, and ſubmitting to the inſults of half a dozen couſins. I had the good fortune to relieve her from the impertinence of a young, rich, licentious ſcholar, and ſhe thanked me for it—— with all her heart. I loved her with all the honour all the ardour of ingenuous youth, and waited only an eſtabliſhment to make her my own for life.

This dear girl I went to ſee on my arrival at Cambridge, and found her in a worſe ſituation than my own. A diſagreeable man had been offered her for a huſband; ſhe had refuſed, and in conſequence had received a peremptory diſmiſſion, only that the exceſſive goodneſs of her aunt, had permitted her to ſtay one month, that ſhe might have time to ſeek out a place.

I wrote to my father with great reſpect, but my mind was too high ſet to permit me to uſe thoſe humiliating terms, which alone could procure my pardon. I was even fooliſh enough to hint ſomething about women and wiles, and pour le comble, as the French ſay, I declared my ſituation with regard to Miſs Johnſon.

My father was too indignant to return me an anſwer; it came from Mrs. Lindſay's pen, and it ſaid, how ſhe had endeavoured, and would continue her endeavours to aſſuage my father's anger. At preſent he was more enraged than ever, and had commanded her to tell me—ſhe could not write the harſh ſentence—He refuſed me any remittance whatever, till I returned to my duty —and baniſhed me his houſe and preſence. She was afraid I might be diſtreſſed for want of money, and therefore unknown to him had incloſed a 20l. bank note.

My

My firſt impulſes were to return this note, and reject her friendſhip; but Miſs Johnſon—ſhe indeed declared it better that ſhe ſhould go out to ſervice, or any thing than that I ſhould confirm my father in his diſpleaſure. I reaſoned differently, and as men in love generally do reaſon. As long, ſays I, as Miſs Robarts and I remain ſingle, Mrs. Lindſay will ſuppoſe we may be married. The moſt prudent ſtep will be to end the controverſy by my marriage. My father will be angry for a time, but the anger of parents ſoon ceaſes when children are ſubmiſſive: certainly he will not carry it beyond the grave. I ſhall be in orders ſoon. The wants of nature are eaſily ſupplied; let us not diſtruſt providence. We ſhall have acted virtuouſly, and virtue is her own reward.

Upon the ſtrength of theſe ſelf-evident axioms, Miſs Johnſon——for ſhe too was in love ————was perſuaded to do that which ſhe wiſhed, rather than that which ſhe thought prudent————and we were married.

CHAP. XII.

OUR good aunt, continued Mr. Lindſay, very much approved the match, and even promoted it, when ſhe knew I lay under my father's diſpleaſure: but when, in conſequence of my firſt letter after marriage, my father wrote to the provoſt of our college, only that he had renounced and diſinherited me, it made a great alteration in her manner of thinking. She then ſaid I was a knave and her niece a fool, and that ſhe waſhed her hands of both of us.

In effect, not being able to ſtay at Cam-

bridge, conſequently loſing the power of getting into orders, I was obliged to have recourſe to my pen for a livelihood. I began, as young authors uſually do, with news papers and magazines. I grew by degrees more confident, became a politician, an eſſayiſt, and even a poet. I laboured, Mrs. Lindſay was oeconomical, we had two pretty children, loved each other, and were happy.

Our firſt diſtreſs aroſe from a long illneſs of my wife; it exhauſted our ſavings, and enervated my pen. We began to want neceſſaries, and conſequently to acquire humility. I wrote to my father, he was ſtill inexorable; Mrs. Lindſay was ſo good as to inform me of it with her own pen: ſhe ſaid ſhe was exceſſively ſorry for my diſtreſſes, and lamented my father's inflexibility. Had ſhe had any power over him, things ſhould not be ſo. Out of her own and daughter's ſavings, ſhe had ſcraped together 50l. this ſhe ſent me requiring my note in return; for the time might come, the ſaid, and God knew how ſoon, when I might abound in wealth, and ſhe be under the neceſſity of making a claim upon me.

It was not a time for conſideration or delicacy. Nay, I was ſometimes grateful enough to think that I might have miſinterpreted or judged Mrs. Lindſay too ſeverely, and that ſhe might have a good heart. So I wrote her a letter of thanks, incloſing my note.

The two following years I lived like moſt other men; ſometimes with tolerable happineſs, ſometimes with intolerable miſery. The latter aroſe from my wife's declining health. At the end of this time I was ſummoned to my father's funeral, without having heard of his illneſs, though it had been of long continuance.

I found

I found my mother-in-law, overwhelmed with grief; and I ſaid, I know not what unmeaning things by way of conſolation. I enquired after the young ladies, and was anſwered they had been ſent to the houſe of a friend a few days—God knows, Mr. Lindſay, ſaid ſhe, whether ever to return; for I am ignorant, totally ignorant, whether any proviſion be made for me, except the ſlender pittance ſettled at my marriage. I beg, Mr. Lindſay, you will make perfectly free with every thing in the houſe. Indeed I believe every thing is yours; and have the goodneſs to excuſe me; ſo ſaying, ſhe retired to her apartment.

My father's funeral had been over ſeveral days, for the diſtance from London was too great to wait for me; ſo the attorney being ſent for and a neighbour or two, we proceeded to our only buſineſs, the promulgation of the will. It was ſhort, but expreſſive. All his poſſeſſions whatſoever and whereſoever, he bequeathed to his dear wife; except—according to the old, but unneceſſary form of diſinheriſon——one ſhilling to me.

My wiſhes to procure my Charlotte that change of ſituation and thoſe other reliefs which her diſorder required, had made me indulge ſome hope during my journey, and the expreſſion of my mother's fears had increaſed it. My diſappointment was almoſt too ſtrong to bear. I had however the reſolution to ſuppreſs complaint, and to ſhew no ſtriking marks of diſcontent.

Mrs. Lindſay was not preſent at the opening of the will; it would have been too much for her feeble ſpirits. So ſhe requeſted the attorney to inform her of the melancholy contents. When ſhe had received this information, ſhe ſent

down by the ſame gentleman a polite meſſage, to excuſe her coming down, but requeſting that I would conſider *her* houſe as my own.

Her houſe! The expreſſion mortified me; but it was not my intereſt nor indeed my inclination, to ſhew her any diſreſpect; ſo I ſpent that night alone amuſing myſelf with reflecting upon the evils brought into the world by unrelenting fathers, and inſidious ſtep-mothers; I might have added improvident ſons, but I do not remember that they made any part of my meditation.

The next day I expected to be favoured with Mrs. Lindſay's company, but ſhe was ill—exceeding ill—her loſs was more than ſhe could bear; ſhe was afraid ſhe ſhould not be able to leave her room many days; hoped I was accommodated to my liking, and that I ſhould ſtay as long as was convenient and agreeable to myſelf.

This meſſage I interpreted into a civil deſire that I would leave her houſe as ſoon as I could. I obeyed. In a note I thanked my mother for her kind invitation; but ſaid that as I had now nothing left, not even hope, I was under the neceſſity of employing my time and talents, ſuch as they were, for the ſupport of my family. She wiſhed me a good journey.

I mentioned that I had two children; one had died a year before, and had rendered the other doubly dear. It was a ſweet little girl, a moſt beautiful picture of health, innocence, and her mother. Entering my own houſe, I found this little darling dead upon the bed, my wife in ſtrong convulſions, and the terrified maid ſcreaming for help, which however nobody brought.

Upon

Upon this ſcene I cannot dwell, for I am no painter of agony. My Charlotte recovered, only to preſent me with the ſtill more diſtreſſing ſcene of death daily expected. All the vigour of my mind was gone; I thought not of living, and ſuffered poverty to approach me unregarded. It came too ſoon. Of the full tide of affluence which flowed in upon my mother-in-law from my ruin, I had conſtantly expected to be a ſmall partaker; not from her benevolence———I now knew her too well, but from a woman who might be deſirous to ſave appearances, and ſtand well in the opinion of the little world around her; ſtill nothing came. As I grew more diſtreſſed I became more humble. It was from her alone I had a right to expect relief; and I wrote juſt to announce my exiſtence and my neceſſity.

Of this, ſhe took no notice. A month after, I thought myſelf under the neceſſity of making a ſtronger application. Still I wrote with dignity, and indeed ſtated matters rather too diſtinctly; but inſtead of appealing to her generoſity, her candour, and her good nature, I made the appeal to her gratitude and her equity. She anſwered me as follows:

"Sir,

"Since my late moſt reſpectable huſband, the wiſeſt and beſt of men thought proper to puniſh filial diſobedience, it becomes not me to act contrary to his will and intention, which you appear to expect I ought to do, but which my conſcience and reverence for the dear deceaſed tell me I ought not. How could I anſwer making that uſe of his bounty, which I muſt know was directly contrary to his pious deſign; for he had ſtill left ſo much paternal regard,

as to wiſh you might have all your puniſhment in this world. So wiſhing you well, I remain your humble ſervant,

MARY LINDSAY."

When I received this anſwer, I had juſt paid the laſt rites to my dear Charlotte. I would not now even have accepted her kindneſs, ſince it would benefit myſelf alone. I felt the inſulting hypocriſy of her letter; I determined to ſting her malignant ſoul, and if I may judge by the event, I did it moſt effectually.

This event was an arreſt for the debt I owed her; I was conducted to priſon; I would have it ſo; I felt an indignant ſatisfaction in it. What, ſays I, is a jail? A gloomy houſe. I love a gloomy houſe; beſides, every honeſt man ought to be confined, for he has choſen an unſkilful pilot, who knows to ſteer into no harbour, but of poverty and contempt. This was bad ſatire no doubt, and falſe reaſoning, but a man ſo ſituated is ſeldom placid enough to reaſon well. So, Sir George, ends my hiſtory, in which I believe the principal virtue I diſplayed was pride. And the principal virtue you did not diſplay, anſwered Sir George, was cunning. To be begotten by a tyrant, ſupplanted by a ſtepmother, to loſe a fortune—theſe, as you obſerve, are common enough—but it is not ſo common to ſupport integrity untainted, and an independent ſpirit, the pride and boaſt of man. My dear Lindſay, continued Sir George, and preſſing his hand with an emotion of tenderneſs—I love you for your pride, I love you for your misfortunes, and I have an additional reaſon to wiſh to be a man by law———to relieve the mind of my long ſuffering friend from a dependence he is ſo ill

ill calculated to bear. Mr. Lindſay returned Sir George's preſſure with ſilent gratitude.

CHAP. XIII.

SIR George could not reflect with ſatisfaction on leaving Combor, without ſeeing again the fair quaker, and more eſpecially Miſs Colerain, but the introduction was difficult; he walked out however next morning with Mr. Lindſay, and paſſed a beautiful white houſe on the edge of a common, where they ſaw nobody; this was the habitation of miſs Colerain, and ſeemed a paradiſe in miniature. A quarter of a mile farther ſtood a neat ſmall brick houſe, where Miſs Carlill lived with her mother; they paſſed it, and ſaw the young lady at work in the parlour; ſhe came out to look after them, they touched their hats and returned to enquire how ſhe did, and received an invitation to walk in; Miſs Carlill was at work upon a landſcape in needle work. Not having ſeen any thing like it before, Sir George was really ſurpriſed to ſee likeneſſes ſo effected, and paid her the proper compliments. One imitation was of a countryman in a cottage garden, ſuſpending the labours of his ſpade to look with the delighted eye of a father, upon a little ragged chubby faced boy, defending its bread and butter from a tame magpye.

It occurred to Sir George, what Mrs. Bane had ſaid, that Miſs Carlill was ſuppoſed almoſt to ſupport her mother and ſelf with the profits of her needlework; he requeſted therefore to know if ſhe had any finiſhed piece upon ſale, ſhe produced one, it was the figure of an elephant carrying a Nabob,

whoſe dreſs and inſignia had given Miſs Carlill an opportunity of diſplaying all her genius. Sir George was profuſe in its praiſe, and aſked how long it had employed her? ſhe anſwered about half a year. And the price, madam, ſays Sir George? I value it, ſays ſhe, at twenty-five guineas. And I, ſays Sir George, at fifty. So taking a fifty pound bank note from his pocket-book, he preſented it to Miſs Carlill, and requeſted ſhe would take the trouble of putting it properly up, and forwarding it to Miſs Paradyne in Groſvenor-ſquare. A little conteſt enſued upon Miſs Carlill's declining to receive more than her own value, but Sir George inſiſted ſhe did not underſtand calculation, and wiſhed he might be permitted to teach her the elements of that uſeful ſcience; in fine he conquered; a deſultory converſation enſued, in which Miſs Carlill ſupported her opinions, and ſhe had opinions, with the ſame ſpirit as if Sir George had not been a baronet, and her recent benefactor, and in two hours the party ſeemed to have known each other half an age. Sir George even invited himſelf to tea, which Miſs Carlill granted, ſaying, it is a pleaſure ſhe could not refuſe herſelf, though a little out of decorum, ſhe believed, as decorums went now.

As the gentlemen were returning to the inn, Sir George obſerved to Mr. Lindſay, that he had taken very little ſhare in the converſation to-day, and had not, as far as he remembered, paid Miſs Carlill a ſingle compliment, whilſt he had ſcattered his incenſe yeſterday with profuſion upon Mr. and Mrs. Holford, two objects who, in his opinion, had little merit to plead.

"You yourſelf, Sir George, anſwered Mr. Lindſay,

Lindſay, are the cauſe both of the one and the other."

"Me—Lindſay—ſays Sir George—pray explain the enigma."

"Yeſterday, replied Mr. Lindſay, I gave, becauſe you were not diſpoſed to give; to-day you were liberal enough for both."

"What—dear Lindſay—ſays Sir George—is there no difference betwixt giving applauſe where it is due and where it is not?"

"It is on our little ſelf complacencies, Sir George, anſwered Mr. Lindſay, well or ill founded, we build the far greater part of our happineſs, and when theſe are productive of laudable, or no illaudable purſuits, it is a ſpecies of robbery to deprive a perſon of the poſſeſſion. It is not abſolutely neceſſary that Mr. Holford ſhould diſtinguiſh accurately, a Caracalla from a Lucius Verus; but it is, that Sir George Paradyne ſhould be polite and well bred, and not give pain in return for intended pleaſure. We owe to ſociety, not to be forward in diſcovering to others their little errors, when no good can reſult from the correction, and eſpecially not to ſacrifice the vanity of others at the ſhrine of our own."

"Well done! ſays Sir George, ſmiling, that is home however; I hope you are not now acting in the teeth of your precept?"

"Fairly retorted, returned Mr. Lindſay, but you are my pupil you know, and Mr. Holford was not yours."

"And is not my dear tutor a little inexplicable? could Marcus Tullius paſs higher encomiums upon ſincerity, veracity, candor?"

"If time, if place, if occaſion, be not conſidered, replied ſir George, all the virtues are

in danger of falling foul upon each other; not any of them require that we ſhould deprive mankind of a ſingle pleaſure it can enjoy with innocence."

The argument was kept up till their arrival at the Falcon; Sir George was convinced—which is not a common conſequence of argument—and what is ſtill more uncommon, he had the fortitude to confeſs it.

CHAP. XIV.

OUR Gentlemen were punctual to the hour of tea, and found Mrs. Carlill with her daughter prepared for their reception. The old gentlewoman was very ſickly, but ſtill loquacious, and could not reſiſt the deſire ſhe had to ſhew her gueſts that ſhe had ſeen better days. After thanking Sir George for his generoſity, ſhe ſaid time had been when ſhe could be generous. She had not always lived in a cottage; her father was a ſubſtantial citizen at Wincheſter ——but he was gone——gone to his laſt peaceful abode, where the wicked trouble not —and all her relations. Her huſband was Abraham Carlill of the city of London, a man well known in his day, well endowed with the good things of this world, which were but vain ſhadows; yet he thirſted after them, and made raſh ventures, and loſt all, and died, and left them to lament his indiſcretions. Her Abraham had a brother at Ghent, in Flanders, a man well reſpected by the friends, but loſt unto them, becauſe he loſt money by Abraham's failure, and could never be perſuaded that it was owing to her huſband's integrity that he was not paid his

his whole debt in preference to other creditors. When the good gentlewoman had exhauſted her favourite topic and herſelf, ſhe repoſed in ſilence, and left the converſation to go on how it pleaſed.

After having enquired how Miſs Colerain did, and expreſſing ſome ſorrow to hear ſhe was unfortunate, Sir George turned the diſcourſe on Miſs Haubert, and ſaid, he could not have believed there was at this day in England a woman of that lady's fortune, who could have behaved with ſo little politeneſs, and with ſo little care to conceal the ſenſe ſhe had of her own importance. There muſt have been, Sir George ſaid, ſomething ſingular in her education.

"I believe, anſwered Miſs Carlill, this ſingularity may be accounted for, but I do not think it will amuſe thee to hear it."

"Very much ſo, Sir George replied, if the relation would not be too great a fatigue to herſelf."

"Sir Simon Haubert, the father of this lady, Miſs Carlill ſaid, lived as moſt country gentlemen of his time did. He was a jovial man, a fox hunter, and above all, a lover of money. Sir Simon had two ſons and this daughter; at a proper age the eldeſt ſon went the tour, the youngeſt continued at Oxford; the latter was ſaid by the few who remembered him, to have been an amiable man, worthy of a better fate than he appears to have met with, though indeed very little is known about him.

"The eldeſt ſon married a Mrs. Palick, a widow, very rich in copper mines; ſhe died without iſſue at an early period, and left behind her the character of a woman of the very firſt oeconomy. Indeed it appeared this pair were ſo happily ſuit-

ed

ed to each other, that they quitted all ſociety for the dear enjoyment of themſelves and their money.

"This inclination to living alone was uſually aſcribed to the lady, and it was thought Sir Simon would now open his doors and live like a man of fortune. No—the man had acquired in ſolitude a taſte for architecture; he had amuſed himſelf with drawing plans, and at length conceived the humble idea that he had nothing to do but to build, to be acknowledged the firſt architect in this kingdom at leaſt.

"The manſion-houſe it ſeems was what they called gothic; ſo he began by building two Greek wings; ſomehow theſe did not accord, and Sir Simon found himſelf under the neceſſity of pulling down the houſe and joining it to the wings; by ſome error in the deſign they did not unite; the unemployed builders laughed, and ſaid Sir Simon wanted nothing but taſte and knowledge to build a very good houſe. The fabric received the honour of a criticiſm in the London papers. Sir Simon anſwered by building his wings over again.

"At length, friend Haubert perceived his labour was like to be in vain, ſo he deſiſted and returned again to his accounts—wouldſt thee believe it? he had expended eighty thouſand pounds, twenty of which had been lent him by his ſteward. He died ſoon after, it was ſaid, of grief, at making this double diſcovery.

"The ſucceſſion, as friend Haubert died inteſtate, fell of courſe to his ſiſter. Catherine Haubert had merit. The flatteries of the men had not rendered her vain, for flattery is uſually founded on beauty, and ſhe had it not. From ten to eighteen ſhe was an enigma; ſhe did every thing

thing by fits; was docile, indocile, tractable, intractable, dutiful, diſobedient, and theſe humours ſucceeded each other as day follows night only with leſs certainty as to the times of coming and going; about eighteen her character began to fix. Sullenneſs and pride appeared to be predominating qualities.

When Catherine Haubert loſt her mother ſhe got a governeſs, a good ſort of woman, and as well qualified to correct the errors of the underſtanding as a woman who has none well can be. As brother Simon was conſtantly putting her out of humour by telling her ſhe was ugly, her governeſs was under the neceſſity of putting her in again, by telling her ſhe had amazing talents; and it is actually true that an intellectual taſte was formed by this flattery, which in time grew to be a paſſion; but being cultivated as chance or whim directed, it was not likely ſcience in friend Catherine's head, ſhould be perfectly regular.

"By the will of her father ſhe had ſix thouſand pounds; and fame, always liberal upon theſe occaſions, had doubled it. An oeconomical gentleman in the neighbourhood calculated that he could ſupply Catherine Haubert with books, for half the money it would coſt to furniſh cloaths only for any well brought up woman, and that under the copious catalogue of expences which come under the general head of diſſipation, there would be great ſavings; in favour of theſe he overlooked her learning, which huſbands I ſuppoſe do not covet in a wife, and bowed down and worſhipped her.

"Upon this occaſion, her features, which are rather hard, took the moſt placid and ſmiling turn they are capable of; and fearing, as it was

was the firſt, it might be the laſt tale of love that would ever be addreſſed to her ear—ſhe early and graciouſly granted his ſuit, and for the matters of commerce that belonged to it, referred him to her brother.

"From friend Simon he learned that he had reaſoned upon falſe premiſes, and that Catherine Haubert's accompliſhments were leſs by half than he had conceived them; ſo he went home to form his calculation anew. It did not anſwer. So he wrote his miſtreſs that circumſtances had ariſen between the baronet and him, which rendered it impoſſible for him to purſue the dear delightful hope of calling her his own, and took his leave for ever with all the needful expreſſions of anguiſh, and a broken heart.

"Catherine Haubert could not conceive what theſe circumſtances could be; but when ſhe had learned them from her brother, ſhe began to entertain the moſt ſovereign contempt for mankind, and at length it became certain that a creature ſo immerſed in earthly things, was not entitled to any regard from ſo exalted a perſon as herſelf.

"Catherine Haubert endeavoured to get above this earth; ſince man was not, what elſe could be worthy her notice? ſo ſhe took flight into the region of metaphyſics. They ſay ſhe has been loſt ever ſince; but a friend of ours has traced her ſteps, and has given us the following account:

"He ſays, that Catherine Haubert was firſt ſtruck with amazement at what appeared to be the greateſt of human conceptions—the monades and pre-eſtabliſhed harmony of Leibnitz. This ſyſtem fixed her faith a long time; but Malbranche came, and with him ſhe ſaw all things in God;

God; how then ſhould ſhe ſee any thing wrong? Mr. Locke ſhewed her clearly ideas, although begotten by outward objects, were born and brought up within; and that the mind, let it look out as ſharp as it would, could hear, ſee, ſmell, taſte, touch, nothing but theſe ideas whatever. Then ſays the biſhop of Cloyne, how can we be certain there is any thing elſe whatever, to hear, ſee, ſmell, taſte, or touch. Certain it is more worthy an omnipotent being, to raiſe ideas in the minds of intelligent creatures, by an expanſion of his own———what? of his own will, than to incumber the univerſe with groſs and ſenſeleſs matter; and the phenomena were better accounted for by this ſublime ſyſtem, and chriſtian faith more firmly ſupported. Thus, by one catholic apoſtolic decree, every thing but ſpirit would have been baniſhed for ever from the infinite regions of ſpace, had not David Hume ſhewed by very clear induction from the biſhop's premiſes, that in ſpite of Des Cartes—"I think, therefore I am———" it is very likely that there was no exiſtence whatever.

I, for my part, continued Miſs Carlill, do not underſtand a word of all this; but my friend, who ſees Catherine Haubert often, tells me ſhe ſtill travels in air, and flies from cloud to cloud.

CHAP. XV.

SIR George, after thanking Miſs Carlill for the pains ſhe had taken for his information, obſerved, that from the pride of birth and fortune, joined to much ignorance of the world, he could eaſily conceive Miſs Haubert's behaviour might incline

incline too much to arrogance; but for the marked rudeneſs ſhewn to ſo amiable a lady as Miſs Colerain, there muſt be ſome additional cauſe.

There are many, Miſs Carlill replied; the firſt was, that when neighbour Haubert viſited any where, the company were ſo full of Cornelia Colerain's praiſe, there was none left for herſelf. This was a general cauſe. It happened alſo that a ſmall farmer, tenant of friend Haubert died, leaving a wife and four ſmall children. The two ſucceeding half years, the poor woman was deficient in rent, ſo the bailiff took away one of her two milking cows; the other indeed, gave her children milk, but could not furniſh the butter and ſmall cheeſes, of which ſhe muſt make the principal part of her rent. It was needful for poor neighbour Haubert to have the other cow; the orders were actually given. When it came to the ears of Cornelia Colerain, who was almoſt as much celebrated for benevolence as beauty, ſhe paid the rent, and replaced the loſt cow with a better. Neighbour Haubert thought it was terribly inſolent that a ſtranger ſhould preſume to be kind to her tenants; ſhe ordered her to quit, and Cornelia Colerain was obliged to provide the woman with another farm, on which ſhe now does very well.

"But there was ſtill worſe: a young man of Scotland, not abounding in wealth, ſon of him they call Lord Abſkirk, came to pay his addreſſes to Catherine Haubert. I do not know what his ſucceſs was there———they ſay equal to his hopes. But going to Southampton, he chanced at one of the aſſemblies, to dance with Cornelia Colerain, whoſe fortune, no one at that time doubted, would be fifty thouſand pounds. I fear the young man was rude to Catherine Haubert;

bert; he went to ſee her no more. Cornelia Colerain ſuited his taſte better, and he did all he could to obtain her. It is true, he failed, for Cornelia has a way of judging about men, of which few, very few indeed, can ſtand the teſt."

"What I have ſeen, and what you tell me of this young lady, ſays Sir George, intereſts me exceedingly. Is ſhe reduced to abſolute poverty?"

"She is," replied Miſs Carlill.

"Is it improper, aſked Sir George, to inquire by what means?"

"Not at all; no inquiry can hurt Cornelia Colerain. But what will repay thy attention? In her little ſtory there is no romance; and thou mayeſt judge by the event, that ſhe was never under the protection of any beneficent fairy. Indeed there is nothing extraordinary in the circumſtances which relate to her. Fathers and aunts will die; I know no remedy. There will be villains among mankind, notwithſtanding religion or the gallows—notwithſtanding even Botany Bay; and thoſe who have property are the only people who have a chance for loſing it."

At this remark, the good Mrs. Carlill began to ſigh, to ſob, to groan, to raiſe her eyes to Heaven; all this was an exordium to the long tale of Abraham Carlill's ruin, which laſted till it was proper for the gentlemen to take leave for the evening, and made it neceſſary for Sir George to beg a diſh of tea the next afternoon. Miſs Carlill granted the requeſt, and they took leave.

They paſſed by the door of a cottage; a woman was holding the head of a poor man, in an agony of retching; ſome ragged children were running about; it does not ſignify, John, ſays the woman,

you

you muſt have help, and I will go to the overſeers, you know there is no charity left hereabouts, ſince Miſs Colerain loſt her means.

This called back Sir George. "You ſeem diſtreſſed, good woman."

"Ay, ſorely, ſir. My huſband has had Kentiſh ague ſix weeks; he's never willing to apply to pariſh, ſo we've rubbed on wi help of gentlewoman o' yonder white houſe, thof ſhe's nothing left for herſelf—vengeance o' the rogue as brought her down."

Sir George gave her what ſilver he had, and Mr. Lindſay directions how to manage her huſband, to whom, as he wanted medicines, Sir George determined to ſend an apothecary in the morning; he even roſe earlier than common for the purpoſe, and rode to a Mr. Ward at Winton, to whom he related the poor man's caſe. I know the man, anſwered Mr. Ward, he's honeſt but poor; I ſuppoſe it will be a love caſe, but as the man is ſo bad—why my way is this—to cure people firſt if I can, and then conſider how I can get paid; when I find the inclination to pay wanting, and not the means, it vexes me, and I talk of lawyers; when I find it is the means, and not the inclination, I put it down to the account of good works.

"An excellent ſyſtem, ſays Sir George, has it made you rich?"

"Rich in good works."

"This man, ſays Sir George, may want medicine and attendance for a mouth, and I beg he may have all that is neceſſary; Mrs. Bane, at the Falcon, will pay your bill. I wiſh you good morrow."

Both Sir George and Mr. Lindſay thought the day long, both were impatient for the hour of tea;

tea; at length it came, and after a deſultory converſation, in which the gentlemen and the lady found themſelves as friendly and familiar as a long acquaintance could have made them. Miſs Carlill ſpoke in this manner:

Cornelia Colerain loſt her mother when ſhe was about ſeventeen; her father was a merchant at Southampton, who had his fortune to make when he ſettled there, and he had at this time made a large one. He purchaſed that white houſe, with forty acres of land around it; and it became the province of Cornelia to ſuperintend there, whilſt the family at Southampton was put under the care of Mrs. Colerain, a ſiſter of his, who in the prime of life had been a governeſs to ſome children of family in Cornwall, and who was rewarded with a penſion of one hundred pounds for life. At this houſe Cornelia delighted to live, and to exerciſe her benevolent propenſities; here ſhe avoided many things which were diſagreeable to her in ſociety; and ſo many were her avocations, that I know not whether ſhe ever felt for a minute, the fatigue of indolence, which I am told, is the pre-diſpoſing cauſe of moſt modern female diſeaſes.

Cornelia Colerain reads much, and writes charmingly; her letters were my great conſolation in our family diſtreſs. She draws well, paints prettily, and is ſaid to excel upon the harpſichord. Theſe are what are called accompliſhments. I could deſervedly praiſe her more and better, but my buſineſs is only to tell her ſtory.

Cornelia had many lovers, or pretenders, but her mode of thinking was not favourable. She tried them by certain ideas of moral excellency, which I believe does not ſuit the times. It is likely ſhe would have continued long in her maiden ſtate,

ſtate, had her fortune proved ſtable. It is now probable ſhe will never change it.

John Colerain had taken into his 'compting houſe, a young man whoſe name was Talbot. In his youth, it ſeems, he had been the Corydon of a village. He ſuppoſed himſelf to be a very pretty man, and that pretty men were the moſt valuable of the ſpecies. In London, where he ſerved my father three years as a clerk, he kept company only with low women and looking-glaſſes; and neither of them taught him to correct his vices or his vanity. But though he was a coxcomb he had talents, and became valuable for his knowledge of buſineſs, and for his application.

John Colerain, on experience of his capacity, took him a one-eight partner, to intereſt him more in the buſineſs, and he had apartments in the houſe. At this time I was much with Cornelia, and we amuſed ourſelves with his airs and graces. I had before known him to be ſtrongly impreſſed with a notion that he had attractions which few women could reſiſt; the ſweet temper and engaging diſpoſition of Cornelia Colerain, was not calculated to correct this idea. She did not think herſelf entitled to pay the attentions of civility, though more aſſiduous than common, with diſdain, as I had done; and this gentleneſs perſuaded the young fool, that Cornelia was enamoured of his perſon, and that this muſt be the cauſe of her quick diſmiſſion of lover after lover; of two even who had titles.

Cornelia Colerain conſidered herſelf as miſtreſs, at their country houſe, and endeavoured to make every one happy in it. When it was Thomas Talbot's fortune to viſit here, her ſuperior attention confirmed him in his unfortunate deluſion;

ſion; he was aſſured a declaration would be received with ſecret joy, and he took an opportunity to make it, with all the modeſty of a coxcomb.

Cornelia Colerain, though aſtoniſhed and vexed, did not take fire at this declaration, as I ſuppoſe moſt young women would have done in ſimilar circumſtances; ſhe only ſaid, ſhe was very ſorry he had entertained ſuch an affection, for ſhe could not return it, and did not like to give pain to any one.

This was ſo gentle a rejection, that I dare ſay it might have emboldened men more modeſt than Thomas Talbot. He did pereſvere till he became intolerable, and obliged Cornelia to treat him with anger and diſdain. This alſo failing, ſhe was under the neceſſity of applying to her father

John Colerain was angry. His firſt ſtep was to diſmiſs the offender from his houſe. His next would have been to have diſſolved the partnerſhip, but that the young man humbled himſelf, and promiſed never to repeat the offence.

But the affront rankled in his boſom. It was indeed a ſevere mortification, for it ſhook the whole fabric of coxcombry to its foundation; he found he wanted comfort, and ſought it in wine, and in the company of abandoned women.

Things were thus ſituated, when John Colerain was called to Bourdeaux, upon the failure of a great houſe there. It was an alarming circumſtance, for he had accepted bills to a large amount, for wines, not yet collected. It is true, the honour of the houſe was unimpeached, but it had been imprudent.

Great fatigue brought upon John Colerain an illneſs which left him with an alarming debility.

ty. In his letters to his daughter he concealed this, only saying, his stay was occasioned by business. Thomas Talbot had more regard for truth; he told her the whole of her father's danger. It is probable he aspired to be her conductor to Bourdeaux; for he said it was dangerous to go through France without one, and he would endeavour to put business in such a train as to be able to attend her, if she chose to go. She chose to go indeed, but not with Thomas Talbot. He was odious for his pretensions, and more odious for his libertinism. Cornelia answered his proposal with asperity; nay——she even hinted an intention of laying before her father, the flagitious part of his conduct.

This little insinuation put Thomas Talbot into anger; for men cannot always be kindly disposed to women who abuse them. In that frame of mind, several suspicious things fell from him; nay, he told her plainly, that high as she was in the world, there were circumstances which might pull her down, and even make her repent her proud treatment of himself. That, assuming a smile of the utmost contempt——that, she said, was impossible.

Cornelia Colerain set out for France, with her maid and a black servant, a man much regarded for his faithful attachment to her father, and for circumstances which happened in Barbadoes, and will be long remembered there. She did not seek adventures; adventures did not seek her; and she arrived at Bourdeaux, with fatigue indeed, but without accident.

At the sight of her emaciated father, she fainted in his arms. To him, her coming was a cordial of the most reviving kind; his spirits were raised, his malady appeared to have given way

and

and in a week he made preparations for leaving his friends at Bourdeaux, and took his paſſage home in a veſſel then ready to ſail for England.

About the third day a ſtorm aroſe, which drove them to the ſouth of cape Finiſterre; and the wind continuing adverſe, it was ſix weeks before they could enter the channel. The inconveniences they ſuffered in conſequence, would have been ſeverely felt by Cornelia, but for a much deeper affliction.

Her father's illneſs returned with double violence; he declined rapidly, and died in his daughter's arms, two days before the veſſel entered Poole harbour. You are men of humanity, you will feel for Cornelia's afflictions, they are beyond my power to deſcribe.

It was evening when they came on ſhore. Cornelia got into a chaiſe with her maid, and Fidel, the black ſervant, attending her on horſeback, ſhe arrived at Southampton about ten o'clock, and was driven to her father's houſe. Fidel rapped long and loud, no one came to anſwer; at length a woman who kept a little ſhop at three doors diſtance, ran to the chaiſe with a candle. "The Lord be good unto me, Miſs, ſays ſhe, is it you? God be thanked; then I hope things are not ſo bad as folks ſay."

"You terrify me to death, Mrs. Mercer, ſays Cornelia, what do you mean? why is my father's houſe deſerted? and where is my aunt?"

"Gracious—Miſs—the good woman anſwered——why you talk as if you knew nothing of what happened.'

"I do not indeed, replied Cornelia."

"Goodneſs—ſays Mrs. Mercer—what not know how Mr. Talbot is run away with a power of money? and how they got your father into the Gazette?

Gazette? then they turned the ſervants and clerks all out of the houſe."

Cornelia ſunk to the bottom of the chaiſe, whence ſhe was carried by Fidel and another neighbour into Mrs. Mercer's back room. She was not long however deprived of recollection; and when ſhe had learned that her aunt was at Combor common, inſiſted upon Fidel's procuring another chaiſe, and in three hours found herſelf preſſed to the boſom of her affectionate aunt. They afflicted and conſoled each other. When they retired to reſt, the unburied body of her father ſwam before Cornelia's eyes, her diſordered imagination painted ſad ſcenes of poverty and want; a fever and delirium came on; her life was deſpaired of many days; during which the more immediate friends of John Colerain, took care of his interment.

At the firſt meeting of the creditors, after Thomas Talbot had diſappeared, a general prejudice prevailed againſt John Colerain, and even his daughter, as accomplices in fraud. Some went ſo far as to deny the father's death, and to ſay it was a mock funeral. But when the commiſſion came on, when the books were examined, and the evidences, when all circumſtances were compared, theſe malignant opinions loſt all force—except amongſt two ſorts of people—thoſe who had been moſt vehement in their propagation and ſupport, and thoſe who found it convenient to ſeem to entertain them; becauſe, having been the moſt intimate friends of Cornelia, ſomething more than pity might have been expected from them. Amongſt the reſt, who had no ſuch powerful motives of belief, there was but one opinion, that Thomas Talbot was the ſole delinquent—an abandoned miſcreant—whoſe irregularity of life and malignant

malignant diſpoſition, had reduced to ruin the fortune of his benefactor.

For immediately after the departure of Cornelia for France, Thomas Talbot was detected in an amour with a barber's wife, and the barber, a man of ſpirit, forced him to purchaſe ſafety at a pretty dear rate. It was believed that Thomas Talbot meditated to raiſe what money he could, and decamp with it, not daring to wait John Colerain's coming home, when a letter of attorney to ſell ſtock in the public funds, to ſupply the exigencies of trade, arrived from Bourdeaux. John Colerain had twenty thouſand pounds in the ſtock; Thomas Talbot thus impowered, ſold it all; though the credit of the houſe would have been well ſupported by five thouſand; and having raiſed about ſix thouſand more, went off, no one knows whither.

Although it is a year ſince the commiſſion began, it is not yet cloſed. Fifteen ſhillings in the pound have been paid, and nearly enough remains to clear the whole. An old humane merchant bought the white houſe there, intending Cornelia Colerain and her aunt ſhould poſſeſs it rent free for their lives; but ſee how every thing is unfortunate for Cornelia Colerain. Three months ſince, ſhe loſt her aunt, and was by her death reduced to abſolute poverty. About the ſame time alſo, died ſuddenly the old merchant, who had neglected to put his humane intentions into a legal form. His heirs have quarrelled about the poſſeſſion of this very houſe, and not being able to adjuſt it, have ordered it to be ſold, Cornelia having the proper notice to quit.

Miſs Carlill having finiſhed Miſs Colerain's little hiſtory, received the thanks of the gentlemen,

who expreſſed much concern for the unfortunate ſubject. After a little fit of muſing, Sir George enquired how far it was poſſible to expreſs ſenſation or paſſion by needlework; Miſs Carlill anſwered,—"Not very accurately, thou may'ſt be ſure; but ſomething may be done." "I am diſpoſed, ſays Sir George, to indulge myſelf with a piece of your execution, repreſenting the ſcene at Southampton, on the return of Miſs Colerain; dare you undertake it?" "I will do all I can to oblige thee, replied Miſs Carlill, but thou thyſelf muſt point out the group of particulars which muſt be repreſented by a ſingle inſtant." "Then, ſays Sir George, I will take the liberty to wait upon you in the morning in order to confer with you upon the ſubject, after having *dreamt* about it. So for the preſent we will bid you adieu.

CHAP. XVI.

I WISH I knew the cauſe of dreams. I never ſhall, till the gentlemen philoſophers have ſettled whether thinking is done and performed by vibrations, or by points, or by the action of nothing upon ſomething, which is ſo well explained by the immaterialiſts. I comfort myſelf with reflecting, that by the upward reaſoning of the *phyſicians*, and the downward reaſoning of divines, we ſhall come to know every thing in time, and that my grandſon will explain in the twenty-fifth edition of this work, the cauſe why, and the manner how, Sir George Paradyne, the enſuing night, made ſeas, and ſhips, and rocks, and more Miſs Colerain's than an Eſquimaux

maux can count; ſhe called for his aſſiſtance in a thouſand dangers; he flew, he ſwam, he dived, he fought to ſave her.

To this kind of ſleep Sir George was little indebted for refreſhment. He ſhook it off early to indulge in meditation. He conſidered his projected ſcene of the evening at Southampton; but he conſidered ſtill more, how it might be poſſible to get introduced to Miſs Colerain; whether there was any refined and delicate mode of benevolence, by which he could be aſſiſted. Of all delicate things, to give, was the moſt delicate. It was neceſſary to know a multitude of preparatory things, ſuch as Miſs Colerain's degree of refinement, her delicacy, intentions, inclinations, in ſhort it was neceſſary to be intimately acquainted with her.

Weary at length with the labour of an excurſive imagination, which could find nothing ſolid to reſt upon, Sir George roſe—before the ſun. Is the riſing ſun a charming object; but it is the peculiar unhappineſs of Engliſh ladies and gentlemen, ſeldom to have an opportunity to enjoy it. The reaſon of this ſeems to be, that Brookes's and the Pantheon are ſo unſkilfully ſituated, that a view of the horizon is not to be had; ſo was not the churchyard of Combor, and thither Sir George bent his morning courſe. It was once more to behold the magnificent views, which had ſo charmed him the firſt time, that Sir George ſought this beautiful ſummit; the ſcenery of the country was equally rich, the cities as majeſtic, the ſea as grand as before; yet none of theſe had ſo many attractions for Sir George's eyes, as the white houſe on Comber common; an object not rich, nor grand, nor majeſtic. He ſoon perceived, however, that objects are not ſo diſtinct at the

diſtance of half a mile, as of half a yard, and he wanted to ſee it diſtinctly. He had a proſpect-glaſs in his hand, by the help of which he ſaw that the houſe had twelve ſaſh-windows in front, and that there was a ſmall court before it, in which moved ſomething that ſeemed—a woman. The foot-path which led toward the houſe was not in its front, ſo that Sir George, before he was ſeen himſelf, found a poſition in which he could view the flower-garden, and the lady in it, at his eaſe. He had never before ſeen ſuch beauty, ſo unadorned, and it appeared the more to be beauty. Her ſhape, "fine by degrees," had no cloak, or cardinel, or ſhawl, to conceal it; a ſtraw hat with a green ribbon ſhaded her lovely and penſive face, and her fine mild eyes ſeemed to ſhine with uncommon luſtre.

As Sir George had drank tea with Miſs Colerain, there did not ſeem to be any impropriety in accoſting her, and he gave her the morning ſalutation; ſhe returned it, not without ſome apparent flutter "You ſeem, madam, by your early riſing, ſays Sir George, to be an admirer of the beauties of nature?" "I hope I am, ſir," ſhe anſwered, moving towards the door. "May I, madam, aſked Sir George in a hurry,—may I be permitted to admire your collection of polyanthus's?" "You are welcome, Sir, replied the lady; you will have the goodneſs to excuſe my doing the honours of the garden. I wiſh you a good morning." "I thank you, madam,—but without you—" but the lady had entered the houſe, and had ſhut the door gently, not rudely, and yet it was vaſtly rude to do ſo any way; and Sir George concluded that Miſs Colerain, whatever ſhe might poſſeſs of other accompliſh-

ments,

ments, had not that of politeneſs. A little angry, he turned his ſteps to the Falcon.

Mr. Lindſay was more than uſually thoughtful at breakfaſt, and to Sir George's inquiry into the cauſe, he anſwered, that he had been amuſing himſelf with a London paper, and ſaw himſelf attacked under the ſignature of Galgacus, for his laſt political pamphlet. If Sir George wiſhed to ſee Miſs Carlill, he begged to ſtay in his apartment in order to digeſt his anſwer. Sir George conſented, and went alone.

The converſation began upon the tablet, the oſtenſible buſineſs of the day. But, ſays Sir George, interrupting an obſervation of Miſs Carlill, all that elegance denotes an extraordinary degree of politeneſs, and you know Miſs Carlill, your friend is not polite.

Miſs Carlill ſeemed ſurprized——after half a minute's pauſe, ſhe ſaid, haſt thou ever ſeen her otherwiſe?"

"This morning, anſwered Sir George.

"Thou haſt introduced thyſelf then? I ſhould like to know the manner."

"She was in her flower garden taking off ſome decayed leaves; I told her it was a fine morning, ſhe ſaid it was; I told her her polyanthus's were very pretty, and deſired leave to admire them; this requeſt, as far as regarded the polyanthus's, was granted; but the moment I entered the garden ſhe entered the houſe; the door was ſhut againſt me, and I was left to admire—what I could."

Thou wert angry, no doubt, ſaid Miſs Carlill."

"Not much pleaſed, I own, Sir George replied. I could not help conſidering it rather as an abatement of the ſum total of Miſs Colerain's accompliſhments."

"Thou judgeſt, Miſs Carlill anſwered, as if there were no quality of any eſtimation but this politeneſs; If it were worth the rout thou makeſt about it, I would tell thee there is not a politer woman on earth than Cornelia Colerain; in my mind ſhe has more than enough of it. But let me aſk thee if ſix o'clock in the morning was the proper hour to ſhew it thee? alone too? If politeneſs accuſes, will not delicacy acquit her?"

"It ſeemed, Miſs Carlill, ſaid Sir George, more like apprehenſion than delicacy; yet I hope I have not the appearance of a footpad."

"No—anſwered Miſs Carlill—thou haſt rather the appearance of a fine young gentleman, a much more formidable being to Cornelia Colerain, than a footpad."

"Why ſo, Miſs Carlill?"

"Perhaps her delicacy may be increaſed by misfortunes, and ſhe may be more apprehenſive than is neceſſary; there are libertines in Southampton as well as elſewhere. From the impertinence of one rich licentious young man, ſhe has ſuffered much."

"Damn him!—" ſays Sir George, with tolerable emphaſis—and a ſmall glow upon his cheek.

Miſs Carlill ſmiled and ſaid, "For a lady who wants politeneſs, thou entereſt into her intereſts, ſeemingly with a ſuperabundant zeal."

"Zeal—Miſs Carlill—zeal—Sir George replied, no—no zeal at all; I ſhould like to do the young lady good indeed if I knew how, becauſe—— becauſe——ſhe may have ſome good qualities, and becauſe ſhe is your friend, Miſs Carlill."

"I

"I thank thee. What doſt thou think of her perſon. It has been thought handſome."

"She is very well, Miſs Carlill, but I have ſeen taller women; however I do not want to depreciate her merit; I am ſorry, quite ſorry for her. What does ſhe intend to do?"

"She has an intention, and one which does her honour, but I am not at liberty to mention it."

"Some view of eſtabliſhment by marriage, I ſuppoſe."

"If thou canſt gueſs no better, thou wilt not be reſorted to as an oracle."

"Nay, I do not want to gueſs; ſhe is her own miſtreſs. Only, if her views were ſuch as I could have aſſiſted her in———"

"Oh, thou wouldſt find a great difference betwixt Cornelia Colerain, and Rebecca Carlill. She has no needle-work to ſell."

"Too proud I ſuppoſe to accept."

"Was not Miſs Carlill once accuſtomed to give?"

"Yes——too proud. I hope thou wilt pardon her, when thou conſidereſt how much ſhe has been accuſtomed to give?"

"If thou delighteſt in ſimilies, thou mayeſt compare my benevolence to the moon, Cornelia's to the ſun; I am moreover nine years older, have had ſome years to get rid of my pride, and a mother's diſtreſſes to aſſiſt me."

"There is more juſt judgment, Miſs Carlill, in conforming to ſituation, as you have done, than in ſoaring above it."

"Cornelia Colerain has that juſt judgment; her thoughts are humble, not ſoaring; but ſhe prefers employment to indolence, labour to dependence."

"Labour! Miſs Colerain labour!"—ſays Sir George with eagerneſs, and riſing to ſtride acroſs the room.

"It is thou that art proud now; Cornelia Colerain does not conſider induſtry as degrading."

"Induſtry! ſays Sir George—the devil—what—will ſhe take in cloaths to waſh?"

Miſs Carlill laughed outright.——"Has thy honour, ſays ſhe, no new ſhirts for her to make?"

"Well—anſwered Sir George—well, Miſs Carlill———if you will not let me take an intereſt in your friend, I cannot help it."

"It is, ſays Miſs Carlill, her fixed,——— thou will call it her proud principle,———to be independent to the laſt hour of her life—— if ſhe can. Next to that, is to be obſcure and unknown; and in ſome ſequeſtered abode, to find a means of exchanging the products of ſome of the elegant arts, which have hitherto been her amuſement for the common and convenient neceſſaries of life; her plan is arranged, but not yet ready for execution. Yet I fear, ſays Miſs Carlill, ſighing,—— I fear I have an advertiſement here, which will precipitate her into it before the time, and occaſion her ſome unexpected difficulties."

"I almoſt wiſh, ſays Sir George, they may be inſurmountable. But what is the advertiſement?" She put into his hand the following handbill:

To be ſold by auction, at the Falcon, at Combor, on the 31ſt day of Auguſt next, unleſs previouſly diſpoſed of by private contract, of which due notice will be given; all that meſſuage ſtanding and being upon Combor common, called

called the White Houſe, with all its appurtenances, furniture, library of books, and about forty acres of land. Enquire of Mr. Merrick, attorney at law, Southampton.

Miſs Colerain will ſhew the premiſes.

"Now it is about the middle of next month, continues Miſs Carlill, her notice expires; in caſe the houſe had not been ſold or taken, ſhe might have hoped a few months longer indulgence. Now, ſhe cannot expect it."

"By heaven, ſays Sir George, ſtarting up—but—my dear Miſs Carlill you muſt give me leave to wait upon you to-morrow morning; I had almoſt forgot an engagement." "I wiſh thee a good day," ſays Miſs Carlill—but, thought ſhe—thou art ſubject to ſtrange ſudden emotions.

The ſentiment which hurried Sir George away ſo rapidly, was not a ſentiment of ſorrow; it was one that made him tread lighter upon the earth, which made that earth ſeem elaſtic under his feet; in ſhort, it was nothing more or leſs, than that he would go to Southampton, purchaſe theſe premiſes, and then———conſider what he ſhould do with them.

It is the will of heaven, I believe, that the volition of young men ſhould direct their underſtandings; and it is happy if they are able to change this retrograde motion into its direct and proper courſe when they are old.

"Was Sir George in love with Miſs Colerain?" Of my twenty thouſand fair readers, nineteen thouſand at leaſt muſt have aſked this queſtion. I anſwer, no—dear ladies—no—he had not time.

"Then you would perſuade us it was pure compaſſion?"

"Yes——dear ladies——yes."

"We did not apprehend you were writing a romance; we know ſomething of love, and ſomething of pity, and we adviſe you not to make effects greater than their cauſes."

Good! This is the philoſophic age——of ladies.

CHAP. XVII.

LEAVING Mr. Lindſay to his pen, Sir George rode to Southampton, and with all the eagerneſs of a young man, and none of the ſubtilty of an old one, applied to Mr. Merrick, who did not want the proper wiſdom of his profeſſion. "You are Sir George Paradyne, ſays this genleman, the ſon of Sir Jeffery Paradyne. I knew Sir Jeffery, a moſt worthy gentleman as any in Surry; ay,—his was a ſad cataſtrophe—but we are all liable to accidents by wind and by water. Pray, Sir George, how long is it ſince?" "Six months," Sir George replied. "Yes—time flies; I read it in the papers; his next heir was ſaid to be a minor; wrong informed there, I ſuppoſe?"

"No, Mr. Merrick," Sir George anſwered, "I ſtill want a few months of being of age."

"I fear then, the buſineſs you came about cannot be purſued: a minor cannot purchaſe; this did not occur to you, Sir George?"

"It did not, Mr. Merrick; is the difficulty not to be got over?"

"If it was my own affair, I ſhould not, ſays the attorney, make the leaſt ſcruple, I ſhould have full confidence in your honour; but we are not allowed to run riſques for clients."

"Well,

"Well, ſays Sir George, if it cannot be done, we muſt reſt it where it is; I am ſorry, for I wiſhed to ſerve Miſs Colerain."

"You are acquainted with Miſs Colerain?"

"I have ſcarce ſeen her, anſwered Sir George; but I have heard of her diſtreſs, and wiſh to remove a part of it."

"I wiſh, ſays Mr. Merrick, I wiſh gentlemen of your fortune, had generally more of your benevolence. Miſs Colerain is a moſt worthy young lady, and has been rather ungenteelly uſed by the commiſſioners; but I know the cauſe; it has been all at the inſtigation of one Claverly, a merchant here, a creditor of old Colerain's, but who hated him becauſe he had refuſed him his daughter; the fact was, the young lady did not like him; he was rich too—but ſhe did not like him. Well ———that is over and paſt. There is a way, Sir George, but perhaps you will not like it."

"Let me know it, Mr. Merrick."

"I will purchaſe of the heirs, and you purchaſe of me; and as is cuſtomary, depoſit in my hands, ten per cent. of the purchaſe money, for a forfeit, in caſe the purchaſe is not made good on your ſide, when you have compleated your twenty-firſt year. It is true, there will be double writings, but that is a triſle, not worth Sir George Paradyne's conſideration."

"I agree to it, Mr. Merrick, anſwered Sir George; ſuppoſing that the premiſes ſhall be conſidered as mine; and no one exerciſe any authority over them whatever."

"The premiſes, replied Mr. Merrick, ſhall be conſidered as yours from this day, and no one ſhall preſume to exerciſe authority over any thing within, or any thing without; a condition to which

which you yourſelf muſt alſo be bound, till you have legal poſſeſſion."

"Agreed, Sir George anſwered. What then is the purchaſe money?" Obſerve, Mr. Merrick, I conſider you in this affair as my agent, as well as the ſeller. I leave the price and every other circumſtance totally to you."

"Mr. Merrick knew very well that the common want of young men was prudence, and that that was moſt durable which was deareſt bought; he had therefore determined to ſell him a portion of it for five hundred pounds: but this appeal, which Sir George at once made as it were, to his honour, ſunk it in an inſtant to four hundred; and at that price above two thouſand pounds which an honeſt valuer had put upon it, was the bargain ſtruck. Could an honeſt man do more? Sir George had luckily bank notes ſufficient for the depoſit, which he paid; and ordering the conveyances to be made, which Mr. Merrick thought neceſſary, he took his leave.

CHAP. XVIII.

AT ten the next morning, he took alone the road to Miſs Carliſl's. Upon the common, near the door of his new purchaſe, was a ſervant walking two horſes ſaddled; without thinking much of it, he was paſſing by, when the ſaſh was inſtantly thrown up, and he heard himſelf called by his name; he haſtened to the door which was opened by a maid ſervant, ſeemingly much frightened. A man's voice in the parlour, ſaid, "I inſiſt on ſeeing Miſs Colerain." "I tell thee," ſays a female voice, which Sir George knew was Miſs Carliſl's,

Carlill's, "I tell thee again thou canſt not, ſhe is not well enough to attend thee."

"Mere female caprice and perverſeneſs; I have queſtions to aſk which only ſhe can anſwer," ſays thegentleman.

"Aſk thy queſtions, ſays Miſs Carlill; I will repeat them to her and bring thee anſwers."

"That will not do, replied the man; I am referred to by public advertiſement, and I will ſee her."

Sir George was now in the room, Miſs Carlill ſprung to him, ſaying I am glad to ſee thee; here is neighbour Claverly from Southampton; he is obſtinate to-day, and rather rude; his buſineſs is to ſee the premiſes, and nothing will ſerve him but he will ſee Cornelia Colerain."

"Againſt her will?" ſays Sir George.

"What is that to you, ſir?" ſays Mr. Claverly, fiercely.

"Nothing at all, anſwers Sir George, except the concern one gentleman is apt to feel, when another does not act like one."

"I imagine, ſays Mr. Claverly, I know what belongs to a gentleman as well as you; I fear no man, and do not chuſe to be made a fool of even by a lady. I apply to Miſs Colerain, upon the faith of a public advertiſement; ſhe was to ſhew the premiſes, ſhe only can ſhew them properly."

"Neighbour Claverly, ſays Miſs Carlill, Cornelia Colerain was not conſulted reſpecting the advertiſement; ſhe does not chooſe to obey its dictates; and who has a right to force her to compliance?"

"I believe, anſwered Claverly, the hardeſt leſſon on earth for a woman to learn is humility."

"Doſt

"Doſt not think, ſays Miſs Carlill, it is as hard for a man to learn good manners?"

"I am not come hither only on a fool's errand, ſays Claverly, to loſe my time for the indulgence of Miſs Colerain's pride, but I muſt ſubmit alſo to the *thee* and *thou* pertneſs of a female quaker."

"Thou haſt only to walk forth, and thou art rid of it, anſwered Miſs Carlill."

"No——I will ſtay by G—, if it be only to plague thee."

"I think, Mr. Claverly, ſaid Sir George, the manners of the times require ſomething more of civility and attention to ladies; but to cut ſhort this diſpute, and all pretence for your remaining here, be pleaſed to know, this houſe is not now on ſale."

"Who are you, Sir?"

"I am the purchaſer, Mr. Claverly; if you chuſe to take the trouble of enquiry, Mr. Merrick will ſatisfy you."

"I have a right, ſir, to ſuppoſe it unſold, till it is publicly contradicted; ſaid Claverly."

"You have ſir, Sir George anſwered; but what other right do you build upon this? not that ſurely of diſturbing Miſs Colerain, or inſulting Miſs Carlill."

"Is it your doughty arm that is to defend them if I ſhould? I beg leave to congratulate the ladies on a champion of ſuch proweſs."

"I have no right to force you out of the houſe, Mr. Claverly, ſaid Sir George, Miſs Colerain has the ſole right; but give me leave to invite you out of it."

"With all my heart, anſwered Claverly."

"No—— no——no——ſays Miſs Carlill, holding Sir George's arm."

"Do

"Do not be alarmed, dear Miſs Carlill, ſaid Sir George; I only invite Mr. Claverly to a friendly expoſtulation. I have no weapons of offence, nor I preſume has he."

"I do not know that," ſays the terrified Miſs Carlill, ſtill holding Sir George."

"Oh, ſays Claverly, this is a league I ſee, offenſive and defenſive; I muſt now congratulate you, ſir; ſeven bull hides are a leſs potent ſhield than a petticoat."

"It is well, Mr. Claverly, ſays Sir George, I attend you. My dear Miſs Carlill, I muſt give myſelf the pleaſure to hear in what language Mr. Claverly talks only to gentlemen; before ladies, his ſtile is the ſtile valiant.'

Sir George had gently broke from Miſs Carlill, and was going out of the room when Miſs Colerain entered it; ſhe paſſed Sir George with a courteſy, and advancing with a graceful and dignified reſentment, ſpoke in this manner: "In every ſituation of life, I find I am to be obliged to Mr. Claverly; I know not for what cauſe he ſhould ſingle me out for perſecution, but much deſire to know?"

"I am ready, Miſs Colerain, ſays Claverly; to give you any explanation you require, but I chuſe to give it to you only."

"I never, replied Miſs Colerain, I never can have any connexion with Mr. Claverly, of which I wiſh the world to be ignorant; I had rather there were more, than fewer auditors."

"The ſubject on which I requeſt your attention, madam, ſays Claverly, requires none but yourſelf."

"Is it, Mr. Claverly, to repeat the kind and liberal offer you had the goodneſs to make me by letter, the day after my aunt's interment?"

"It

"It is extremely odd, madam, ſaid Claverly, you ſhould chuſe to ſpeak upon a ſubject of confidence before ſtrangers."

"I do chuſe it however, anſwered Miſs Colerain; it was an honourable offer, you thought it generous alſo. Conſidering, as you were pleaſed to ſay, circumſtances; of that ſpecies of honour and generoſity I own myſelf no judge. When I was ſuppoſed to be rich, Mr. Claverly offered me his hand; now I am poor, and conſequently contemptible, he offers me his——heart—— and a comfortable maintainance, and money in my purſe; could you wiſh ſuch generoſity to be unknown? and——oh, Mr. Claverly——what a time did you chuſe for this generous propoſal? my aunt——my mother—my only remaining relation—my ſole ſupport on earth—to whom I gave, as the deſerved, all my affection—four days before, died in my arms. Misfortune had ſunk me beneath the world's notice; this was the intereſting period you choſe for ſinking me beneath my own. Had you been as dear to me as the ſtrongeſt affection ever made man dear to woman, ſuch an offer——I hope at any time—certainly at ſuch a time——muſt have rendered you the object of my deteſtation; ſo—Mr. Claverly—for the firſt and laſt time—permit me to ſay—ſo you are to me."

"Of your deteſtation, Miſs Colerain?"

"I would not unneceſſarily repeat harſh words, but I deſire ſo to ſpeak that I may cut off for ever, all expectation that there can ever exiſt the leaſt poſſible connection betwixt you and me."

"Might I not preſume, madam, ſays Claverly, curling his noſe, and ſmiling a malignant ſmile, might I not preſume you would honour me with

with your hand, were I to renew my original propoſal. Your prudence, madam, might not it engage you to lay aſide your de——teſt—a—tion?"

"Every thing you ſay, Mr. Claverly, adds to my contempt of you. I beg we may end the converſation. Be aſſured there is nothing you can offer, I can or will accept."

"You carry it with a damned high hand, Miſs Colerain; that pride muſt be great indeed, which ruin cannot humble. I fancy I have contributed no ſmall ſum to its growth."

"Fie, Mr. Claverly!" ſays Sir George, with glowing cheeks, "is this the language of a gentleman to a lady?"

"Sir George Paradyne, ſays Miſs Colerain, ſhall I entreat the favour of your company along with Miſs Carlill? Fidel you will attend Mr. Claverly."

"Do—Sir George Paradyne—attend the lady. It is a ſafe and honourable poſt."

"Safe!" ſays Sir George, laying his hand inſtinctively where his ſword would have been, had he been full dreſſed, then recollecting himſelf, he ſaid———"Honourable I am ſure it is, and I accept it with pleaſure. I attend you, madam."

"The commiſſioners meet tomorrow, ſaid Claverly, for the final ſettlement of your father's affairs; ſhall I inform them of your exalted notion and your powerful alliance with Sir George Paradyne?"

"Baſe and unmanly inſult! ſays Sir George, low to Claverly."

"Stop my angry boy;" ſays the other, putting himſelf in the door-way, Miſs Colerain and Miſs Carlill having already gone out, Sir George, without an inſtant of hesitation, ſeized him with both

both hands by the collar, and giving him a hearty ſhake, threw him from him into the middle of the hall, and then walked quietly after the ladies.

Whether Mr. Claverly did not like the muſcular ſtrength Sir George had exerted, or was come to a more gentlemanly ſenſe of things, I know not, but after a few imprecations, and thoſe not very loud, he mounted his horſe and rode away.

Miſs Colerain had thrown herſelf breathleſs and almoſt fainting upon a ſopha, and when ſhe had turned her eyes upon Sir George, they were filled with the tears of ſenſibility and gratitude; Sir George requeſted ſhe would diſmiſs her fear.

"For myſelf, ſhe anſwered, I have; but for you, Sir George———I know not what conſequences your kind interpoſition may have drawn upon you. The character of Mr. Claverly is bold and brutal."

"Sir George replied to Miſs Colerain——he hoped ſhe would honour him ſo far as to lay aſide her apprehenſions; a man who could bluſter in the preſence of ladies, and inſult them—could ſuch a man be feared?"

"Oh, replies Miſs Colerain, he values himſelf upon his courage, tho' I believe it has not yet been put to the proof; leſt it ſhould, I am told he fences daily, and ſhoots at a mark."

"No more, amiable Miſs Colerain, no more of a man who takes ſuch pains to manufacture valour. Do me the honour to think, a man whom you deſpiſe ſo juſtly, cannot inſpire me with fear."

"It is not always that thoſe who are moſt incapable of fear, are ſafeſt from brutality;" ſaid Miſs Colerain.

"Generally

"Generally, I ſhould think they were, Sir George replied; but let me conclude this topic, with aſſuring Miſs Colerain, that any eſſential ſervice ſhe will permit me to do her, will be a remembrance of the moſt pleaſing kind."

Miſs Colerain could only bow to this; ſhe was too much affected to be able to ſpeak. Sir George directly changed the converſation, in which Miſs Colerain was not in ſpirits to bear a conſiderable ſhare; what ſhe ſaid, however, was ſo ſaid, that Sir George wiſhed only to hear; but he ſoon perceived that in her preſent ſtate of mind, deſultory converſation ſeemed to afford her no pleaſure, and concluding that ſhe wiſhed to be alone with her friend, he roſe to take leave. In doing this, he ſaid, with a reſpectful air of tenderneſs, "I hope Miſs Colerain will not find it diſagreeable that I have purchaſed theſe premiſes; I know not in what language Miſs Carlill could have told me the tale of your misfortunes, without inſpiring me with reſpect for your virtues. I feared, leſt by the haſty ſale according to advertiſement, you might be precipitated into ſome diſagreeable or inconvenient ſituation; I agreed therefore with Mr. Merrick, that hand bills ſhould be this morning diſtributed at Southampton, to give notice that the purchaſe was made, and alſo in the papers; I intreat therefore you will be perfectly at eaſe; take all the time you wiſh for conſideration, the premiſes are yours as long as you pleaſe—and if you pleaſe for ever."

Miſs Colerain only bowed to this; a hectic of a moment flushed her cheek, and was ſucceeded inſtantly by a morbid paleneſs; ſhe ſeemed almoſt to faint———when Sir George haſtily withdrew.

As a natural philoſopher, the irritabilities—I believe

believe politeneſs requires I ſhould ſay, ſenſibilities———of the ladies, have made no inconſiderable part of the ſtudy of a life devoted to their ſervice; but I find that the beautiful matter of which they are compoſed, has properties—eſſences I mean——which I cannot diſcover; unleſs one looks phyſiologically into the matter, there ſeems little difficulty for the paleneſs of a lady ſeized with ſudden fear; but that kindneſs, generoſity, ſhould have effects marked by the ſame exterior ſymptom! Dear irreconcileables! dear inexplicables! henceforwards I ſtudy mathematics only.

CHAP. XIX.

SIR George Paradyne left the common, with two emotions more than any confirmed ſtoick would have permitted the entrance of into his boſom—anger and pity—Miſs Colerain the cauſe, remote or proximate, of both. If the brutal image of Claverly preſented itſelf to his imagination, it was quickly followed by that of Miſs Colerain, accoſting the ſavage with a dignity that gave a higher character to beauty; her firm calm tone of contempt, expreſſed at once a mind intrepid and untainted. She was not lovely only, ſhe was great.

Sir George had not yet communicated to Mr. Lindſay the buſineſs of the preceding day at Southampton; though he was certain the action had for its baſis the pure principles of benevolence, he was conſcious of a degree of precipitancy in it; nor could he be poſitive that he could clearly prove to his friend, either the wiſdom of it, or the

the neceſſity; he muſt know, however, and Sir George prefaced the intelligence by the ſcene of the morning, in which the beauty, grace and dignity of Miſs Colerain were by no means forgot.

When the narration was compleat, Sir George had the mortification to find Mr. Lindſay look grave, and not anſwer. Sir George aſked if he had the misfortune to incur his diſapprobation? Mr. Lindſay replied, that although Sir George had repeatedly requeſted him to aſſume the friend whenever he had occaſion for advice; when admonition, the tutor; the latter office was too diſagreeable to be taken up except on extraordinary occaſions. There was, however, no poſſibility of appreciating human actions juſtly, without a knowledge of the motives. Many ſplendid actions were the offspring of oſtentation; charity herſelf was ſometimes only the handmaid of vanity.

Sir George was eager to interrupt him. "Dear Lindſay, he ſaid, why reflections of this nature?" How is it poſſible to ſuppoſe, in this caſe, any other motives than pity and compaſſion?"

"It is poſſible notwithſtanding, Mr. Lindſay replied; very powerful motives ſometimes enter at the eyes." Smiling he ſaid this.

"I declare, dear Lindſay, ſaid Sir George, if I know my own heart———"

"Oh———nothing more eaſy," replied Lindſay.

"Pſhaw! ſays Sir George, I am confident it was nothing but the abſolute diſtreſs of Miſs Colerain which excited me; what, I aſk you, could beauty do, ſo little ſeen?"

"Oh, nothing,"—Mr. Lindſay anſwered,—"Nothing. I give you credit for the pureſt benevolence

nevolence that ever warmed the heart of man. Simple benevolence, unmixed with baſer matter. Had a man—a boy—an old woman—been the object, inſtead of Miſs Colerain, there is not the ſhadow of a doubt but you would have done the ſame, and with equal expedition."

"Pſhaw! Lindſay——no——damn it — no, Lindſay———I do not feel myſelf quite ſo perfect neither———" Sir George replied. "But tell me now ———do you really and in your heart, diſapprove what I have done?"

"No,"—Mr. Lindſay ſaid;—"No,—Sir George—not in my heart, it is only in my head."

CHAP. XX.

I DO not mean that converſations ended where I end them. No; ſhould I detail all the antique morality of Mr. Lindſay, what good purpoſe could it anſwer except that of laying my fair readers to ſleep, whilſt they read? I give only ſpecimens, and in ſpite of vanity I can be made to believe, that nobody will deſire more.

Our gentlemen having gone thro' the cuſtomary morning exerciſes ſat down to dinner, which they uſually ſeaſoned with gaiety; but today an invincible thoughtfulneſs had ſeized Mr. Lindſay proceeding even to abſtraction. Sir George went out unperceived, and having ſtayed half an hour he found the fit not ended.

"Where," ſays he, giving Mr. Lindſay a ſlap on the ſhoulder, "where has thy ſoul taken its flight?"

Lindſay ſtarting anſwered, "To the field of honour.

honour. Do not you expect to hear from Mr. Claverly, Sir George?"

"Undoubtedly," Sir George answered, "I do."

"And will you meet him, Sir George?"

"Can youdoubt it, Lindsay?"

"I could wish, Mr. Lindsay replied, to doubt it; I could wish to see the day when magnanimity was founded upon the sense of right, not upon the sense of the vague term, honour."

"Pray tell me Lindsay how can I avoid meeting Mr. Claverly, if he is genteel enough to ask it?"

"By a simple refusal," answered Mr. Lindsay.

"Yes," said Sir George, "and see myself posted in town and country coffee-houses; kicked, or ready to be kicked out of every society; affronted in conversation; insulted by big looks; pulled by the nose by every great and small coxcomb who wears a sword."

"Suppose—" Mr. Lindsay asked, "you kill your man?"

"The world will be rid of a troublesome fellow?"

"Suppose he kills you?"

"He annihilates a cypher."

"My dear Sir George," said Lindsay, "I perceive your sole view has been fixed upon certain supposed consequences here; of consequences elsewhere you have not seemed to reflect."

"Lindsay," replied Sir George, "I know them not; nor you neither. Duellists are said to act against divine and human laws; but juries feel the sense of injured honour, and human laws sleep, or become harmless; nor is it probable

bable that heaven will punish this noble feeling very severely."

"If divines are right, you are wrong," Mr. Lindsay answered;—"but you mistook my meaning; I only wanted to direct your view, which seemed to rest upon consequences to yourself only—to mere human injuries. What think you of unprotected, unsupported widows and orphans? What think you of making fathers, mothers, sisters, wretched?"

"I think not of it. No man can think of it. His attention is necessarily confined to the warm sensation glowing for himself."

"It is said to have been a question at some of our town academies, whether it would be better for a true christian to be pulled by the nose from Dover to the Orknies, or to have killed his man?"

"I," said Sir George, "whatsoever might be the decision of your academies, in such a situation should have killed every man who had applied himself to my nose, if every yard had produced a man, frankly, willingly, greedily."

"Your zeal is not lukewarm in this honourable cause," said Mr. Lindsay; "it should seem you would not bear the contempt of man——even for heaven."

"When you have demonstrated that heaven will be the certain reward," Sir George replied, "I will think of that question; till then, or till I find it no longer the indelible attribute of a gentleman, I must go with the current. To strong feelings, arguments will be always opposed in vain.'

"And yet, my dear Sir George, arguments have been often applied to change the feelings of mankind; have succeeded sometimes, and man

man has been the better for it: this might be the caſe here."

"Set about it, philoſopher," ſaid Sir George; "and when you have made a decent progreſs in this grand change, I will become a diſciple; but in arranging your argumentations, do not, as polemics uſually do——play at hide and ſeek."

"How is that, Sir George?"

"Hide all the good arguments which oppoſe you, and ſeek the bad ones."

"Of good arguments in favour of duelling, I know only one. It is that, were it not for this apprehenſion, ſociety would be expoſed to the inſults, mockeries, bravadoes of every ſcoundrel who could combine courage with rudeneſs; and that half a dozen members annually cut off, is a cheap purchaſe of the peace of the whole community."

"Can you deny it, Lindſay?" Sir George aſked.

"I can queſtion it, Sir George," replied Lindſay. "This point of honuor, which all who reaſon upon it conſider as ſavage, and derived from ſavage anceſtors, is dependant for its ſupport, only upon a mode of thinking. Were it eſſentially neceſſary for the peace of ſociety, how ſubſiſted the poliſhed Greeks and brave Romans without it? how ſubſiſted at this day the European Turks, and all the Aſiatics? how, the middle and lower ranks of our own people? Is their peace diſturbed by the want of this polite barbariſm? or are their ſocieties much ſtigmatized for rude behaviour? No. It is alone the all accompliſhed Chriſtian—European—Gentleman—on whom is beſtowed this flattering compliment."

"That it does not ſubſiſt neceſſarily," I ſpeak of duelling, continued Mr. Lindſay, "I am well

convinced; nor to aboliſh it altogether, does any thing ſeem neceſſary, but a change in our habits of thought. Were it the faſhion to mark the aggreſſor with contempt, indecency of behaviour would be deſtroyed. If every ſmall, as well as every large ſociety, would but conſider ſuch an offence againſt an individual, as one againſt itſelf———farewell duelling. But valour, like charity, covers a multitude of ſins. What I dare do, I dare defend. This is the magic, or its ape, effrontery, which keeps this part of our civilization at ſo wretched a diſtance. Spirit is ſo animating, ſo alluring, that in its favour, injury and injuſtice find pardon and defenders. I weary you, Sir George."

"I agree to it," Sir George anſwered; "you are throwing away, upon a ſolitary individual, that wiſdom which ſhould convert half a world; ſave it dear Lindſay; I can only exhibit to your wondering eyes, the triumph of feeling, over reaſon."

"Alas!" ſays Lindſay, "you are not ſolitary in this."

CHAP. XXI.

IN the cool of the evening, Sir George took a walk to the common, intending to enquire of Miſs Carliſl how her fair friend did; ſhe had not yet left Miſs Colerain's; ſo Sir George was obliged to call himſelf, or remain unſatisfied. Miſs Colerain in very polite and ſweet terms, thanked him for his kind attention to her, but without hinting at particulars. After this they entered into general converſation.

Hitherto,

Hitherto, Sir George knew little of the compoſition of Miſs Colerain's mind; he was indeed perfectly ſatisfied that from the hands of nature, the dear ſex come equally qualified with men for ſolid attainments; but he feared that novels, cards, and faſhion, ſaid——though I do not believe it——to be the prevailing fabricators of ladies minds, make them of ſhreds, ſoft indeed, and light, and gloſſy, but of no ſtrong continuity of web. Theſe unpolite ſatyriſts do allow, that there are exceptions; and Sir George had reaſon to believe Miſs Colerain was one.

In attending Miſs Carlill home, Sir George, who began to feel more and more Miſs Colerain's perfections, was fluent in her praiſe. "And much I wonder, ſays he, that of the numerous acquaintance, one ſo lovely, ſo accompliſhed, muſt have had, no ſuperior mind ſhould be found of her own ſex, to whom fortune has given abilities, and nature a heart, who would ſtep forward on ſuch an occaſion, to protect ſo fair a flower, and to whom Miſs Colerain would not bluſh to be obliged."

"Thou thinkeſt then," ſaid Miſs Carlill, "ſhe muſt have been a favourite with her own ſex?"

"I cannot doubt it," Sir George anſwered.

"Muſt this be for her beauty, or her great endowments?" the fair quaker aſked.

Sir George replied, "certainly for both."

"In time," ſaid Miſs Carlill, "thou wilt know our ſex better; but I muſt ſet thee right in a few particulars. Cornelia Colerain was not perfect; ſhe was ſingular, and ſingularity thou knoweſt is imperfection."

"Not always," Sir George replied.

"I have read ſome novels, and ſome other books which aſſure me of it," ſaid Miſs Carlill.

"One may be aſſured," anſwered Sir George, "without being convinced. I ſhall judge better however, when I know theſe imperfections."

"What doſt thou think," ſaid Miſs Carlill, "of a woman always well dreſt, without paying regard to faſhion? is it not a phenomenon?"

"I confeſs I have never yet ſeen it," ſaid Sir George.

"Cornelia Colerain," ſaid Miſs Carlill, "always conſulted her own taſte. I confeſs I do not know the elements on which ſhe grounded it, but it ſatisfied the men and diſturbed the women; I think it was a ſort of medium between our ſimplicity, and the unſimplicity, I hope thou underſtandeſt me, of the general modes. But this was not all, ſhe was not content with diſregarding faſhion, but ſhe diſregarded faſhionable folks alſo; eſpecially the miſſes who have no other diſcourſe. Add to this, that ſhe neglected too much the routine of viſits; that ſhe loved books better than cards; and that ſhe never was ſo happy as when ſhe was buried alive, as they called it, on Combor heath. Could theſe things pleaſe? are there many mothers who would chuſe to place Cornelia Colerain by the ſide of their daughters? or would like to pay for being convinced of their own inferiority? Beſides, Cornelia has the humour of owing obligation to no body; I am ſpeaking of her imperfections, thou knoweſt. Thyſelf perhaps has obliged her too much."

"Indeed!" ſays Sir George. "Pray Miſs Carlill did ſhe ſay any thing of this kind?"

"Why, ſhe did aſk me," Miſs Carlill replied, "whether I knew Sir George Paradyne? whether it was common for young gentlemen to be ſo ready to

to oblige ſtrangers? in ſhort whether I met with no objection in my own mind, to imputing ſuch kindneſs to pure beneficence?"

"Your anſwer, dear Miſs Carlill?"

"I was obliged to confeſs I knew thee only by report; and that was in thy favour. As far as I knew thee perſonally I thought thee gentle, benevolent, and romantic."

"Could you not have ſpared the laſt, dear madam?" Sir George aſked.

"One ſhould not ſpare the truth, thou knoweſt," Miſs Carlill replied.

"So then," ſaid Sir George, "I have been ſuſpected by Miſs Colerain of——of impertinence—and God knows what beſide?"

"Caution," Miſs Carlill anſwered, "is not always ſuſpicion. Would it be in character with Cornelia Colerain to accept obligations, without troubling herſelf to whom, or to what kind of people ſhe owes them?———men too?

"I own," Sir George, ſaid it would not."

Being now arrived at Mrs. Carlill's door, Sir George took leave, and turned his ruminating ſtep toward the Falcon.

CHAP. XXII.

AS it was not in Miſs Colerain's nature to be rude or capricious, ſhe could not ſternly forbid the occaſional calls of Sir George Paradyne, eſpecially as he was uſually accompanied by Miſs Carlill. Ten days had produced a friendly and agreeable intimacy; and ſuch was the correct behaviour, ſo lively the wit, and ſo great the power of pleaſing, which Sir George really poſſeſſed,

that the rigid delicacy of Miſs Colerain could find nothing exceptionable in his viſits—— except the viſits themſelves. She too had her power of pleaſing; and they did pleaſe Sir George to ſuch a degree, that he forgot he was a traveller, and was in danger of forgetting that he was the ſon of Lady Mary Paradyne, the nephew of Lord Auſchamp, and twenty other things very eſſential to be remembered by all men of rank and fortune; in ſhort, he was in love.

But Mr. Lindſay had not the ſame cauſe for abbreviation of memory. He had frequently given hints concerning loſs of time; Sir George could not entertain the idea, that time ſo well ſpent could be loſt. Mr. Lindſay found it neceſſary to proceed to expoſtulation, and he began it by wondering why Sir George ſhould burthen himſelf with the expence of a man ſo uſeleſs to him.

"Uſeleſs! dear Lindſay," ſaid Sir George, "what new thing has entered your imagination?"

"I own I am uneaſy with the idea of my own inutility," ſaid Lindſay. "Then you are weary of me," replied Sir George.

"No———" Mr. Lindſay anſwered; "No—I am only weary of being inſignificant."

"Why you ſhould think ſo, my dear Lindſay," ſaid Sir George, "I know not; but this I know, that I repoſe with perfect confidence upon your friendſhip, am ſenſible of my own inexperience, and foreſee on my entrance into life, a thouſand occaſions for availing myſelf of yours. In ſhort, it is you who muſt be my guide; it is you who muſt point out the way I am to go."

"Am I alſo," ſaid Lindſay, "to tell you the way you ought not to go?"

"Without

"Without doubt," Sir George replied, "the minor you know is contained in the major."

"Then," ſaid Mr. Lindſay, with a ſmile, "in my humble opinion, you ought not to take the road ſo often to Combor common."

"It is clean," ſaid Sir George, returning the ſmile, "and pleaſant."

"Oh," replied Lindſay, "a perfect path of roſes; but roſes have thorns."

"I ſee," ſaid Sir George, "you are afraid of Miſs Colerain; afraid I ſhould contaminate my greatneſs, no doubt, by committing the foul crime of matrimony with the child of poverty and misfortune."

"Sir George," replied Lindſay, with a more ſerious air, "you know how theſe things are generally conſidered; I own, I would not willingly you ſhould give an early impreſſion againſt yourſelf, by an act, certainly not prudent, nor, though I have no ambition to ſtand high in the opinion of Lord Auſchamp, I ſhould not wiſh to be execrated by him, or by Lady Mary Paradyne, as I ſhall be if I am ſuppoſed the friend, with whoſe concurrence you acted. Beſides, Sir George, when I had the honour to aſſiſt in forming your plan of life for the next ſeven years, you declared your intention in the moſt decided terms, of adhering ſtrictly to what we had agreed upon.'

"I do ſo ſtill, Lindſay," Sir George replied. But, added he gaily, does the plan neceſſarily exclude love?"

"Love—" Mr. Lindſay replied——"would probably exclude it. Not that a man in love may not talk, or travel; or for ought I know, be a miniſter of ſtate. But it uſually happens, that under the auſpices of this idle and voluptuous

deity, the nobler faculties of the mind are loſt."

"You forget, Lindſay, the Cymon's of the world," ſaid Sir George.

"You, Sir George," Mr. Lindſay replied, "you want no powers of mind, nor any powers, to give you a full title to the poſſeſſion of miſs Colerain; you may marry and be happy; for this, you need not an atom more of knowledge than you already poſſeſs. But let not two incompatible deſires invade you at once. The love of women and the love of fame lead to different things; no one knows better than myſelf, how fatal love, as a paſſion, is to manly exertion. If you can quietly reſign the deſire of ſuperior eſteem——ſuperior conſideration——do——it is well; but do not retain the deſire, and loſe the power of making thoſe acquiſitions which can alone inſure them."

"You are right, dear Lindſay," anſwered Sir George; "no—— I have ſtill the ambition of making a better figure in the world, than can be made by an embroidered coat, or a ſplendid coach. The pleaſure I feel in Miſs Colerain's company—for it is only pleaſure, Lindſay, not faſcination—I muſt reſolve to give up, leſt it become a habit and coſt me too dear. Yes; I will take leave of the ladies ſoon. Before we go, we will give a dinner to Mr. Holford, to Mr. Ward, the apothecary, and to the two gentlemen with whom we have got an acquaintance upon the bowling-green——and then ſteer our courſe to the North."

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIII.

IT may be now expedient to take a peep into the gentle boſom of Miſs Colerain. How far ſhe has offended againſt the laws, in ſuch caſes made and provided, by permitting the viſits of Sir George Paradyne, is not for me to judge: this office belongs to that part of my twenty thouſand fair readers, who have no longer any thing to hope or fear from love; whoſe judgments muſt therefore be unclouded and impartial. To this awful court, I would only plead in mitigation of ſentence, the gratitude a mind like Miſs Colerain's muſt feel, at becoming the object of Sir George's attentive benevolence, at a time, when diſtreſs had accumulated around her, and no friendly hand was ſtretched out to her relief.

At ſuch a time, would it be ſurpriſing, or fix an indelible ſtain upon her, if, when gratitude had opened the door, love ſhould have ſtolen in, and neſtled ſomewhere about the heart? So I fear it was, however.

It is true, the moment ſhe felt the attack of this treacherous deity, ſhe ought to have ſat down to the ſerious conſideration of the nature of mankind; ſhe ought to have reflected ſedately upon the verſatility of young men; of the pride of the rich and great; and of the ſmall probability there was, that Sir George ſhould be a phœnix or a black ſwan. This is, no doubt, what all young ladies have done, or will do—provided they have time.

Although I deſire no more than twenty thouſand fair readers, who ſhall be the handſomeſt,

diſcreeteſt, beſt, in the realm of England, yet have I ſome doubt, whether I ſhall be able to make up the whole charming number of thoſe, who, when love ſparkled in the eyes of their lovers, and languiſhed in their own, did find time to go into the prudential queſtion, cui bono? who, when the words which fell from a lover's lips, were ſoft, ſweet, and tender, were eager to analize them, and to enquire with preciſion, if they were alſo words of honour and of truth? at leaſt, at the time I am now ſpeaking of, it is to be doubted if Miſs Colerain had advanced very far in ſuch an analyſis.

It is indeed very true, that Sir George had hitherto made no declaration——except with his eyes. In the common and orderly courſe of things, words ſoon follow. Miſs Colerain had expected them, and was prepared, though ſhe apprehended it would add to her miſery, to give a decided negative. She reaſoned, when ſhe did reaſon, thus: Sir George Paradyne is young, warm, animated, and benevolent. If he loves me, though it would form my higheſt felicity to be the cauſe of his, it would be moſt ungenerous to take advantage of his youthful ardor, and clog his fairer proſpects with a wife, poor, unfriended, and even with ſome ſtain of infamy upon her; for mankind, in forming its opinions, will too often puniſh children, not for the ſins only, but for the misfortunes of their fathers. By his relations and friends, I ſhall be conſidered as an unprincipled and inſidious creature; and who knows, when the bandage which love has tied over his eyes, is taken off, how I may be regarded by Sir George himſelf. To marry me, would be a manifeſt mark of his imprudence; and ſurely imprudence is no good foundation to build happineſs upon.

upon. I ſhould truſt my happineſs to a man whom I ſcarce knew, who has all the eager impetuoſity of youth, whoſe propenſities indeed ſeem virtues; but how oft' has ſeeming virtue been diſcovered to be real vice? how oft' has benevolence been the pander to illegal deſires?

I riſque then by a marriage with Sir George Paradyne now, ſuppoſing marriage to be his intention—his happineſs, and my own. This is quite too much. No, I cannot, ought not, will not hear him upon this ſubject. Perhaps he will ſay I am ſtubborn, capricious, and that I ſacrifice to falſe delicacy. From his judgment now, I will appeal to his judgment when a few years more have matured it. If at twenty-five he confirms the affection he honoured me with at twenty, it will be a proof of its ſolidity, and a prognoſtic of future happineſs. If not, I may fairly preſume poſſeſſion would have been as fatal to it as abſence; and what greater cauſe of miſery to woman, than the loſt affections of a beloved huſband?

Miſs Carlill, who aſſiſted at theſe reaſonings, did not entirely agree in ſentiment with her friend; ſhe thought the probable contingences lay on the other ſide of the queſtion; that a marriage with Miſs Colerain was likely to prevent the aberrations of Sir George Paradyne, and that ſo ſplendid an eſtabliſhment for her friend, was not to be refined away, on the ground of barely probable contingences; but all the arguments of this ſtrenuous friend, could not prevail upon Miſs Colerain to lay aſide her delicate apprehenſions.

It flowed from Miſs Colerain's reaſoning, that her preſent ſituation was not favourable to the preſervation of character, and ſhe determined to change it.

It is, I believe, eaſier to reſolve upon a meaſure impoſed by hard neceſſity againſt inclination, than to execute it. Miſs Colerain reſolved from day to day; Sir George did the ſame regarding his own departure; and once a day at leaſt, paid her a viſit, with an intention to preſs a farther benefaction upon her; and to bid her adieu. For the firſt, he never could find a ſufficiently delicate expreſſion, and for the laſt, he never could find a heart.

Miſs Colerain hitherto had had no ſtimulus for the execution of her reſolve, but what ſhe had drawn from within. Now ſhe acquired one from without, in the following manner:

The reverend Mr. Holford called upon her one morning, and after due ſalutations began thus: "I am afraid, Miſs Colerain, that you may think me impertinently officious in what I am about to ſay; but you muſt know, madam, that I think it the duty of every good clergyman, to be attentive to the ſpiritual good of all his pariſhioners, and alſo to the temporal, when it leads to ſpiritual concerns, and that he ought to exhort, adviſe, conſole, or admoniſh, as occaſions may offer."

Miſs Colerain never had a profound veneration for Mr. Holford, and his behaviour, when ſhe accompanied her friend to the ea viſit, mentioned before, had not increaſed it. There was a time, ſtill freſh in the memory of Miſs Colerain when Mr. Holford's adulation was as much at her ſervice almoſt, as at Miſs Haubert's. With her fortune, ſhe loſt this valuable poſſeſſion alſo. The quick and evident alteration could not but be remarked, and be remarked with contempt. She did not therefore hear this exordium, with all the humility which becomes young ladies

to

to their ſpiritual paſtor; ſo that when Mr. Holford pauſed for a moment in expectation of Miſs Colerain's reply—or rather her aſſent—ſhe only ſaid—" and for which of theſe purpoſes has Mr. Holford taken the trouble to call upon me now?"

" It is, madam, and I am ſorry to ſay it, for the purpoſe of admonition." Miſs Colerain ſtarted; and after a moment ſaid, " good ſir, were you called upon?"

" I perceive," ſays Mr. Holford, " you are of the opinion of thoſe, who think it is not the province of a clergyman, more than of any other perſon, to intrude his advice, or whatever elſe it may be, unaſked; but give me leave to tell you, madam, that thoſe people know little of the clerical inſtitution. It is our ſacred function not only to adviſe, but even to control to virtue. Formerly, the church was armed with ſalutary powers for this beneficial purpoſe; now, unhappily for mankind, taken away by pride, power, and corruption."

" Is it," Miſs Colerain aſked, " is it in order to control me to virtue, Mr. Holford, you now take all this trouble?"

" I hope," madam, I ſhall not need to go beyond perſuaſion," anſwered Mr. Holford."

" I hope," ſaid Miſs Colerain, " you will not need to go ſo far, and I ſhall be much obliged to you to be brief and explicit."

" I ſhall ſo, madam," ſaid Mr. Holford, " for I perceive my admonitions are not likely to be taken in good part: A gentleman from Southampton dined with me yeſterday, and he informed me that you, madam, made up the principal converſation of that idle town."

" In wha manner, Sir," Miſs Colerain aſked.

" They

"They are the frequent viſits of Sir George Paradyne, madam, which have excited obſervation."

"Probably,"———ſaid Miſs Colerain, with a ſigh.

"And the report is, madam, that you have entered into terms with him."

"Terms, ſir!" ſaid Miſs Colerain.

"Not, madam," continued the parſon, "that I have any thing to ſay, particularly, againſt Sir George Paradyne; nor am I ſo ignorant of the world as not to know that gentlemen do form ſuch connections very often; neither am I ſo illiberal as to ſuppoſe, that if ſuch connection be honourably adhered to, according to the terms, that it is unpardonable in the ſight of God."

"No, Sir?" ſaid Miſs Colerain, with aſtoniſhed ſimplicity.

"No, madam; Mr. Madan has corrected ſome falſe ideas on this head, and proved, that what God allowed to the Patriarchs, though now wrong, cannot be eternally reprobated by his juſtice and mercy."

"If you are offering this for my conſolation, Mr. Holford," ſaid Miſs Colerain, it is unneceſſary."

"It may be neceſſary, madam, for you to think of it hereafter," ſaid Mr. Holford. "At preſent you may be full of the bliſs of the connection, but that cannot laſt; the illuſion of the ſenſes will vaniſh, and then———"

"What then, Sir?" Miſs Colerain aſked.

"You will then want the conſolations of wiſdom, madam," anſwered Mr. Holford.

"And where can I have them, Sir?" ſaid Miſs Colerain.

"I offer you, madam, my friendſhip and good ſervices."

"To

"To what purpoſe, Sir?"

"I am not, madam, a rigid cenſor of the private failings of human nature; neither am I inſenſible to the charms of beauty, but I think always, the utmoſt external decency and decorum ought to be preſerved, for the ſake of good example to the lower claſſes—and—"

"This," ſaid Miſs Colerain, riſing from her ſeat, "this, from a clergyman, and married! —you have ſtill ideas which ought to be corrected; aſſuredly, I am not the perſon you have done me the honour to ſuppoſe I am; nor will I make terms with Sir George Paradyne, even for the friendſhip and conſolations of the reverend Mr. Holford, to whom I have the honour of wiſhing a good morning." On ſaying this, Miſs Colerain left the room.

The parſon was angry, very angry; the kindneſs he intended to ſhew Miſs Colerain—to be thus received—and by a perſon, of whoſe lapſe from virtue, notwithſtanding her hints of innocence, he had, as he imagined, the fulleſt proofs. It was however the day on which he was to dine at the Falcon, by Sir George's invitation, an honourable gentleman, who along with the invitation had ſent him a dozen of wine. It was not in his nature to be angry at ſuch a gentleman, for a peccadillo, not ſtrictly moral indeed, but countenanced by the times.

High ſpirited and conſcious of innocence as Miſs Colerain was, ſhe felt, notwithſtanding, the full force of her unhappy and delicate ſituation. A while ſhe wept, then took the way to Miſs Carlill's to communicate to her what had juſt paſt, and notify her determination to execute inſtantly her plan of migration.

Miſs Carlill, who could not bear to think of a ſtep

ſtep which would convey her friend to a great diſtance, pleaded againſt it with greater force of friendſhip than of argument, and finally adviſed her to acquaint Sir George with what Mr. Holford had ſaid. This her good ſenſe led her to determine againſt deciſively, for two reaſons; the firſt, that Sir George might think it a plan to precipitate him into a declaration he had not yet made—an idea inſupportable to her delicate mind; the ſecond, that Sir George in endeavouring to diſcover the ſource of this infamous report, might only propagate it the farther, and perhaps involve himſelf in danger.

CHAP. XXIV.

IT was in conſequence of many edifying diſcourſes which Mr. Lindſay directed to Sir George, that the latter had got ſo far in the high road of reſolution, as to invite the friends formerly mentioned to dinner; which was the preparatory ſtep to his bidding adieu to the Falcon and all its charming vicinities.

This idea did not add to Sir George's felicity. No man could well be more impreſſed with the laudable ambition of acquiring eſteem and conſideration; but no man could well be more in love. This latter, ſo far from being an open and avowed ſentiment, was unknown, nay unſuſpected, even by Sir George himſelf. He did not think of love, he thought only of Miſs Colerain. So charming in perſon, ſo amiable in mind; philoſophy itſelf could ſcarcely engage his attention more ſtrongly.

Juſt as the company were ſitting down to dinner,

ner, a traveller arrived on horſeback, attended by one ſervant. He was a thin, meagre, gentleman, with a countenance which Mr. Lavater would have ſtudied with peculiar pleaſure. There was an animation in his eye, which indicated vivacity of imagination; but his dejected air ſhewed this vivacity was repreſſed. Sir George invited him to dinner, becauſe at a ſolitary table he could not this day be ſo properly attended to. During dinner he ſpoke little, eat bread and roots only, and drank water.

The company then conſiſted of ſeven gentlemen; Sir George with Mr. Lindſay, the ſtranger, the reverend Mr. Holford and Mr. Apothecary Ward, and the two gentlemen bowlers, whom, as they make no part of our future buſineſs, we need not announce in form.

Of Mr. Holford we know ſomething: he was a ſound divine orthodox in preaching and in eating, could bear a little infidelity, and free-thinking, provided they were accompanied with good wine and good veniſon. In politics he was leſs indulgent, and always found himſelf much heated when obedience to the higher powers was called in queſtion. Add to this, that he was ſeldom found wanting in complaiſance to the fortunate beings of wealth and title, and where theſe were wanting, ſeldom took the trouble to acquire any.

Mr. Ward, the apothecary, had not the ſame order of ideas. Strongly addicted to ſcepticiſm in a medicine, he carried it a little into religion and politics; ſo he was known to have controverted often what Mr. Holford conſidered as firſt principles. They were conſidered therefore as antagoniſts, and ſeldom met without a diſpute, or parted without a quarrel.

I be-

I believe it is juſt as poſſible for Engliſh gentlemen to meet over a bottle without canvaſſing affairs of government, as for Engliſh ladies—or any ladies —to meet over a tea-table without canvaſſing faſhions or reputations. Amongſt other refractory matters, ſoluble only in wine, our company ſet ſeriouſly to work to decide upon the quantum of good or of evil produced in England by parties.

Parties ——according to Mr. Holford ——were the bane of all government, which to be ſtrong and vigorous, ought to go on in a ſmooth, free, uninterrupted courſe; and beſt of all, when governed by a ſingle will; for Mr. Holford was a ſound tory, and would have been a Jacobite, if that ſect of idolaters had not vaniſhed from amongſt us for want of a deity. Mr. Holford ſaid all that was to be ſaid on that ſide the queſtion, and was plyed with counter arguments by Mr. Ward, who not only thought parties uſeful in a ſtate, but deviated from his ſubject to prove that kings —an individual here and there excepted—were a breed pernicious to man, and which mankind ought to extinguiſh or to muzzle.

Irreverence to kings was blaſphemy, in the opinion of Mr. Holford. His eyes ſparkled with holy rage, and was ſcarce to be reſtrained by good manners from anathematizing the wretch who could maintain ſuch opinions. The argument went into abuſe, and very much into diffuſion. Mr. Lindſay heard all with the calm tranquillity of a philoſopher. Sir George enjoyed the controverſy; and if he ſpoke, it was with the miſchievous view of animating the combatants.

Not ſo the ſtranger; he cared little indeed for the argument, but much for the peace of this

ſmall

ſmall ſociety. Twice he called to order, without effect; the third time with a voice and look that ſeemed to ſay I will be heard, he ſaid, "Gentlemen—anger may breed contention, but cannot be productive of wiſdom. A little reflection will convince you, that you are waſting words, and giving good ſenſe to be ſcattered by the winds of heaven. What! has experience ſo little taught mankind the road to truth, that men will ſtill ſeek it by ways in which it is not to be found. Things not known are to be ſought for by the medium of things that are known; this is an axiom not leſs true in politics than in mathematics; but gentlemen—where are your data?"

Sir George and Mr. Lindſay, ſtruck with the ſtranger's good ſenſe as well as his manner, applauded what he had juſt ſaid; Mr. Holford and Mr. Ward were reduced to ſilence, more by the commanding emphaſis with which the gentleman ſpoke, than by his axiom.

"It is, continued he, a rule in well ordered ſocieties, that every perſon ſhould ſay what he chuſes without interruption; and this rule preſerves decorum and may gain attention; without it, gentlemen are too apt to attend to no ideas but their own. In ſuch a caſe, Michael the archangel might ſpeak, and ſpeak in vain. Every man expects to be heard; every man then ſhould be ready to hear.

"It is to be obſerved, gentlemen," continued the ſtranger, "that a good argument is nothing but a ſeries of antecedents and conſequents of propoſitions, proofs, and deductions; the concluſions ought to be taken from the premiſes ſtrictly but perſpicuouſly. I hope I have the honour of your aſſent to theſe particulars."

All bowed and were ſilent except Sir George, whoſe curioſity being highly raiſed by this exor-

dium

dium, ſaid, "Certainly. ſir; and I wiſh a gentleman who knows ſo well to give the precept, would alſo give the example."

"If," ſaid the gentleman, "you will accept a feeble ſpecimen of what may be done by your ſuperior powers rightly directed, I will endeavour to ſatisfy you." They bowed aſſent.

"Government," the ſtranger proceeded, "whether of divine or human ordinance, has for its end the good of mankind.

"Man is carried by inſtinct, or ſomething as ſtrong as inſtinct, to the gratification of his appetites, and to the indulgence of his paſſions.

"Kings are men.

"When the love of power becomes a paſſion —and when does it not become a paſſion in kings? it ſeeks its own enlargement.

"Power may be directed to the increaſe of the general welfare; it may alſo be directed to its injury.

"If ten kings ſtretch it to the injury of mankind, for one who uſes it for their benefit—and I fear the hiſtory of mankind will not lead us to deny the propoſition—the reaſon for reſtraining it is ten times as great, as the reaſon for leaving is unlimited.

"Therefore it ought to be reſtrained." This argument being directed againſt Mr. Holford's principal poſition, I attend his reply.

Mr. Holford declined to anſwer—for, ſays he, "Though perhaps I might find matter, I cannot, for want of practice, diſpoſe of it by logical arrangement."

"May I be permitted," the ſtranger aſked, "without offence, to endeavour it, as far as I have this day heard your argument?"

Mr. Holford nodded an ungracious aſſent.

"Since,"

"Since," continued the ſpeaker, "the powers that be, are ordained of God; government is of divine authority.

"Kings are therefore the delegates of heaven, and how can it be ſuppoſed that delegates of heaven can abuſe their power?

"If men are ever unfortunate enough to think they do, it ought to be conſidered as permitted by heaven, and therefore a chaſtiſement for the ſins of a people.

"In ſuch a caſe reſiſtance would be impious. We ought to bow down our heads before the Lord, and before his anointed."

This was ſaid with ſo impoſing a tone of gravity and importance, that Mr. Holford cried out exultingly, "Yes, certainly, theſe are my elements, as I may call them; theſe are my fundamental propoſitions, and I think they will not be eaſily refuted."

"They may be denied, however," Mr. Ward anſwered.

"Any thing may be denied, ſir," ſaid Mr. Holford; "a man may deny the incarnation."

"That he may indeed," replied Mr. Ward. "Let us however return to our ſubject. I flatly and poſitively deny that kings are delegates of heaven."

"We muſt prove it then," ſaid the ſtranger with his accuſtomed gravity. "God governs the world; then all the active powers in it are his miniſters. Kings are active powers. Then kings are his miniſters"

"I deny that he governs the world in any ſuch ſenſe," ſaid Ward. "As we go on" ſaid the ſtranger, "we muſt give up the argument for want of data on which we can build. Let us try again."

"God

"God made the world and all things in it." The ſpeaker looked at Mr. Ward for his aſſent, who not anſwering, he added, "for the uſe of man."

"With that addition," replied the apothecary, "I deny the propoſition."

"If ſo," reſumed the ſtranger, "I muſt turn you over to the clergy; for," continues he, ſmiling, "when I think upon knats, locuſts, and moſquitoes, I dare not enter upon the proof."

Mr. Holford at this concluſion, happening to be in the midſt of a pipe, ſucked in the grateful perfume with double avidity; probably hoping amidſt his other inſpirations, a ſmall blaſt of the ſpirit. As it was rather too long in coming, Sir George aſked the ſtranger if he thought the queſtion concerning parties was capable ot logical deciſion?

"One might reaſon upon it," ſaid the ſtranger, looking at the apothecary with complacency, "if the gentlemen of the faculty would not deny us our data, thus:

"Laws are neceſſary for man, and require certain individuals to execute them.

"Generally—man will not take a trouble without expectation of an emolument. There are emoluments of ambition, of vanity, of pride, of revenge, as well as of avarice.

"Generally—for I would not abſolutely deny the exiſtence of pure patriotiſm, though I conſider it as a rare virtue—contention for office, is a contention of theſe and other ſimilar paſſions.

"Generally—— the ſervants of the crown are deſirous to preſerve their emoluments; whilſt they have upon their right hand and upon their left, thoſe who deſire to obtain them for themſelves.

"In

"In every propoſition that comes from the part of government, there is odds to lay that the oſtenſible is not the ſole, and ſeldom the principal motive. That there is ſome cabal to gratify, ſome concealed intereſt to promote, ſome crooked politics which ſhun the face of day.

"The eye of the people is not that of a Lynx. The keen eye of oppoſition is alone competent to ſee the barbed hook, which too often lies concealed under the ſplendid baits of government. So far parties are good.

"If all were fair on the part of adminiſtration, ſtill, diſquiſition is neceſſary for finding the good or the evil of an unknown object; and party is neceſſary for diſquiſition. Parties then are generally good."

It is true, that neither the antecedents or the conſequents in theſe arguments, were indebted to their author for preciſion; but the mode was new, and as none of the gentlemen ſeemed diſpoſed to follow it, Sir George, after a compliment paid to the ſtranger, adroitly changed the ſubject.

After many diffuſive turns and changes, in which the ſtranger took little ſhare, the converſation fell upon the manners and morals of the age. Many good things were ſaid which have been ſaid before, and others not ſo good, and none deſerving repetition.

After diſputing long with little hope of concordance, the ſtranger was requeſted to give his opinion.

"We have, ſaid he, corrected many faults, and we have brought many into more general exiſtence. The manly manners of our more immediate anceſtors, we have exchanged for the manners

manners of women. We have gained in gentleneſs and humanity; we have loſt in firmneſs of nerve, and ſtrength of conſtitution. The vices of our more remote anceſtors were great and ferocious; ours are of ſofter temperament, but more diffuſed. In point of quantity, their follies bore but a ſmall proportion to our frivolities; in ſhort, we have loſt tobacco; but we have made it up to the revenue in pomades, in eſſences, and in hair-powder."

This concluſion, ſeeming to deſcend into the pathos, drew a general ſmile from the company.

"But what ſhall I ſay," continued the ſtranger, his eyes ſparkling with ſuperior animation: "what ſhall I ſay of our women? heavens! what pen or tongue can enumerate the evils which ariſe from our connections, our matrimonial connections, with this frail and feeble ſex? which of our corruptions may we not trace to their vanities?"

Here the ſtranger ſtopped, ſeemingly wrapped in ſome ſtrong cogitation. Surpriſe kept the company ſilent. Soon however, he recovered from his reverie, became ſenſible of his abſtraction, and apologized for it; then filling a glaſs with wine, the firſt he had drank undiluted, I Come," ſaid he, "A health to the univerſal good of mankind; and may the time come when the commerce of the ſexes ſhall be pure and unmixed, flowing always from the heart, unſhackled, unreſtrained."

The company, without knowing to what this myſterious health pledged them, drank it from pure complaiſance; the ſtranger then aſſuming a ſportive air, ſaid, "If you knew, gentlemen, the obligations I have to the ſex, you would the leſs wonder at the ſtrength of my regard for it."

Sir

Sir George anſwered, "That whatever was agreeable to him to communicate, would certainly be agreeable to the company to hear."

"My father," he began, "was a gentleman of two thouſand pounds a year, in Cumberland. He was comparatively a happy man in marriage; for my mother's principal fault being a clamorous tongue, and he being a man of learning and philoſophy, he could generally avoid her exhibitions in the ſanctuary of his ſtudy.

"At my mother's death, which happened when I was thirteen, I was the only ſurviving child, and the idol of my father, who not being able to bear my abſence from him, ſought a preceptor to aſſiſt him in my education at home. I got virtue therefore and ſcience, but not one of thoſe brilliant talents which dazzle the eyes of an admiring world.

"At twenty-three I loſt my father, and one year after married the daughter of a neighbouring baronet; he had a very good eſtate, and lived in great elegance and poverty; for he had a fine lady to his wife, two ſons, fine young gentlemen, and ſix faſhionable daughters. He promiſed me a few thouſands by way of portion, but was never able to raiſe the money.

"I was happy—ſeveral days, for Mrs. Mowbray was pretty, had a charming vivacity, ſhe had alſo an unbounded paſſion for admiration, and lived but in a croud. As I had hitherto ſeen but little of the great world, I yielded to her ſolicitations to ſpend our firſt winter in London. The eclat with which we entered our career of faſhion, and the ſpirit with which we kept it up for the firſt ſix months, only coſt me eleven thouſand pounds. I brought into the country a reluctant wife, an auctioneer to ſell a fourth part of

my eſtate, and an head that ached at its own folly.

" Now began our daily altercations, thoſe peculiar felicities, which I have ſince found cauſe to believe, form the moſt conſiderable portion of bliſs in a large majority of families. I wanted to oeconomiſe, Mrs. Mowbray ſickened at the idea; ſhe could not read———ſcarce even a novel. She hated work, was no proficient in muſic, and family cares were below her attention. Her mornings were uſually ſpent in yawning, ſtretching, lounging, and all the liſtleſs ſymptoms of ennui; her evenings in reproaches and tears. She was miſerable, and ſo was I.

To comply with Mrs. Mowbray's inclinations was certain ruin; not to comply was certain wretchedneſs. For I was ſtill loving and uxorious, and ſhe had cunning enough to make her advantage of it. The duke of Anjou, the firſt Bourbon king of Spain, had a wife who did the ſame; and there was a general ſimilitude between the queen's puſhing away the king's half of the ſynonime bed, till ſhe brought him to her will, and Mrs. Mowbray's arts to bring me to her's. At length I ceaſed to contend, and my houſe became the general rendezvous of half the idlers in the county.

" Why need I be particular in my deſcription of things, now grown ſo familiar to the public eye, that they have ceaſed to create ſurpriſe. I was ſoon called upon by my creditors, for the ſale of another eſtate; nor was this ſecond memento mori as I may call it, able to overcome my conjugal weakneſs.

" Amongſt the number of friends Mrs. Mowbray's elegant mode of living procured me, was the ſon of Lord———, a ſoft and ſilky gentleman,

tleman, the monkey of the ladies, and never in his element when not employed in their ſervice. Mrs. Mowbray had great freedom of manners with gentlemen, which is, I ſuppoſe, the ton, and my heart had ſometimes felt a pang on that account; but to be jealous of ſuch a man! I ſhould have thought it as reaſonable to ſuſpect Mrs. Mowbray's woman.

My wife's dreſſing-room I ſeldom entered. One morning, having occaſion to conſult her upon ſome folly of the day, I ſtepped in. Upon my ſoul, gentlemen, I know not in what words to deſcribe the ridiculous object which met my eyes. Mrs. Mowbray was ſeated on a chair, and my young lordling was ſeated on her lap——face to face.——Her hands were clapſed upon his back, no doubt to ſupport him, whilſt he was applying the rouge to her cheeks. At my entrance, Mrs. Mowbray gave a little ſcream, looſed her hold, and my gentleman fell backwards upon the carpet.

"At this inſtant it never entered my head, that this familiarity might, upon our improved ſyſtem of manners, be quite conſiſtent with innocence. I was too mad to reflect, or even to liſten to the proteſtations of the honourable gentleman, who proteſted, intreated, vowed upon his honour and his faith, that he never entertained a thought of injuring me in ſo delicate a point; and for farther juſtification, aſſured me he had the honour to be face-painter to two counteſſes. All would not do. I ſtill inſiſted upon immediate ſatisfaction. Coxcomb as he was, he did not want courage; for when I had ſufficiently provoked him, he ran to his apartment for his ſword, and followed me into the park. Servants raiſed by Mrs. Mowbray's clamour were coming to us, ſo that we

had no time for quart and tierce, and did nothing more than juſt paſs our ſwords through each other's body. We both fell, were carried into our apartments, had each our own ſurgeon, who pronounced our wounds to be mortal. Their ſkill happened to be ſuperior to their prognoſtics, for after a fortnight we were both out of danger.

"All the time I lay ill, and whilſt my phyſician condemned me to darkneſs and to ſilence, my houſe was the houſe of mourning, and filled with condolents. Mrs. Mowbray had much to do; for it is a great undertaking to grieve in ton, ſo that I ſeldom ſaw her, and but for an inſtant. It is true, my reception of her was not the moſt inviting. Politeneſs obliged her to be more attentive to her wounded gueſt; and what lady would be deficient in politeneſs.

"In the mean time, the world around did us the honour to reaſon upon the cauſe of this phenomenon. In one place it was politics, gaming in another, and gallantry in a third; but to the gentlemen, who knew I never meddled with gaming or politics, it was puzzling; and quite an enigma to the ladies, how Mr. Lambington, ſo our beau was called, could either be an object of jealouſy to me, or of gallantry to Mrs. Mowbray.

"When I was able to walk about the room, Lord Lambington honoured me with a viſit. His ſon had been at home for ſome days. After ſome apologies, he entered upon the ſubject of our conteſt. I told him the provocation; Lord Lambington ſmiled, and aſked me if I ſhould have played the jealous, had I ſeen his ſon adjuſt Mrs. Mowbray's ſhoe-buckle? I anſwered, no. I might, he ſaid, with equal juſtice.

"But the poſture, my Lord!" ſaid I.

"Was

"Was commodious, no doubt," anſwered Lord Lambington. "Was you ever in France, Mr. Mowbray?"

I replied, "No."

"Had you," ſaid he, "ſtudied the women at Paris, inſtead of the ſtars at home, it would have been impoſſible this ridiculous rencontre could have happened. Gentlemen who have no pretenſions to the laſt favour, are there in poſſeſſion of ſeveral important and delicate perſonal offices at a lady's toilette; ſuch as would excite phrenzy in the head of an Engliſh huſband who has not travelled. And you know, Mr. Mowbray, no importation from France is now contraband here.

"The French," continued Lord Lambington, "do really go beyond us in the great art of happineſs; for amongſt a people arrived at a certain degree of refinement, no man—that is, no man of quality—marries with expectation of deriving felicity from love and domeſtic harmony. Or, if he does marry with that egregious error in his head, he may be pretty certain of an early correction. There are laws of convenience, notwithſtanding, which may render marriage deſirable. Well then! the Frenchman marries the convenience; he expects nothing more, and avoids the miſery of diſappointment. The hearts of both ſexes are ſtill free; and all that is required is a certain attention to decorum."

"My heart and head were both too Engliſh, too barbarian, to reliſh Lord Lambington's accommodating ideas; they did ſerve, however, rather to calm my emotions of revenge.—Againſt Mrs. Mowbray I took no reſolution; but againſt her mode of life, a decided one. I diſmiſſed my ſuperfluous ſervants, ſold my carriages and

horſes, except a chaiſe and pair, and boldly ſhut my doors againſt the greateſt part of Mrs. Mowbray's acquaintances.

"Why, gentlemen, ſhould I trouble you with an excruciating detail of particulars? Mrs. Mowbray went to London, and contracted debts; I refuſed to pay, was ſued and caſt with coſts; I became half frantic with vexation and diſappointment; my friends, or relations rather, called it inſanity, and conſigned me to the care of a gentleman, who ſpared not medicine or coercion. This I endured two years. Friends interpoſed, and my diſorder, if it was inſanity, being harmleſs, I was releaſed. Articles of ſeparation were drawn up betwixt Mrs. Mowbray and I; we divided betwixt us my remaining fortune; I retired, a ſolitary afflicted being, to my own houſe, always thanking heaven for one kindneſs, that it had given me no children.

"Ever ſince the hour that has given me up to liberty and retirement, my whole ſtudy has been to benefit mankind in the important article of marriage. My intention is to offer a bill to the conſideration of both houſes of parliament; the principal deſign of which will be to facilitate divorces. I have gone deep into the ſtudy, and have almoſt compleated my plan; but I muſt firſt travel into thoſe countries where divorces have been long eſtabliſhed; I muſt note their effects upon police; I muſt know all the actual modes; I muſt combine them; and from the whole draw the beſt poſſible. I am now going to Armenia, where marriages are contracted before the civil magiſtrate, for time. I go the eaſtern extremity of China. I will pierce into Thibet; I will viſit Hindoſtan; I will return through Perſia; croſſing Syria, into Egypt; I will penetrate Ethiopia, and

and coaſt the South of Africa; I will return on its weſtern ſides and finiſh my reſearches in——."

This journey was performed with too much energy. Mr. Mowbray's voice roſe to the higheſt pitch; it was heard by the perſon who attended him. This man ran into the parlour, at ſight of whom Mr. Mowbray ſtopt ſhort, ſeemed to have conceived a terror, leaned back upon his chair, and burſt into tears. Seeing this, the man made a reſpectful bow and retired.

The caſe was now plain, and the predominant feeling of the company was compaſſion. Sir George followed the ſervant out, who confirmed all the particulars of Mrs. Mowbray, but painted her in more deteſtable colours. He had lived twenty years with his maſter; and "Sure," ſays he, "a kinder, better man never lived. Before his misfortunes he was equally reſpected and beloved. I attended him to the houſe where he was confined; and becauſe I loved him, bore to be the miniſter of his greateſt torments, leſt ſome unfeeling hand ſhould afflict him ſtill more harſhly; ſo when he wanders, poor gentlemen, the very ſight of me recalls to his mind both his diſorder and his puniſhment. He is much emaciated," continues the man, "and having taken the idea of travelling, his friends have committed him to my care, with orders never to contradict this idea, but lead him by ſlow, eaſy journies on horſeback, thro' the South of France."

Soon after, the company at the Falcon departed. Sir George recommended to Mr. Lindſay a walk to the church-yard, by way of amuſement to Mr. Mowbray; he himſelf took the road to the common.

CHAP. XXV.

WHEN a young man is a little elevated with wine, he thinks the faſter for it; though what the mind gains in velocity, it loſes, perhaps, in preciſion. During Sir George's walk, it was all Mowbray and matrimony, Lambington and convenience, Lindſay and admonition, love and Miſs Colerain; ſo that my fair readers will not be ſurpriſed if, when he arrived in the lady's preſence, he ſhould be a little inexplicable. Miſs Colerain, notwithſtanding the animating doſe given her in the morning by Mr. Holford, was low in ſpirits, and more than uſually penſive. In order to enliven her, Sir George told the little hiſtory of Mr. Mowbray—with his own comments; and theſe comments ſurpriſed Miſs Colerain.

In all former viſits, Sir George had been attentive to propriety, and even to delicacy; nor had he ever hazarded a random expreſſion, which could induce Miſs Colerain to imagine he had the leaſt tincture of libertiniſm. This evening, but without the leaſt deſign of offending—or indeed, any deſign—he had more liberal notions, and aſſumed a correſponding freedom, and liberality of expreſſion; ſtill there was not any thing to ground offence upon, yet ſufficient to alarm ſo apprehenſive a delicacy as Miſs Colerain's. For the firſt time, this lady felt pleaſure on Sir George's taking his leave.

She ſat down then to renew the conſiderations of the day, with this addition. Sir George had been elevated this evening, and more than commonly

monly eloquent; in ſuch a ſituation, it was more than probable, that what his heart had preconceived, his tongue would have uttered. But it appeared from the whole of his diſcourſe, or rather rattle, that evening, that he had no views; although, for the delicate and prudential reaſons before given, ſhe had decided, that had Sir George views of the moſt honourable kind, ſhe ought to reject them; yet, I ſuppoſe, there might lurk about her heart a ſecret wiſh, that ſhe might have an opportunity at leaſt to ſhew her diſintereſtedneſs and integrity by the rejection. This wiſh ſhe could not any longer indulge, nor could ſhe conceal from herſelf, that Sir George's behaviour this evening, had not weakened the reaſonings by which ſhe had that day *almoſt* convinced Miſs Carlill, that her ſtay at his houſe was equally imprudent and improper; nor that ſhe ought to delay a day the execution of the plan ſhe had formed by the help of that valuable friend.

She immediately ſummoned her faithful Suſanna, and communicated her reſolution to leave Combor on the morrow. Suſanna appeared ſurpriſed. "What aſtoniſhes you," Miſs Colerain aſked, "has it not been long agreed on?"

"Yes, ma'm," anſwered Suſanna, "only the ſuddenneſs, as one may ſay." Miſs Colerain burſt into tears.

"Well, my dear miſtreſs," ſaid Suſanna, "if it muſt be, it muſt. As to my ſiſter, ſhe's ſettled by this time, I warrant; and we ſhall do well enough, if you won't let yourſelf be caſt down. After all, what does it ſignify? I'm not a bit afraid of living, and if I can live with you, I'm ſure I ſhall be happy. If a body can but be content, there's not ſo much difference

between white bread and brown; a ſtuff gown keeps one as warm in winter as a ſilk; and what are coaches good for, but to ſpoil one's legs."

"My dear, my affectionate Suſanna," ſaid her weeping miſtreſs, "you are the comfort of my life."

"God for ever bleſs you, madam, you are the pride of mine," replied Suſanna. "You muſt no longer think of me as your miſtreſs," ſaid Miſs Colerain, "you muſt treat me as your equal and your friend."

"Dear madam," replied Suſanna, "one learns impertinence faſt enough, but I hope I ſhall never learn that. Pray ma'm may I take the liberty to aſk one queſtion? Does Sir George Paradyne know of your going to-morrow?"

"No, Suſanna," replied Miſs Colerain.

"He'll be mortally ſurpriſed," ſays Suſanna.

"Why ſo?" aſked her miſtreſs.

"Nay, I don't know," anſwered Suſanna, "but I think ſo. To my mind, if ever any gentleman was in love, it is he."

Miſs Colerain had the curioſity—what elſe could it be? to wiſh to know upon what circumſtances ſo ſtrange an opinion could be founded. It was founded principally upon Sir George's generoſity to Suſanna; and I believe moſt ladies women think love cannot be better demonſtrated. Nor does it appear upon this occaſion, that Miſs Colerain fell into the uſual cuſtom of maſters and miſtreſſes, who make it a rule to deſpiſe a ſervant's opinion;—nay, their own, when it happens to have been contaminated by vulgar mouths.

Fidel the black, entered to lay the cloth, and never was cloth ſo laid. The ſight of his miſtreſs weeping, ſuſpended his faculties, and made him commit a blunder in every motion.

"How I ſhall ever reward you, Fidel," ſaid his miſtreſs, "for all your attention to me, in the midſt of misfortune, I know not."

"Indeed, madam," anſwered the black, "it is poor reward to ſee you miſerable, for all my prayers to the good God to make you happy."

"Generous Fidel," ſaid his miſtreſs, "why has fortune denied me the power to retain you with me and repay your generoſity? I leave Combor to-morrow, and muſt get you to procure a chaiſe for nine in the morning."

"Are you going then, madam, for ever?" aſked the black, "and may I not have leave to attend you—work for you—die for you."

"Wherever I go," ſaid his miſtreſs, "I muſt wiſh to be unknown. Your being with me will ſuit neither that intention, nor my fortune, nor any thing but my inclination. But poor Fidel, what will you do?"

"Oh, madam," anſwered the ſobbing black, "if happineſs could be got as eaſily as bread, I ſhould do well enough. But madam—Miſs Colerain am I never to ſee you again?"

"You may hear of me by means of Miſs Carhill," anſwered his miſtreſs, "if you are in a ſituation which enables you to enquire," and here, Fidel, here are ten guineas, I can ſpare you that—a poor reward—"

Fidel vaniſhed in an inſtant, and returned almoſt immediately with two purſes in his hand, and the tears running plentifully down his cheeks.

"In this purſe," ſaid he, "is my wages, madam,

madam, and your bounty; in this, Sir George Paradyne's. I did take his money wid more pleaſure dan I did take money before ever, for I did think he was going to make himſelf de happieſt man in de world—and me too. Pray forgive me dis impertinence, matam, and if you would borrow one or both theſe purſes, I ſhould be more happier to part with you."

"No," anſwered Miſs Colerain, "no, Fidel. If I cannot add to your little fortune, ſure I will not diminiſh it. So ended the conteſt.

The evening was ſpent in packing up, and at nine the next day, a chaiſe rolled Miſs Colerain and Sufan away, upon the road to Bath.

CHAP. XXVI.

AT that hour Sir George was amuſing himſelf with the recollection of his own levity the preceding evening, and his candour obliged him to condemn it. It was not that his behaviour had been alarming to modeſty; of this Sir George was incapable. But there was ſomething in it improper and unſuitable to Miſs Colerain, whoſe delicacy of ſituation demanded the utmoſt attention to politeneſs and decorum. He remembered that once or twice ſhe had ſeemed to ſhew ſymptoms of diſlike.

He roſe not much pleaſed with himſelf, and went down to breakfaſt; Mr. Lindſay was preparing for departure, and aſked Sir George whether he propoſed it this morning or afternoon. The queſtion came upon him mal-apropos, and he had the weakneſs to anſwer with ſome little acerbity;

acerbity; for when a man is out of humour with himſelf, he is ſeldom much in with others; and the only good reaſon I have ever heard for indulging, *at the heart*, the little vanities, is, that they ſerved to keep one in good humour. I only wonder that man, the being of reaſon, endowed with an immortal ſoul, would not chuſe rather to contemplate for this purpoſe, ſome of the many celeſtial attributes with which he has been complimented by the liberality of divines, or the works of nature, rather than of taylors. In Turkey, where the ladies have no ſouls, I excuſe them with all my heart.

Mr. Lindſay ſaid, gravely, "if you have any reaſon, Sir George, for changing your mind, it is not for me to oppoſe it; only as I cannot aſſiſt you in the ſtudies or purſuits which detain you, I beg permiſſion to return to town."

Amongſt the individuals who form the total of mankind, ſome few there are who have acquired a facility of being blind and deaf, when the objects to be ſeen and heard, are their own faults or follies; and a commodious facility it is. Sir George had not yet learned it. He bluſhed like a rural nymph, then taking Mr. Lindſay's hand, he preſſed it, would have aſked forgiveneſs, but not at the inſtant being able to ſpeak diſtinctly, half a tear ſtarted, and he ſat down in ſilence. A minute after, Mr. Fidel entered, and preſented him with a letter.

In the face of the poor black, ſorrow was legibly wrote. Sir George ſaw it, and fearing, he knew not what, aſked "if Miſs Colerain was well?" "I not know that, Sir, ſhe left Combor this morning." "Gone!—Miſs Colerain gone!" ſaid Sir George, with quickneſs; "has any thing particular happened?"

"Not

"Not that I do know," replied the ſervant, and retired.

A ſecret conſciouſneſs ſtruck Sir George; a confuſed idea that his vivacity laſt night might have been greater than he remembered, and perhaps the cauſe of Miſs Colerain's ſudden departure. At length Sir George ventured to break the ſeal, and read the following:

"An occurrence of yeſterday obliges me, ſooner than I otherwiſe ſhould have choſe, to haſten into that ſituation where I hope to paſs my life in ſatisfied and obſcure induſtry. I have to return my very grateful thanks to Sir George Paradyne, for his kind attention to my accommodation. I flatter myſelf, pure compaſſion for the unfortunate was his ſole motive, and that thoſe who judge otherwiſe, injure him as much as myſelf. Perhaps I ſhould have gone away with the happy aſſurance it was ſo, had I perfectly underſtood Sir George laſt night. Fidel, my late ſervant, is deſired to preſent you with this, and to take your orders concerning the houſe. I am unhappy not to have it in my power to reward ſo great attachment as this faithful creature has always ſhewn for my father and myſelf. Once more I thank you, Sir George, and wiſh you all the rewards of virtue.

CORNELIA COLERAIN."

It is one thing to read, it is another to comprehend. All the mental powers Sir George poſſeſſed, at preſent ſcarce ſufficed for the firſt; for the laſt, they were wholly incompetent. He retired to his apartment; he wondered at his own turbulent feelings; he endeavoured to perſuade himſelf, that except ſo far as humanity was concerned

cerned Miſs Colerain was nothing to him; that ſhe purſued her own predetermined mode of acting, independent of him; or if the very little he had ſaid without intention, had alarmed Miſs Colerain, ſhe was moſt ſuperlatively delicate, perhaps capricious. In his opinion, this lady had by no means treated him ſo kindly as his benevolence, nor ſo politely as his rank and fortune deſerved. On more mature conſideration, it was clear he was the offended perſon, and that it became a man of his conſequence, to conſign her remembrance to oblivion.

But all things change in this world, and above all things, man. This train of angry ideas was diſſipated by a phantom, in the form of a female; appearing in attitudes that give a grace to beauty, in employments that render beauty more pleaſing. From its lips ſeemed to iſſue the moſt delightful ſounds; on its left cheek was a dimple, that gave additional beauty to a ſmile. Thus alternately, pride gained the aſcendant over love, and Miſs Colerain over Sir George Paradyne. From one or two obſcure hints in Miſs Colerain's note, it appeared to Sir George that his gaiety had given her ſuſpicion. He wiſhed to know the truth, and in order to extract it from Miſs Carlill, reſolved, if ſhe hinted at accuſation, to ſeem for a time, rather to juſtify than deny it.

He found this young lady with eyes yet red, and with a face that did not wear the expreſſive ſatisfaction it uſed to do, when he called. It is, thought he, as I expected.

"I have in my hand," ſaid Sir George, "a very extraordinary note from Miſs Colerain; it informs me ſhe has left Combor."

"Doſt thou doubt the intelligence?" aſked Miſs Carlill.

"Oh,

"Oh, no," Sir George anſwered; "but I don't comprehend the reaſon."

"What is there extraordinary in Cornelia Colerain's going where ſhe pleaſes?" aſked Miſs Carlill.

"Nothing———nothing," Sir George replied; "the extraordinary would be in a woman's doing———what ſhe did not pleaſe. But is not your friend capricious, Miſs Carlill?"

"I dare ſay the is in thy eyes," the lady anſwered.

"Will you———can you be frank and ingenuous enough to tell me where ſhe is gone, and why ſhe went?" aſked Sir George.

"The firſt," Miſs Carlill replied, "we have agreed not to tell thee; and as to the ſecond, there is nothing more in it than that ſhe is gone where ſhe intended; but before ſhe intended; and to tell thee frankly, thou art the cauſe."

Good, thought Sir George———we are right. "I," ſays he, appearing ſurpriſed.

"I will not," ſaid Miſs Carlill, "keep thee in ſuſpence. Mr. Holford called upon her yeſterday in his way to the Falcon, like a good ſhepherd who careth for his flock; and indeed like a ſtern ſhepherd, who is inclined to beat them when they go aſtray. He did not trouble himſelf to make an apology, but told Cornelia Colerain roundly, that he had been told, that ſhe had made an agreement, an arrangement I think the French call it, with thee."

"Good God!" ſaid Sir George, "I hope, however, Miſs Colerain acquits me of any thought of ſuch impertinence?"

"Cornelia Colerain," anſwered Miſs Carlill, gravely, "does not read the thoughts of others—nor does ſhe accuſe thee—only this ſhe ſaid, friend Paradyne, and ſhe wept when ſhe ſaid

it—that lower than fame and fortune could ſink her, ſhe would not ſink; nor add remorſe to adverſity, even for George Paradyne."

"Good heaven!" ſaid Sir George, "then ſhe does ſuſpect me?"

"I think that cannot be ſaid;" anſwered Miſs Carlill, "and yet, I will own to thee, thy converſation laſt night was not to her taſte."

"Has ſhe an averſion to mirth and good humour?" Sir George aſked.

"Not in the leaſt," replied Miſs Carlill, "as mirth and good humour."

"How did I offend?" aſked Sir George.

"I think Cornelia told me, how laviſh thy praiſes were upon her perſon. Thou ſaideſt ſhe had a lovely ſhape and fine eyes; with other expreſſions of ſimilar import."

"And is it not ſo?"

"It may. But I muſt tell thee, Cornelia Colerain does not value herſelf upon theſe things: and thy talk ſeemed to her to denote thy mind was more intent upon the outward than the inward form".

"Suppoſe it was," ſaid Sir George, "ſure it was no unpardonable crime."

"Thou wilt eaſily pardon thyſelf, no doubt," replied Miſs Carlill; "and had that been all, I, at leaſt, would have pardoned thee alſo; fond as the people of our profeſſion are ſaid to be of the ſpirit. But didſt thou not talk about one Mowbray, who had a bad wife, and didſt thou not inveigh againſt the holy ſtate of matrimony?"

"Perhaps," ſaid Sir George, "I may not have the moſt profound veneration for it."

"Nothing more probable," Miſs Carlill anſwerd;

ſwered; "but was that a fit ſubject to talk of to Cornelia Colerain?"

"If," ſaid Sir George, "I could ever expect to meet with liberality of ſentiment in woman, and contempt of prejudices, I might expect it in Miſs Colerain.

"Thou wilt be more likely to find it," replied Miſs Carlill, "amongſt thy women of quality. *That* liberality, do not expect to find in Cornelia Colerain. Nor do I think thou wouldſt have aſked it of her when ſhe had fifty thouſand pounds."

"Perhaps not," Sir George anſwered; "but my dear Miſs Carlill, do reflect a moment upon our modes and cuſtoms, and tell me from your heart, does it not make a difference?"

"I grant it," ſaid Miſs Carlill,—"a difference of fifty thouſand pounds."

"Piſhaw!" ſaid Sir George.

"I am told too, that cuſtoms and modes are merely prejudices; and am ſorry thou canſt not find that liberality of ſentiment in thyſelf, thou requireſt in Cornelia Colerain."

"You ſeem to plead your friend's cauſe with a proper quantity of zeal," ſaid Sir George.

"Plead—plead—" anſwered the fair quaker with quickneſs——"I admire the word, and the vanity which dictated it. I muſt tell thee however, if I were ſucceſsful in pleading her cauſe with thee, I ſhould ſtill, poor and humble as ſhe is, have thine to plead with her, and poſſibly not be able to boaſt of my ſucceſs."

"You are angry, my dear Miſs Carlill," ſaid Sir George.

"Not over pleaſed, I own. Yeſterday I looked up to thee with reſpect and admiration."

"Alas!"

"Alas!" ſaid Sir George, humourouſly—"that time, as ſaid Friar Bacon's head—that time is paſt. But women are very inconſtant in their admiration. What did you admire me for yeſterday, Miſs Carlill?"

"Yeſterday," anſwered Miſs Carlill, "I took thee for a *gentleman*. To-day thou ſeemeſt only a man of birth and fortune."

"Do theſe," Sir George aſked, "exclude the gentleman?"

"No," replied the lady, "nor neceſſarily include him."

The converſation went to a much greater length; but I ſuppoſe my fair readers have enough. Sir George endeavoured to tread back upon his ſteps, to unſay what he had ſaid, and to convince miſs Carlill, which indeed was true, that he never had the leaſt deſign upon the honour of Miſs Colerain. In this, Sir George had not the ſucceſs he deſerved. That Cornelia Colerain ſhould be thought on as a conveniency, was inſupportable to Miſs Carlill; and the anger raiſed by this idea, ſhut up, for the preſent, the avenues of her mind to every other; ſo Sir George and ſhe parted, with each a lowered opinion of the other.

CHAP. XXVII.

SIR George ſtrode away towards the Falcon, reſolved that day to leave that country, and bid adieu to love and Miſs Colerain. He had to paſs the white houſe, now his own; before it were aſſembled a ſmall crowd of poor women and children who were receiving the laſt of her bounty,

in

in that part of the remaining proviſions which Mr. Fidel could ſpare. It was received with tears, and in ſilence, except now and then a ſmall voice might be heard, praying, God bleſs her. The ſcene was affecting. It put to flight the crowd of proud and angry ideas which he had begun to indulge, and brought back Miſs Colerain, her dignified ſimplicity, her unmerited diſtreſs; it brought back alſo the proximate cauſe of that diſtreſs, the inſulting admonition of Mr. Holford. This turned his ſteps to the parſonage houſe.

It was Sir George's buſineſs to know by what authority this reverend gentleman had joined Miſs Colerain and himſelf together in this ſiniſter mode of marriage. Mr. Holford was not one of thoſe obſtinate people who refuſe to give a reaſon upon compulſion; on the contrary, he was diſpoſed to give up all the reaſon he had in the world upon compulſion; ſo without much heſitation he acquainted Sir George with the following circumſtances.

His friend was a clergyman of Southampton; and being at an aſſembly, had gone in the intervals of dancing, to a ſide room for refreſhment. Five or ſix of their wild young men were taking off their glaſſes freely; one of them ſaid, "a pretty ſtory you tell us Claverly; damme, but I would have eat the ſmooth chinned young dog of a baronet, before he ſhould have ſeized my firſt fruits ſo ſummarily."

"Oh," Mr. Claverly anſwered, "I am not done with the boy yet; however, in point of purſe, there is no coping with the child. They report him to have twenty thouſand pounds a year."

"And

"And what are the terms, my buck?" one of them aſked.

"It cannot," Mr. Claverly anſwered," be leſs than five hundred a year for life; for to tell you, a ſecret, I bid her that myſelf? perhaps the additional preſent of the houſe, which ſhe was always fond of, might have turned the balance againſt me." My friend ſays he did not then ſtay to hear more; but after that, it was for two or three days the common talk of Southampton.

Sir George left Mr. Holford's with much increaſe of anger, but with an entire change of its object. He ſought for eaſe, and found it by unboſoming himſelf to Lindſay with full confidence. After this, he ſaid, "I ſuppoſe you gueſs what muſt be my next ſtep?"

"I am afraid I do," Mr. Lindſay anſwered.

"And you approve it?" ſaid Sir George.

"That I cannot ſay," replied Mr. Lindſay.

"Shew me," ſaid Sir George, "in your infinite wiſdom, how it is to be avoided——how it is poſſible to avoid it with honour?"

"How are you ſuppoſed to know the report or eſpecially that it has Mr. Claverly for its author?" aſked Mr. Lindſay.

"But I do know it," anſwered Sir George.

"It is ſo ſeldom," Mr. Lindſay ſaid, "that young gentlemen are ſeized with theſe benevolent propenſities, that one can hardly wonder the world ſhould call the ſincerity of them in queſtion——eſpecially when the objects are beautiful young women."

"I let the world alone," Sir George replied, "but that maligant raſcal, Claverly—"

"Has judged," interrupted Lindſay, "by the moſt general, and perhaps by the trueſt rule of judging,——ſelf."

"Curſe

"Curse me if I can or will forgive him for it," said Sir George. "Call me a mad man——laugh at me for a fool——any thing but persuade me from my purpose."

"If so," said Mr. Lindsay, "I cease to remonstrate. I only claim the privilege of being your second and your agent."

"Yes,——dear Lindsay,"——replied Sir George, "I demand it of you on the score of friendship."

CHAP. XXVIII.

I AM now to beg pardon of my dear fair readers, for an intended breach of the veracity of history. I had conceived an opinion that dueling did not do honour to any human beings who had heads to reason or hearts to feel. I own therefore, I did meditate to suppress this circumstance in the history of Sir George Paradyne. Not that I did not know that a hero must have valour, and that the only way for the refined and peaceable gentleman of the reign of George the third to obtain it, or the reputation of it, which is quite as good, is to kill his man. I was not yet become an advocate for the custom, even by these ponderous arguments in its favour; but my confined ideas have been suddenly expanded, by a gentleman of some quality in the republic of letters, who has lately done us, the humble novelists of Great Britain, the honour to put himself at our head. He has taught us that the duel is the grand support of good manners, and that a score or two of lives annually, is a cheap purchase of this precious commodity. I am convinced—

convinced—for I love good manners, and do henceforth maintain, that a *gentleman* hath a natural right, from his gentility, to be the interpreter of another gentleman's looks and words, and if theſe are not to his taſte, to pink him. This proceſs I direct in future, to be called the pink of good manners.

After all, I need not have given myſelf ſo much unneceſſary trouble on the preſent occaſion; for when Sir George arrived at Southampton, he found that Mr. Claverly had that very morning ſet ſail for Harve de Grace; not to ſhun Sir George, for that would have been ill manners, and indeed he knew nothing of Sir George's intent; but as was ſuppoſed, on mercantile concerns.

The complaiſant Sir George determined inſtantly to wait upon him there; and as in all the Southampton waters, there was not a veſſel with ſails actually ſpread for Normandy, he took poſt horſes for Dover, ſailed over to Calais, and on the ſixth day found himſelf at Havre, with unpowdered hair, pulſe ninety a minute, and ſo altogether unlike a fine gentleman, that poor Claverly muſt have been ſtruck with a panic at leaſt, had he not by good luck been half way over the Britiſh channel on his return.

The indefatigable Sir George, enraged at this contr-tems, would have turned his back upon the firſt poſt in Normandy in half an hour, but that it pleaſed Mr. Lindſay to fall commodiouſly ill. This gentleman had not the ſame animating cauſe which Sir George had, to enable him to reſiſt fatigue; and he had a vexation from which Sir George was exempt. He had before been chagrined to ſee philoſophy yield the pas to love; he was equally diſturbed now, to ſee it give way to good manners.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIX.

WHEN Mr. Lindſay began to recover, it became the principal amuſement of our gentlemen, to diſcuſs the important points of the firſt and ſecond philoſophy; for if man be the firſt, women muſt be the ſecond. In the actaul conſtitution of things, Mr. Lindſay contended, that it was beſt to forget Miſs Colerain; and that to purſue Mr. Claverly, ad necem, was not chriſtian, nor philoſophical, nor juſt, nor humane. Theſe points, one by one, Sir George gave up, but ſtill inſiſted it was honourable; and honour, every body knows, can rear its lofty head and ſtand, whilſt all the virtues are failing round it.

At length, Mr. Lindſay ſo far prevailed, that Sir George promiſed, unleſs upon freſh provocation, he would not go out of his way to ſeek Mr. Claverly; after which, Mr. Lindſay recovered with double velocity, and very ſoon arrived with Sir George at his ſeat at Dennington, in Suſſex.

He found there Lady Mary and his ſiſter. The latter he certainly loved with the moſt ſincere affection; Lady Mary he ſtrove to love, but there was ſomething more than commonly repulſive in her manner to him, ſo that his virtuous propenſity received perpetual checks. Still he deſired to pay her all the duty of a ſon; and was not therefore ſorry to find her at Dennington.

Immediately on his arrival, he ſent up a proper meſſage of reſpect, deſiring permiſſion to attend

tend her; Lady Mary granted this permiſſion, but remembering Mr. Lindſay, her ſon's diſobedience, and her own dignity, ſhe received him with that awful and chilling ſtatelineſs, ſuch a remembrance was likely to inſpire.

After the firſt ſalutations, Sir George ſaid, "your ladyſhip makes me happy to find you here."

Lady Mary anſwered, "It muſt be owned, Sir George, you take an early and polite method to let me know I am in your houſe."

"Bleſs me Madam!" ſaid the really aſtoniſhed Sir George, "this is ſo ſtrained an interpretation, that—that—I am afraid, Madam, I have not the power to ſay any thing agreeable to you."

"I ſhould rather ſuppoſe you had not the inclination. You can hardly have forgot—I am ſure I never ſhall—your undutiful behaviour before you left town, about that odious fellow, that Lindſay, with whom I hear you have been rambling all over the country; I hope you have thought proper to leave him behind you now."

"He is with me, madam, and deſirous to pay his reſpects to you."

"Here, Sir George!" ſaid Lady Mary; "and have you really had the cruelty to bring into my preſence, a man who had the audacity to affront Lord Auſchamp, and who is the cauſe of diſſention betwixt you and me."

This was a proper place to ſhed tears, and Lady Mary ſhed them copiouſly. They affected Sir George—not quite indeed in the manner Miſs Colerain's had done, but ſo as to make him earneſt in his aſſurance of duty.

Lady Mary ſaid, "ſhe expected a better proof than words could give; ſhe expected the diſmiſſion of a man ſo odious to her."

Sir George anſwered, "he would take care Mr. Lindſay ſhould not give her perſonal offence; and added, for he could not totally conceal the impreſſion this behaviour made upon him, "nor himſelf neither." Saying ſo, he bowed, left the room, and ordering horſes, took Mr. Lindſay, in order to accommodate him at his uncle's.

Here they found Miſs Paradyne, who had called upon her uncle, in her morning ride. She ran into his arms, murmuring "Oh my dear unkind brother, where have you been ſo long, and not a line to your poor Emilia?" Sir George excuſed himſelf as well as he could, and then announced Mr. Lindſay to her.

She, with great ſweetneſs, ſaid, "you are welcome, Sir; I hope we ſhall make Dennington agreeable to you."

"Mr. Lindſay anſwered, "he had now an additional reaſon to regret his excluſion thence."

"I am ſorry, Sir," ſhe anſwered, "Lady Mary, I ſuppoſe, brother?"

"Yes, Emilia," Sir George replied. "I know my uncle will be glad to accommodate my friend."

"He will," anſwered Miſs Paradyne; "he has ſpoke of Mr. Lindſay with much pleaſure. But I muſt lament Lady Mary's prejudices."

"Let it be mine to lament, Miſs Paradyne; I ſhould be unhappy to excite your concern," Mr. Lindſay ſaid, not with the air of a man of letters, but of a gentleman.

"Miſs Paradyne anſwered, "I am much obliged to you, ſir." Then, with a ſmile to Sir George, "For ſo grave a perſonage as a tutor, brother, Mr. Lindſay is ſufficiently gallant."

"See

"See your power, Emilia," ſaid Sir George. "Mr. Lindſay is not himſelf at preſent, he is moſt natural in the character of a cynic philoſopher; neither the moral fabric of man, nor the ſilky fabric of woman, are to his taſte."

"Thank you, Sir George," ſaid Lindſay; "it is to prevent Miſs Paradyne's falling in love with my didactic face, that you chuſe to dreſs me thus, I ſuppoſe."

"I ſhall certainly do it for novelty's ſake," replied Miſs Paradyne; "our preſent beaux are ſo ſweetly panegyrical, that I am abſolutely ſick of my own beauty and accompliſhments."

"A rare diſeaſe indeed," replied Sir George; "but depend upon Lindſay for a cure."

Sir George now went in to his uncle who was confined by a gouty complaint, and having acquainted him with the purport of his errand, the old gentleman ſaid, "Why George, I like him; you could not have brought any body to pleaſe me ſo well; he ſpoke like a man to that Lord Auſchamp, I remember. I ſhall offend your mother, I ſuppoſe; but curſe me if I had not rather do it than not, ſo ſend him in to me, he ſhall have the beſt apartment in my houſe."

Things being thus ſettled, Sir George took leave, and rode home with Miſs Paradyne, who ſaid, "I wanted to ſee this Mr. Lindſay, and now I have ſeen him, I find myſelf diſappointed."

"You expected to ſee a man?" ſaid Sir George.

"Yes," replied Miſs Paradyne, "with an oracular face; with the pride of learning ſituated upon his brow."

"This, ſiſter," ſaid Sir George, "is a direct inverſion of the rules of phyſiognomy. You

conceive the character firſt and then fit it with a face; but how did you come by the character?'

"You," ſaid Miſs Paradyne, "ſpoke of his learning; Lord Auſchamp and Lady Mary of his pride. Amongſt you, I was much perplexed to form an opinion; when I did, it had more of admiration in it, than ſo dutiful a niece and daughter ought to have entertained."

"Thank you, dear Emilia," ſaid Sir George, "and it is a very pretty, and rather new idea, that opinions are to be governed by conſanguinities."

"I did not expect, however," Miſs Paradyne ſaid, "to have ſeen ſo handſome a man, nor of ſo polite and eaſy manners."

"He can," replied Sir George, "be all things to all men, as far as the exterior goes; but it is not for every body he will take the trouble to be polite and eaſy; and indeed it is pity he ſhould ever be put out of his way; which is that which approved good ſenſe and integrity direct. Would you believe it, Emilia? in a ſituation which makes nineteen paraſites out of twenty men, this Lindſay has never once ſubſcribed to my opinion, when it was not his own, nor has had the complaiſance to refrain from pretty free remonſtrances, whenever I have happened to do that which I ought not to have done."

"I ſhall certainly like him extremely," ſaid Miſs Paradyne."

"You had better not," replied Sir George; "he is a widower, a man of misfortunes, all originating from woman, and is ſomething of an infidel as to the celeſtial attributes, with which ſublime poets and ſublime lovers decorate the fair."

"I

"I believe I ſhall not like him extremely," ſaid Miſs Paradyne. More converſation was prevented by their arrival at the hall.

CHAP. XXX.

SIR GEORGE's birth-day approached, and Lady Mary had always expreſſed her intention that it ſhould be ſplendidly kept. Sir George was of opinion, that ſo ſoon after the death of his father and brother, it would be adding indecency to vanity. Lady Mary thought this was a reflection upon herſelf, and ſaid there needed not to have the memory of her misfortunes intruded on her on every occaſion. God help her! ſhe thought but too much of them on her own accord. There was young Lord S. had a birth-day, though his father had been dead only five months, and it was nine ſince ſhe had loſt her dear Sir Jeffery.

Sir George ſaid, "that unleſs the example met his approbation, he did not ſee the neceſſity of following that of Lord S. or any lord."

Lady Mary replied, "ſhe knew perfectly well what was meant by any lord. He need not take ſuch odious pains to ſhew the ſmall reſpect he had for her or her relations."

"I am afraid," Sir George ſaid, "your ladyſhip will make ſpeaking too difficult for me to venture upon. I did not think of Lord Auſchamp; and by no means of offending your Ladyſhip."

"Sir George," Lady Mary replied, "any thing may be denied, or gloſſed over; but I cannot always be commodiouſly blind to an affront,

nor commodiously credulous, when it is endeavoured to be explained away."

"Then," said Sir George, "my only resource is silence."

Without hearing this, Lady Mary continued: "I consulted Lord Auschamp about the day, who said it was absolutely necessary, as it gave you an opportunity to keep up your political connections, and brought you acquainted with half your county at once; he also said, that although in the affair of that impertinent fellow, that Lindsay, you had not behaved to him with proper deference, he would forget every thing, and come down to do you honour upon the occasion."

"Honour!" said Sir George.

Physiologists know——some of them but too well——that when the angry blood rushes from the heart into the face, it takes the tongue in its way, and puts it in violent motion, before the brain can issue its counter orders. Sir George had determined that in no future conversation, should the least asperity escape him towards his mother; so he stopt short at the word honour—then said, "Lord Auschamp, madam, is well known to have formed his party. My intention is to be of no party, but form myself by what I can find good in both."

"Nonsense!" said Lady Mary, "If Lord Auschamp has formed his party, it is becaufe he is convinced *that* party is the right."

"I do not doubt it," Sir George replied, "and when I am convinced too, I suppose I shall act according to conviction."

So the dialogue went on; and as it brought no conviction to either of the disputants, Lady Mary sent off to Lord Auschamp a letter complaining

plaining of Sir George's obſtinacy. Lord Auſchamp thought the matter of ſo much importance, that he haſtened to anſwer it in perſon.

He met his nephew all ſmile; for he was not like ſome kings of former days, who would go no road to what they wanted, but the high road of authority. He ſaid the moſt obliging things that could be ſaid; and he even extended his complaiſance ſo far as to enquire after Mr. Lindſay, and to expreſs his regret that that gentleman and he ſhould miſunderſtand each other. For his part he liked a man of independent ſpirit. Men of liberal ideas always forget the little contentions ariſing from contrariety of opinion.

Although Sir George might not, perhaps, give Lord Auſchamp credit to the full extent of his polite language, he was very well pleaſed to hear it, for he loved conciliation and had no particular deſire to be at variance with his uncle. Lady Mary too, being privately, though with ſome difficulty, convinced by Lord Auſchamp, that it was better Sir George ſhould take his own way with that Lindſay, ſhe was ſo good to deſire that gentleman might be invited to the Hall; for ſhe durſt ſay, upon better acquaintance ſhe ſhould like him very well.

On this important ſubject, a council was held at Mr. James Paradyne's, who very liberally damned the project and its contrivers. Sir George ſpoke eloquently, and proved that forgiveneſs was a true chriſtian virtue, and recommended even by catholic divines, except in the abominable caſes of hereſy, and contumacy, reſpecting ſpiritual decrees.

Mr. Lindſay ſaid, it was one thing to lay aſide reſentment, another to court the hand that wounded, to wound again.

Miſs Paradyne obſerved, that tho' the diſpoſi-on might ſtill remain with Lord Auſchamp, the occaſion was probably gone for ever.

Mr. Lindſay ſaid, he was more diſpoſed to yield to the wiſhes of ſo amiable a perſuader than to her reaſons; but that he could not ſee why it ſhould be her wiſh.

To this Miſs Paradyne anſwered, that a man of Mr. Lindſay's good ſenſe muſt be an agreeable addition to any ſociety; but added, that in this requeſt, ſhe was more directly ſelfiſh:

"For you muſt know," ſhe continued, "that I have the honour to be umpire in the little diſputes which occaſionally ariſe betwixt my mother and uncle; the chief ſource of them is this young gentleman's perverſeneſs, and his indolence in the buſineſs going forward, though it only regards himſelf. Now I am often unhappy in my arbitration, and ſeldom pleaſe either ſide; no wonder, therefore, that I wiſh to decline the honour, and beſtow it upon Mr. Lindſay.

"Well done, Emilia," ſaid Sir George; "this is I ſuppoſe, what ladies call beſtowing favours upon gentlemen."

"Certainly," anſwered Miſs Paradyne, "and I dare ſay Mr. Lindſay will tell me, any pain endured for my ſake will be pleaſure."

"Without doubt," replied Mr. Lindſay, laughing, "but how Miſs Paradyne will put me in a way of enjoying that pleaſure I cannot conceive."

"Nothing ſo eaſy," replied the lady; "I am convinced Lord Auſchamp's friendſhip would flow in full ſtream upon any man, who would give him hopes of governing this headſtrong youth *the right way*; and I hope Mr. Lindſay will do this for my ſake."

Words

Words from beautiful lips, all men know can perſuade full as well without reaſon as with it.———So Mr. Lindſay went to the Hall.

CHAP. XXXI.

IN my firſt exhibition of Lord Auſchamp, he might not, perhaps, appear to my fair readers ſo polite a man as a lord ought to be. I now hope they will think better of him, eſpecially when I aſſure them, he perſiſted to the laſt hour of his ſtay in this moſt charming mode of behaviour; complimented Sir George on his capacity for diſtinguiſhing men of ſterling merit, and when he aſcended his chaiſe, ſhook Mr. Lindſay cordially by the hand, and aſſured him, nothing could make him ſo happy as to give him an opportunity of ſhewing how ſincerely he was his friend.

Now this pleaſed Sir George, and one would think muſt pleaſe every body, for it is the true current politeneſs, and being made up of grace, (I do not mean the grace of God) ſmiles, bows, and other ſmall cloaths of the mind, and put on with ſo much eaſe; I wonder any man ſhould prefer that other unregarded ſort of politeneſs, which conſiſts of a real feeling the wiſh to ſerve and pleaſe, and therefore not in every man's power.

Now ſuch a man was Lindſay. I deſpair of bringing this man into favour with the ladies; and muſt confeſs he has few or none of thoſe ſhining qualities, by which their favour is uſually acquired.

Lord Auſchamp having taken leave, Sir George

was more at leiſure to conſider his ſiſter, who, tho' occaſionally gay, ſighed frequently, and indulged herſelf in the ſolitude of groves and grots.

A rumour had reached Sir George's ear, that Miſs Paradyne was ſoon to be married; but it was ſo incredible that he ſhould hear of this only by a rumour, that he conſidered it as unfounded. He was, however miſtaken; Lord Auſchamp had the goodneſs to look out for his niece, and by a ſingular circumſtance operating on the young lady's delicacy, added to the daily mortifications ſhe endured from her mother's temper, ſhe was induced to give a paſſive conſent to her will and Lord Auſchamp's. Her little ſtory is this:

One evening at Ranelagh, the party ſhe was with was joined by a young gentleman, of a genteel perſon, and amiable manners, whoſe good ſenſe and free elocution, rendered him an agreeable and entertaining companion. His name was Birimpert, and he had lately returned from abroad. Of Miſs Paradyne he took conſiderable notice. Once afterwards ſhe ſaw and danced with him at the Pantheon, and received from him rather more attention and aſſiduity than in ſuch accidental circumſtances is uſually given or required.

One day Lord Auſchamp calling upon Lady Mary, and entertaining her with ſome news of the town, ſaid abruptly, "apropos, Emilia, I believe I have to congratulate you upon a new conqueſt."

"That is well, my Lord," ſaid Miſs Paradyne, ſmiling through a bluſh, "ſome great man I hope, who will make me the envy of my ſex."

"I

"If great wealth, great merit, and great talents, are to the taſte of a young lady, I ſhould hope Mr. Birimport may not be diſagreeable," ſaid Lord Auſchamp.

"Oh," replied Miſs Paradyne, with a deeper bluſh, "theſe things are charming as well as great. How have I had the good fortune to attract his notice?"

"I think," ſaid my Lord, "he ſaw you at the opera."

"Perhaps at the Pantheon," replied Miſs Paradyne; "I think I danced there with a gentleman of that name."

"Ah, well!" ſaid his Lordſhip, "but that was not the place to exhibit ſuch talents as his to the beſt advantage. How did he appear to you?"

"Very well for a partner," Miſs Paradyne replied, "he ſeemed ſenſible, and not deficient in politeneſs."

"He is," ſaid his Lordſhip, "of extraordinary good ſenſe, of a good family in the Weſt of England, and poſſeſſed of large fortune, acquired in the Eaſt; he has great political connections, and commands two boroughs. At a miniſterial dinner the other day, he gave Miſs Paradyne for his toaſt; and underſtanding I was her uncle, deſired to be particularly introduced to me. I had the ſatisfaction to find his ſentiments and my own very ſimilar. He was eloquent in your praiſe, Emilia, and ſaid it would complete his happineſs to be known to Lady Mary, and to be permitted to viſit here with hopes, provided, on better acquaintance, he ſhould prove agreeable to Lady Mary and yourſelf. What ſay you Emilia?"

"That

"That I am not in haſte to be married," anſwered Miſs Paradyne.

"That is no anſwer," ſaid Lady Mary. "I deſire, my Lord, you will act as you think proper. Emilia ought to be much obliged to you, for condeſcending to intereſt yourſelf about her. As to my approbation, that I know is little to be regarded."

"Dear Madam," ſaid Miſs Paradyne, "how can you ſuppoſe that?"

"How?" anſwered Lady Mary, "why from experience. There was Lord M's ſon, and Sir Charles Brandcote's; there was Mr. Jefferſon, and Mr. Clayton; I approved of theſe, what then? one was effeminate, one wanted underſtanding, another good nature, and another good manners; I was a fool; I ought to have forbid their addreſſes; then we ſhould have ſeen you upon the high road to Scotland long ago. There is not a mother in all England doats upon her children as I do, and not one that meets with ſo much contradiction and ingratitude.

Miſs Paradyne wept, and was ſilent.

Some days after, Lady Mary and Miſs Paradyne dined by invitation at Lord Auſchamp's. Several ſtrangers were preſent; one, a tall, thin, emaciated gentleman, about the middle age. He talked little, but that little was expreſſive. Though his look was ſickly, his eyes were keen and penetrating, with a ſmall degree of wildneſs in them. Miſs Paradyne almoſt ſtarted, when ſhe heard him addreſſed by the name of Birimport. A ſecond thought gave her the idea of its being the father or uncle of the gentleman ſhe had ſeen; and this idea made her bluſh. However, though this gentleman attended the ladies to coffee and ſtayed ſome time, he took no particular notice

tice of Miſs Paradyne. She even left Lord Aſtſchamp's without being undeceived; but found her error on the road, by Lady Mary's congratulations. "Your happineſs," ſays this lady to her daughter, "is as ſecure as any happineſs can be in this mortal life; a man of Mr. Birimport's fine ſenſe and fine fortune falls but to the lot of few."

Would to heaven I was not one of the few—Miſs Paradyne would have ſaid, if ſhe durſt have ſpoke;—but ſhe was ſurpriſed and embarraſſed. It occurred to her that ſhe had owned ſhe had ſeen a Mr. Birimport and had even ſpoke rather in his praiſe. If ſhe objected to this Mr. Birimport as a gentleman ſhe did not know, or did not like, it would follow that there was another Mr. Birimport whom ſhe did know, and perhaps did like; and ſhe by no means choſe to lay herſelf at the mercy of ſuch an interpreter as her mother.

It muſt be owned that Miſs Paradyne had indulged rather too much in the contemplation of the amiabilities of the Mr. Birimport of the Pantheon, and ſhe did not think the leſs of them for the fine ſenſe and fine fortune of the other; but another diſcovery, which ſhe made by chance in a converſation with her boſom friend, Miſs Hatley, rendered her almoſt indifferent as to the fooliſh things of this world, and conſequently acquieſcent to the will of her mother. It was nothing more than that the Mr. Birimport who had had the honour of taking her attention, was not of the ſame family with the other, and that he was a young man of ſmall fortune, which he was upon the point of meliorating by marriage with Miſs Perry, a city lady.

A few days after, when Miſs Paradyne went down to dinner, without any previous notice given

given her, ſhe found at the table Lord Auſchamp and Mr. Birimport. It was a ſmall party, and Miſs Paradyne had more leiſure to attend to Mr. Birimport. He talked more to-day. If his converſation had a fault, it ſeemed to be the peremptory tone of deciſion and importance.

After dinner Lord Auſchamp made one excuſe to withdraw, and Lady Mary another. Theſe were awful preparations to Miſs Paradyne. They frighted and vexed her. Love is never ſo welcome to young ladies, I preſume, as when it lies in their way, and they find it. Mr. Birimport however appeared perfectly cool and temperate; and without any of the timidities of love, addreſſed her thus:

"I preſume it has been hinted to you, Miſs Paradyne, that I did not wait upon Lady Mary to-day, merely to dine. I am at preſent too much occupied, to permit me to waſte time in the common courteſies of thoſe who have little to do. But the eſſential purpoſes of life and happineſs muſt be attended to. I ſaw you at the opera, and thought you beautiful; I enquired of you, and learned that wiſdom and good humour were more decidedly yours even than beauty. Since that hour, whenever I have thought of happineſs, your idea has always been joined with it.

"But you have happineſs to ſeek as well as myſelf, and it is poſſible it may be totally incompatible with the union I ſeek. I know it is preſumption in me to ſuppoſe that I have any thing to compenſate a too great diſparity of years, and an infirm conſtitution. But I have been taught that you have refuſed birth, rank and affluence, joined with accompliſhments to which I have no pretenſions. I have therefore

fore concluded you had a mind which reſted its happineſs on private virtue rather than public ſplendor."

Mr. Birimport ſtopped here and ſeemed to wait an anſwer.

Miſs Paradyne ſaid, "that the affectation, of trifling with a man like him would be preposterous; that ſhe would imitate his candour at leaſt, if ſhe could not his good ſenſe. She thought the marriage union required a more perfect knowledge of each other, than at preſent they could be ſuppoſed to have. That advanced years and growing infirmities were undoubtedly not recommendations, and poſſibly might prevent her ever being able to acquire thoſe ſentiments for him, which every woman ſhould feel for the man ſhe marries."

Mr. Birimport ſaid, "that an object like himſelf could not be ſuppoſed able to raiſe thoſe ſentiments, but by a thouſand delicate attentions which marriage would give him an opportunity of paying."

After a great many fine and pretty things of this nature had been ſaid on both ſides, Mr. Birimport found himſelf permitted to ſay them over again; which is, I believe, a conceſſion that every lover conſiders as much in his favour; ſo having rehearſed them a few times more, and Miſs Paradyne conceiving it better to be Mr. Birimport's wife than Lady Mary's daughter, gave a ſort of conſent which authoriſed the cuſtomary writings to be drawn; and as ſhe ſuppoſed they were now finiſhed, ſhe expected Mr. Birimport every day to claim his reward.

All that was neceſſary of this, Miſs Paradyne related to Sir George, who, embracing her

her tenderly, aſked, "if ſhe had found any reaſon to change her opinion of Mr. Birimport?"

"I cannot ſay I have," anſwered Miſs Paradyne; "Miſs Hatley indeed had heard he was ſubject to hypochondriacciſm; but it would be ſilly to expect perfect health in any man, either of mind or body."

"What then," Sir George aſked, "makes you uneaſy?"

"I am not abſolutely uneaſy, brother," Miſs Paradyne replied, "tho' I am not abſolutely content; what vexes me moſt is my mother's prohibition to make you acquainted with it."

"This," ſaid Sir George, "is aſtoniſhing; "what cauſe did ſhe aſſign?"

"Only," anſwered Miſs Paradyne, "that you were raſh and headſtrong; that you would interfere without any judgment; and perhaps undo what Lord Auſchamp and herſelf had done with united wiſdom."

"I am exceſſively obliged to my mother," ſaid Sir George, "and if my ſiſter deſires it, I will certainly confirm her prediction."

"No, dear brother," anſwered Miſs Paradyne, "I will not carry my caprices ſo far. Mr. Birimport has a right to expect I will fulfil my engagement, and I will fulfil it. All I aſk is my brother's conſoling affection."

"It is," ſaid Sir George, "entirely yours."

CHAP. XXXII.

LADY MARY had the condeſcenſion to join Sir George, Miſs Paradyne, and Mr. Lindſay at breakfaſt the next morning, when ſhe told Sir George ſhe expected company to dinner.

"Any

"Any of our neighbours, madam?" aſked Sir George.

"No;" Lady Mary anſwered, "Lord Auſchamp and a Mr. Birimport from town. He comes down to marry your ſiſter."

Mr. Lindſay was at this inſtant carrying a cup of coffee to his mouth. It is probable the abruptneſs of the information hurt his comprehenſion, the coffee ſcalded him ſo ſeverely that he dropt the cup.

Lady Mary was near dropping hers from anger. "This is really being monſtrous awkward," ſaid ſhe. "You have broke me a ſet that every body has admired; Count Tunſtein made me a preſent of it; it is the fineſt Dreſden, and cannot be matched in all London."

"I am very ſorry," ſaid Mr. Lindſay.

"What ſignifies being ſorry," ſaid Lady Mary; "when people come to other people's houſes, they ſhould learn how to behave."

"I go to learn," ſaid Mr. Lindſay, with a bow, and immediately retired.

Sir George made the moſt vigorous reſolutions to have no ſort of contention with his mother. One ſudden impulſe or other broke them. So it happened now. "Madam—" ſays he, riſing in diſorder, then ſtopped, ſat down, and covering his face with his handkerchief, gave way to a mingled maſs of emotion, formed of anger, ſorrow, filial duty, and fraternal love.

"I wonder," ſaid Lady Mary, "what I am to be madam'd for now? I ſuppoſe I muſt not ſpeak to that Lindſay, becauſe he is ſuch a favourite. He may well be a favourite; I dare ſay he does nothing but flatter you. He never opens his mouth to tell you any thing you do amiſs, I dare anſwer for him. And it is only becauſe I

give

give you good advice, that you hate me and croſs me in every thing, and bring a man into the houſe to mortify me and break my things."

"Heaven grant me patience!" ſaid Sir George.

"Why what's the matter now?" cried Lady Mary. "Heaven grant me patience, if you come to that; ſure I have need of it, when I muſt not ſpeak to my own children, but they fly into paſſions, as if the fault was mine, not theirs."

"Is it my fault," ſaid Sir George, "that my only ſiſter is engaged in marriage without my knowledge? is it my fault that my friend is treated like a ſchool boy, and driven from my houſe?"

"Why, as to the firſt," anſwered Lady Mary, "I wonder what buſineſs you have with it. She is my daughter, not yours. And for the other, I declare I think that man was born for nothing but to make miſchief; and I ſhan't be eaſy whilſt he is in the houſe."

"I beg you will be eaſy, madam," ſaid Sir George, "after this morning, our united families have not wherewith to bribe him to ſtay. And permit me to ſay, that as I am only made miſerable here, I muſt rid you of my preſence alſo. Emilia——one word with you in your dreſſing-room."

Miſs Paradyne overflowing in tears, gave Sir George her hand. Lady Mary became furious, and commanded her daughter not to ſtir from her preſence. Sir George gave her a tender kiſs, left the room, and in an hour the houſe, along with Mr. Lindſay.

As to Lady Mary, when calmneſs came, it was very near bringing penitence along with it; but penitence is only for faults; and the acknowledgement of this, even to herſelf, was

was too painful for Lady Mary to bear; ſo ſhe ordered her chariot, and drove to a few of her moſt familiar neighbours, juſt to complain that ſhe had the moſt undutiful ſon upon earth; that her daughter was going to be married, and ſhe was the unhappieſt of women. Whilſt ſhe was performing this agreeable exerciſe, Sir George and Mr. Lindſay taking leave of Mr. James Paradyne upon the road, were ſome miles upon their way to London.

CHAP. XXXIII.

IT is poſſible my fair readers may imagine, that the lovely Miſs Colerain has ſlipped out of Sir George's memory, or mine; for it is, I find, a ſort of maxim with the dear creatures, that a man in love does not perform the duties of his ſtation, unleſs he goes mad ſome way or other——upon diſappointment. Now Sir George Paradyne being in his perfect ſenſes, could not be in love.

I never ſaid he was, dear ladies; at leaſt, I never ſaid love was his ſole paſſion. As a man may love and be very hungry, he may love and be very proud. Probably this was Sir George's caſe. For there were times when he could not deny the poſſeſſion of his imagination to Miſs Colerain—eſpecially in the dark night—ſo friendly to love. Then it was ſhe ſeemed formed for the very direct purpoſe of making him happy; then he conſtantly debated the queſtion, whether ſolid happineſs was not better than empty fame. Then, he as conſtantly decided that it was—till day, and London, and Lindſay, introduced a contrary aſſociation of ideas.

And

And this is the prerogative of a man! always to oppoſe the ſhield of reaſon; a ſhield that defends him againſt the paſſions———like a bulruſh.

But whatſoever becomes of love, men, whilſt they are in their ſenſes, ſhould think of paying their debts Sir George did, and declared his intention of going to Southampton, to finiſh with Mr Merrick for Combor White Houſe.

Aſſociated with the idea of Combor White Houſe, was that of a row of cheſnuts, Miſs Colerain's favourite walk. Of a ſummer-houſe adorned with works of genius, works of Miſs Colerain's hand. Of a painting there, repreſenting a man ſuſpending his rural labour, and mute with aſtoniſhment and fear. Two men had juſt entered his cottage, ſent by the ſteward of the manor, to take an equivalent for rent. His wife was brought to bed of twins the evening before. They did not take her bed from under her—no—they did not; whatever elſe they could find they did take Miſs Colerain heard of this diſtreſs, and at that time, to hear and to relieve, was with this lady, the ſame thing. By her means, the man is now in poſſeſſion of a moderate farm, and always bleſſing his benefactreſs, lives in comfort and happineſs.

Is it a proof of love, dear ladies, that Sir George was ſeized with a deſire, almoſt to longing, of indulging himſelf with a ſight of thoſe inferior objects, which Miſs Colerain, now far diſtant, had endeared to him?

As Sir George was not an adept in the royal and noble arts of ſimulation and diſſimulation, the fluctuation of his mind, though not all his actions in conſequence of it, was well known to Mr. Lindſay. Now Mr. Lindſay thought more of

of Mr. Claverly than Miſs Colerain; but as he did not chuſe to aſſign this as a reaſon for Sir George's not going to Southampton, he found it neceſſary to have recourſe to arguments of a different kind; and againſt tender ſentiments, to ſupport the pride of wealth and family, from which Sir George was by no means exempt; nor perhaps any of the ſons of men. At length Mr. Lindſay conquered, and got himſelf ſubſtituted for Sir George, for the buſineſs at Southampton.

When he arrived there he found all things ready, and himſelf expected. Having ſettled the account, Mr. Merrick delivered him certain writings to ſign, and wiſhed him, as is cuſtomary, joy of the purchaſe.

"I thank you, ſir," Mr. Lindſay anſwered; "a friend's joy ought to be our own."

"But you are the immediate purchaſer," ſaid Merrick.

"Certainly not," replied Mr. Lindſay.

"You ſign as principal," ſaid Mr. Merrick; "your own name is every where inſerted inſtead of Sir George Paradyne's. To ſay the truth, our firſt inſtructions were to make the conveyance to Miſs Colerain. We did ſo; and we did it with ſorrow———for we were told it was the price of the lady's honour; we have ſince had reaſon to believe our information was ill founded. Ten days ſince we were favoured with Sir George's orders to ſubſtitute you for Miſs Colerain."

"I cannot accept it," ſays Mr. Lindſay, walking about in diſorder.

"That, ſir, is your affair, not mine," Mr. Merrick replied; "I own I do not ſee the impoſſibility. But I beg pardon, ſir, I don't preſume to offer my advice; both the gift and the refuſal being without a precedent in my office."

Mr.

Mr. Lindſay conſidered a moment, then ſigned, and took the road to Combor. The next morning he made a viſit to Miſs Carlill.

CHAP. XXXIV.

HE was received by this lady with a moſt ſullen civility; for ſhe imputed to him ſome part of Sir George Paradyne's ſentiments reſpecting her friend. Mr. Lindſay aſked, "if he had been ſo unfortunate as to offend?"

"Not in thy own perſon," Miſs Carlill anſwered, for ſhe always ſpoke what ſhe thought; "but I did not admire thy friend's converſation the laſt time I ſaw him."

"Of what nature was it?" Mr. Lindſay aſked.

"Of a licentious nature;" ſhe anſwered.

"I do not know," ſaid Mr. Lindſay, "that Sir George is guilty of a licentious action. But Miſs Carlill will ſcarce wonder he ſhould catch ſome portion of the prevailing ſentiment of the day."

"If ſentiment leads to action," ſaid Miſs Carlill, it would become thee to endeavour to prevent all that is improper."

"I hope I have ſo endeavoured," Mr. Lindſay replied.

"I wiſh thy ſucceſs had been greater," ſaid Miſs Carlill. "Once indeed I had a higher opinion of George Paradyne than of any man; and becauſe I had, I wiſhed him united to Cornelia Colerain."

"That union I thought improper," ſaid Mr. Lindſay.

"So

"So I ſuſpect," replied Miſs Carlill; "and perhaps it was owing principally to thee, it did not take place."

"I do not know that," ſaid Mr. Lindſay, "what influence I had, I own frankly I exerted againſt it"

"On the old ground of inequ[illegible], I ſuppoſe," ſaid Miſs Carlill.

"Partly that, partly his early age," replied Mr. Lindſay.

"If the world goes as I am told it does," ſaid Miſs Carlill, "thou would'ſt have done better not to have expoſed him ſo much to it. Cornelia Colerain would have formed him to virtue better than all thy philoſophy."

"I learn by this," ſaid Mr. Lindſay, "that Miſs Carlill has a great opinion of the influence of her ſex over ours; and a little one of the merit of divine philoſophy."

"Not a great one, I own," ſaid Miſs Carlill; "for I have never yet ſeen it govern any man. If it had that power, I alſo ſhould call it divine. In my mind, Cornelia Colerain would govern better than the paſſions."

As the converſation proceeded, Miſs Carlill's reſerve wore away; and Mr. Lindſay related to her his buſineſs at Southampton, and his ſurpriſe.

"Perhaps," ſaid Miſs Carlill, "thou wilt find a ſolution of that enigma in this copy of a letter, which Cornelia Colerain ſent through my hands to friend Paradyne:

SIR,

I have your favour incloſed by Miſs Carlill. In the offer you make me of Comber White Houſe and

and precincts, with fifty pounds, paid quarterly, I have no right to ſuppoſe you influenced by any motive but generoſity and compaſſion; eſpecially as you add a promiſe never to ſee me—if I ſo decree. But permit me to aſk you, Sir George, upon what pretence I can accept ſo liberal donation. You are not my relation. Our families were total ſtrangers to each other. No tie ſubſiſts between us, which could juſtify ſo glaring an indecorum. Even if it could be juſtified to the world, it could not to myſelf; and I think you will allow that ſelf approbation ought not to be bartered, even for a crown. I thank you therefore, gratefully and ſincerely. Farther than this I cannot go. To hear of Sir George Paradyne's happineſs will always add to that of his obliged humble ſervant,

CORNELIA COLERAIN."

"What doſt thou think of this?" aſked Miſs Carliſl.

Mr. Lindſay anſwered, "that it became Miſs Colerainſo to write."

CHAP. XXXV.

THE morning in which Mr. Lindſay left London, Sir George ſpent in reflection, not upon the things he ought, but upon thoſe he ought not. Weary of an internal civil war, he dreſſed and ſtrolled to a neighbouring coffee-houſe, where he met a Mr. Lake, with whom he had a ſlight acquaintance at Oxford. This gentleman was deſigned for the church; and being now in mourning, Sir George did not diſtinguiſh between

tween the canonicles of a young divine, and the elegant ſables of an heir. "So Jack," ſays he, "you have put on your clericles, I obſerve, you are ordained, no doubt."

"Yes," Mr. Lake anſwered, "heaven and my old grandmother be praiſed, I am ordained to be a gentleman. My mother's mother, Mrs. Fielding, a good old lady, in whom time and accident had concentred the greateſt part of the fortunes of her family, has been pleaſed to die, and leave me forty thouſand pounds, on condition of my taking the family name. So here I am—John Lake Fielding, Eſquire, at your ſervice."

"I wiſh you joy ſincerely," ſaid Sir George.

"I thank you," anſwered the other, "and faith I have it. A curacy of forty pounds per annum, is a ſplendid eſtabliſhment, no doubt; but a man may live altogether as well upon the ſolid baſis of forty thouſand. I had always this notion, and looked up to my grandmother with prodigious veneration, in conſequence of it. I have great obligation to my father for begetting me; it would be impious to deny it; in other reſpects, his paternity was null and void. He died, and left me for an inheritance my grandmother's love; without reflecting upon the changes and chances of this mortal life; and how poſſible it is for an old woman to think wiſely one day and fooliſhly another. Luckily the good old ſoul continued in poſſeſſion of wiſdom to her dying hour. How indeed ſhould ſhe do otherwiſe? I wrote her a weekly diſcourſe, in which I ſcattered ſundry ſmall pieces of greek and latin. My moſt abundant topic was the follies and vanities of this wicked world, and all the ſinful luſts of the fleſh; and the felicity of attaining a ſtate of wiſdom. How difficult this was to youth. How I had

known but one individual, wife early in life, and that a woman, good as wife. I took care alſo that, without writing her name under the picture, my dear grandmother ſhould not miſtake this woman good as wife. So much pains deſerved a reward. Whilſt living, ſhe paid alma mater for my milk; and died before an hundred. Heaven reſt her ſoul, ſhe was the wiſeſt, beſt of women."

"I think," ſays Sir George, "in your preſence her wiſdom cannot be decently denied; and to this ſad event it was owing, I ſuppoſe, that I have now the pleaſure to ſee you in town."

"No, Sir George," Mr. Fielding replied; "you owe it to my fraternal piety. My grandmother's will excited an unhappy mania in my elder brother; he did not think it according to the fitneſs of things, that he, the head of the family, ſhould have but five hundred a year, and I the tail of it fifteen hundred. So he modeſtly deſired me to give him ten thouſand pounds. I told him I durſt not preſume to be wiſer than my grandmother. So he ſent me a challenge; I, more addicted to love than war, ran piouſly hither."

This ſpecimen of John Lake Fielding's vivacity, happening to take Sir George's taſte, he demanded his friendſhip. The demand was granted, and he promiſed, at Sir George's intreaty, to dine with him that day in Groſvenor-ſquare.

At home, Sir George found an unexpected gueſt, Lady Mary juſt arived from Dennington. She deſired him not to be ſurpriſed, that the anger of a mother was but ſhort lived. She had reflected. Perhaps ſhe might have been wrong. No woman could be ſooner convinced of her errors. A little miſunderſtanding uſually happened in all families. That was no reaſon why a mother and ſon ſhould live ſeparate till he was married.

married. His houſe ought to be under the government of ſome prudent female, and ſhe knew none ſo proper as herſelf.

Now Sir George had himſelf often made this latter reflection, and had often ſighed to think Lady Mary's temper rendered her not this proper perſon; or that his own was not fitted to bear her provocations. The idea of variance with a mother was intolerable; and he would bear any thing, he could have borne to have lived with her on amicable terms.

Theſe being Sir George's ſentiments, he was rather ſurpriſed than diſpleaſed at Lady Mary's appearance in town. He received her therefore with much reſpect, and even thanked her for her condeſcention; her good humour roſe to its higheſt pitch; ſhe received Mr. Fielding very graciouſly, and they all dined together in great harmony.

But this apparent change in Lady Mar'y diſpoſition, did not proceed from her own heart, but from Lord Auſchamp's head. He came down to Dennington to honour the nuptials of his niece; and Lady Mary entertained him with bitter complaints of her ſon. He knew ſomething of his ſiſter's temper, and it was eaſy to perceive, even from her own account, that Sir George had been juſtly provoked.

Lord Auſchamp piqued himſelf, as every good politician does, upon being a manager of men; and he found that he ſucceeded beſt, not by telling them of their faults, but of their virtues. He told Lady Mary therefore, that ſhe was the beſt and ſo ndeſt of mothers; that he was certain, had it not been for Sir George's precipitance, ſhe would have conceded a little, rather than have ſuffered a breach. That it were much to be wiſh-

ed young people were more wiſe and docile, but that ſince they were not, it was the more incumbent upon wiſe parents to bear their follies, and ſhew them patiently the way to good. That he knew this was Lady Mary's own opinion, and that her actions would be always wiſe and prudent, if ſhe had time for reflection.

As to the wedding, all things had gone on pretty well; for Miſs Paradyne wept only in private. The bride and bridegroom proceeded to a ſeat of Mr. Birimport's in Wiltſhire; and were every day expected at their houſe in Portland-place.

CHAP. XXXVI.

TO keep Lady Mary at the higheſt pitch of good humour that was poſſible in nature, required only theſe few things: to eat, ſleep, and digeſt well, to live in the moſt ſuperb ſtyle, and to ſubject the wills of all about her to her own.

It was in the laſt article ſhe had found the principal obſtructions; ſervants would ſometimes preſume to ſwear they would not be ſlaves to pride and caprice; and even the gentle Emilia would ſometimes demur, and ſometimes pout.

Notwithſtanding Lord Auſchamp's excellent advice, and more excellent mode of giving it, as he could not adminiſter it every day, Lady Mary ſunk into her old habits, and ſaw plainer and plainer how wrong Sir George was, and the neceſſity of parental admonition. It was uſually adminiſtered at the hour of breakfaſt. One morning ſhe ſaw him diſpoſed to be unuſually penſive. Doubtleſs that was the propereſt diſpoſition of mind to benefit moſt by her labours. It was true, her peri-

ods

ods were waſted on the deſert air. Not that Sir George had obtained the uſeful power of hearing or not hearing, at will, but becauſe he was totally engroſſed by the remembrance of a viſion. It was of a female all in white, ſtanding before the door of Comber White Houſe which was ſhut againſt her, and which ſhe looked at with a pity moving eye; ſhe turned that eye upon Sir George, then again to the excluding door, and when he was going to addreſs her, vaniſhed like an angel.

Lady Mary had ſaid much, without obſerving Sir George's auditory nerves to be out of order, and had ſtill much to ſay, when Mr. Fielding called to invite Sir George to a walk. Politeneſs required that ſhe ſhould ſtop a minute to rehearſe the every day courteſies of good breeding; this done, Lady Mary reſumed her diſcourſe, not doubting they might benefit Mr. Fielding alſo. He, who had a certain humour of his own, appeared to liſten with the moſt reſpectful attention; and when Lady Mary ſeemed diſpoſed to conclude her admonitions, ſaid with a ſerious air, "he was ſorry, extremely ſorry, his friend had given occaſion for it, which he concluded muſt be the caſe, he ſaid, from his penitent air; otherwiſe he hoped to be the better for Lady Mary's documents as long as he lived. Many things which had fallen from her lips, might be put up in churches, in golden letters."

Sir George bluſhed, roſe up, and went out of the room. Lady Mary ſhook her head, and ſaid, "ſhe ſhould be a happy mother, if Sir George had been bleſſed with Mr. Fielding's docility and reverence for the precepts of wiſdom."

Mr. Fielding in return, owned "that he had never heard ſo good things from any of the heads of colleges in Oxford; nor were better to be found

in Tully's Offices, or even in Antonine's Meditations. That she had nothing to do but repeat them sufficiently often, and they could not possibly fail of persuasion." So saying he made his reverential bow, and went to join his friend.

His friend, instead of meeting him with the applause he expected, met him with rebuke. "Fielding, says he, "Lady Mary has foibles, but it can never be agreeable to me to see them exposed, and herself subjected to ridicule."

"Good," answered Fielding, "she has the honour to be your mother, to be sure; and having benefited the universe by bringing you into it, has a right to be exempted from all taxes the rest of her life."

"Dear Fielding," said Sir George, "I am content to be the butt of your satire in my own person, but spare me in that of my mother."

CHAP. XXXVII.

MR. Fielding's company was this morning less agreeable to Sir George than usual. They parted, and he fell again into contemplation of his vision of the night.——And have I, said he, given away that little paradise, so late Miss Colerain's? the furniture she occupied? the beds in which she slept? the ornaments with which she decorated that palace of sweets? her very picture? these were the texts, from which Sir George had the dexterity to deduce a mass of sermonic matter, as well calculated to grieve his heart, as any heart could wish.

Whilst he was thus delightfully disquieting himself, a chaise drove to the door with Mr. Lindsay.

ſay. The firſt perſon he ſaw belonging to the houſe was Lady Mary's footman. His inquiry was anſwered by the information of Lady Mary's arrival; ſo he ordered to drive to his old lodgings in Bloomſbury, which luckily were vacant. The impatient Sir George followed, with an intention to perſuade him to overlook Lady Mary's caprice, and reſide in Groſvenor-ſquare. Mr. Lindſay begged to decline it on two grounds; his own comfort; and what was of much greater importance, not to give Lady Mary ſo great a cauſe of loſing her temper. The argument was ſhort, for Sir George was ſoon convinced, and what is extraordinary in a young academician, acquieſcence followed conviction.

This point ſettled, Mr. Lindſay looked at Sir George with a certain look, and ſaid, "you have given me leave to point out to you an erroneous intention; will you have the goodneſs to bear my accuſing you of erroneous action? This parchment will bear witneſs againſt you. How could you, Sir George," continued he ſmiling, "put it out of your own power to oblige Miſs Colerain, if you ſhould ever find her diſpoſed to be obliged?"

"Becauſe," ſaid Sir George, "ſhe has rejected my kindneſs; twice rejected it."

"Reſpect her delicacy, Sir George," Mr. Lindſay replied; "attention to decorum is ſo proper, and ſo lovely in woman, that philoſophy itſelf can ſcarce condemn it, even when founded upon erroneousnotions."

"Your opinion of this lady ſeems changed," ſaid Sir George; "what has cauſed it?"

"No," anſwered Mr. Lindſay; "no, Sir George. I never ſaid any thing perſonal againſt her. It was againſt marriage I ſpoke. It is poſſi-

ble I might do you an injury by the advice I gave. But it is not given to man to ſee into futurity. I meant your benefit. As a woman, Miſs Colerain is one of the moſt amiable. As being without family or fortune, improper for you."

"I want not family or fortune," ſaid Sir George.

"No," Mr. Lindſay replied; "the world would chooſe to want them for you; and you have not yet reſolved to brave its opinions."

"Had you uſed no other arguments," ſaid Sir George, "it is poſſible I might have been more governed by inclination. You objected my youth, and ſtill more properly, my ignorance. Let us ſuppoſe now that I was ſeven years older and wiſer, ſhould you then object to my ſeeking my happineſs with Miſs Colerain?"

"Oh certainly no, Sir George," anſwered Mr. Lindſay, "affection that had borne the teſt of ſuch a time muſt be firm. Then alſo it would have the appearance of being, what indeed it would be, the reſult of mature deliberation. Now, it would be aſcribed to the impetuoſity of youth."

"Seven years," ſaid Sir George, ſmiling, "is an eternity to a lover."

"I will make you an abatement," anſwered Mr. Lindſay, returning his ſmile, "in favour of love—and Miſs Colerain."

"Say what you will, Lindſay,' ſaid Sir George, "you have certainly changed ſomething in your ſentiments concerning this lady."

"I always thought her moſt amiable," anſwered Mr. Lindſay. "I have had nothing more than a confirmation of that opinion. They have talked much of her of late. The ladies abuſe her, eſpecially the handſome and faſhionable. So proud, ſhe paid very little attention to the card parties

parties of the firſt families in Southampton. She was not a beauty neither, with all her pride; her forehead was too high, her noſe too concave, her fingers too long. For taſte in dreſs, ſhe had none, abſolutely none; always limping after the faſhion; neither in nor out. So far the ladies. The gentlemen joined the ladies in abuſing her for pride. It was true ſhe was a ſweet pretty girl; and there was ſo much neatneſs and propriety about her, that whether in faſhion or out, ſhe always ſeemed the beſt dreſſed lady in company. But d——n her pride, ſhe behaved to men as if ſhe thought no man worthy of her."

"The whole ſecret," ſays Sir John Avery, a reſpectable old gentleman with whom I dined at Merrick's, "is this: Miſs Colerain had the moſt active mind, Mr. Lindſay, you ever knew in woman, and was ſeldom pleaſed or ſatisfied, but when ſhe was doing ſomething with this mind, or for it; always advancing in ſome art or ſcience, ſhe was not at her eaſe in the act of doing ——nothing. How ſhould the ladies like her?"

"Upon my ſoul, Sir George," continued Mr. Lindſay, "I ſhould bluſh internally at the thoughts of becoming poſſeſſed by law, of Miſs Colerain's right, by equity. And what ſhould I do with it? I cannot occupy it; and poverty itſelf ſhould not make me ſell it, whilſt I know Miſs Colerain, wandering, unſettled, and diſtreſſed."

"Well," ſaid Sir George, with a moiſtened eye that beamed gratitude upon Lindſay; "I own I have been a penitent in this particular ever ſince your departure. Theſe deeds you ſhall cançel, and Merrick ſhall make the conveyance to me. Then let us ſee what power leſs than Miſs Colerain's can take theſe favoured premiſes from me."

In return, Sir George preſented Mr. Lindſay with a deed of two hundred and fifty pounds per annum for his life.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

MR. and Mrs. Birimport arrived in town. With this beloved ſiſter, Sir George ſpent many of his hours. He looked often and attentively at her, to ſee if he could find happineſs in her eyes. He did not find poſitive miſery there, nor did he chuſe to aſk queſtions, which might eventually produce it. As to Mr. Birimport, he was almoſt inacceſſible.

Lady Mary Paradyne, as ſhe had loſt many of the moſt valuable years of her life, by living in the country, was determined to make herſelf all poſſible amends. One porter was ſcarce ſufficient to receive, and two footmen to deliver, thoſe important cards and meſſages by which the eſſential buſineſs of greatneſs is conducted. It might have been hoped that ſo much agreeable occupation would have left no room in a lady's mind, for regular and ſyſtematic ill-humour. Every man, whoſe education has not been very ill conducted, has learned to bear the little agreeable aſperities of the gentle ſex, not merely as a neceſſary evil, but as a variety, vaſtly conducive to female embelliſhment, and conſequently to man's felicity. But Lady Mary's aſperities were not theſe evaneſcent things; nor could Sir George, though aſſiſted by Lindſay and Seneca, learn to bear them. It was more eaſy to learn to avoid. In conſequence, he was ſeldom at Groſvenor-ſquare, except from twelve at night to twelve at noon;

noon; and Lady Mary, foud of repoſe, would ſcarcely give herſelf the trouble to riſe ſo early, more than once or twice a week, for the edification of an ungrateful ſon.

How young gentlemen ſpend that time in London, which mothers do not ſuperintend, my fair readers may know as well as myſelf. To taſte, betwixt one and two P. M. the fragrant breath of incenſe breathing morn—to admire with connoiſeural eyes, pictures at an exhibition, or old china at an auction, to lounge in the coffee-houſe, to loiter at the bookſellers, to triſle at the toilette of ſome ſweet Pariſatis, to dreſs, to dine, to ſee the ladies at an opera, or the ladies in————; theſe things fill up the void of time, till the hours of buſineſs at Brooks's arrive——thoſe charming hours, when dignity takes its nap, when love and ambition ceaſe, when the ſoul is alive to nothing but the animating joys of thouſands loſt or won.

But it happens to ſome young gentlemen, to pick up in the courſe of their education, certain moral and rectitudinal notions, which they cannot diveſt themſelves of all at once. Some little time is required to change, even good habits into bad; ſo that I hope it will form no violent contempt of Sir George's faculties, if it ſhall appear, that he did not, in one winter, learn all the univerſity of London can teach; though I own, no univerſity brings forward its genteel pupils with more facility.

One morning lady Mary having requeſted, by a note, Sir George's company at her breakfaſt table, inſtead of honouring him with admonition as he had expected, ſurpriſed him with the agreeable account that his uncle, Lord Auſchamp, would do him the honour to dine with him that day. Lady Anne

Anne Brixworth would be of the party, and a few more ladies and gentlemen, not more than twenty at the utmoſt, for I know my dear, ſaid ſhe, you don't love crowded dinners.

Lady Anne Brixworth was an heireſs, and having received an heireſs's education, was, I ſuppoſe, what every lady of quality aſpires to be—a ſparkler. Few ladies could boaſt ſuperior talents. What ſhe wanted in wit, ſhe compenſated by vivacity; and if her judgment was not of the moſt ſolid kind, ſhe had very white teeth, and the prettieſt pouting lip that could be deſired. Her range of ideas too was as great as that of the generality of people of quality, who are not under the neceſſity of ſtudying any thing but trifles; and how to give theſe trifles a brilliancy and diſtinction, which may make them paſs in the world for things of the very firſt impportance; a point in which they ſucceed very well.

For the reſt, Lady Ann was not a beauty, and it was well. She had a competent proportion of vanity without that addition. She had danced a minuet with one of the princes of the blood. She had been noticed by the king and queen. Since when, the royal family was the charming topic of her eloquence.

The dinner was well conducted; for Sir George had a good cook, and Lady Mary, doing the honours of a genteel table, was perfectly in her element. Very wiſe obſervations were made, both concerning French wines, French ſauces, and French cambrics. After dinner Lady Ann Brixworth took the lead; and having obſerved that the count palatine of C— was a well-looking man for a foreigner; that a ſtar was a charming ornament; and that the duke of

of Orleans danced in a princely manner, ſhe made a tranſition to love; and thoſe who were not acquainted with the recent intrigues of the beau monde, became ſo now, in the moſt agreeable manner. Every one ſeemed pleaſed, every one paid a tribute of applauſe to the vivacious Lady Ann, except Sir George Paradyne. He, unfortunately, had ſtumbled into a reverie, occaſioned by a compariſon of Lady Ann Brixworth, the heireſs, the ornament of the beau monde, with Miſs Colerain. Lady Ann was piqued; and as titled beauties uſually aſſume what privilege of language they think proper, ſhe ſaid to Lady Mary Paradyne, in an audible whiſper, "how philoſophic Sir George is to-day, Lady Mary? how judiciouſly he has choſen his time and place for meditation?"

"Sir George bowed, and thanked Lady Ann for her particular notice."

Oh," ſhe anſwered, "it is not a diſtinction in your favour."

"To be any how diſtinguiſhed by Lady Ann Brixworth," Sir George replied, "is an honour."

"Why you creature you," ſaid Lady Ann, "I was told you had your firſt eſſay in compliment to make. If this be it, you will make a figure in time. But what is the cauſe one hears ſo ſeldom of you in the ton?"

"It is," Sir George replied, "becauſe I am at preſent only in my A, B, C, and for firſt elements, one does not require ſuch eminent maſters as Lady Ann Brixworth."

"Oh," Lady Ann anſwered, "ſome of our beaux muſt hide their heads, when you come to your primmer."

"With ſuch a preceptreſs, I ſhould take my learning very faſt," ſaid Sir George.

"And

"And I," anſwered Lady Ann, "ſhould be delighted with ſuch a pupil."

The conſequence of this was, that Sir George found himſelf inſenſibly engaged to make one in her ladyſhip's train.

CHAP. XXXIX.

WHEN the company roſe to form their card parties, Lord Auſchamp, whoſe time was too precious to be ſo ſpent, deſired, before his chariot drew up, half an hour's converſation with Sir George in his library; where, when they were ſeated, Lord Auſchamp began gravely thus:

"Hitherto, Sir George, I have found it difficult to make you conceive, that I had a more material intereſt in you than mere conſanguinity can give. You have rather ſhunned me as an enemy, than courted me as a friend; but I wiſh not to revive a grievance, or ſay any thing the leaſt diſagreeable, I only wiſh you would obſerve, that your ſucceeding to my coronet is not an improbable circumſtance. Both Lord Willingcourt and the Colonel are devoted to the bottle. I ſcarcely expect the firſt will be able to compleat the grand tour; and there is great feebleneſs in the Colonel's conſtitution. For theſe reaſons, I cannot help conſidering you ſometimes as the probable heir to my eſtate and title, and am therefore the more ſolicitous you ſhould enter the political world under my auſpice."

Sir George imagined he ſaw ſomething concerted and artful in this preamble, and did not doubt but Lord Auſchamp's view was perſonal or political intereſt of ſome ſort or other. He was therefore ſomething prejudiced againſt any propoſition, and

and determined to be upon his guard. He anſwered, "that if he entered the political world at all, it muſt be under no man's auſpice. He begged his Lordſhip would excuſe him in this particular; but he was fixed in the reſolution of never engaging in political concerns at all; or with perfect freedom of judgment and of action."

"Very well," Lord Auſchamp anſwered, "you will ſee your error one day, but no more of that. How do you like Lady Ann Brixworth?"

Sir George, a little ſtruck by the abrupt oddity of the queſtion, replied, "why I don't know, my Lord; very well I believe."

"She is a charming woman, and univerſally admired. You know I was one of her guardians. Her fortune paſſes for one hundred and ſixty thouſand pounds, but in reality is not more than one hundred and forty thouſand. I had many ſolicitations for liberty of addreſſing her. I kept them away by management; for to ſay the truth, I thought of her for Lord Willingcourt. She is paſt twenty-one, and ſays ſhe will not marry before twenty-five. I fancy, Sir George, by the help of my influence, you might perſuade her to break that reſolution."

Sir George thanked his uncle, and ſaid, "he found in himſelf no inclination at preſent to marry. He did not wiſh to depreciate Lady Ann's merit. At preſent he had not perceived in her that ſort of merit to which he was moſt attached; and as he did not want fortune, fortune would be no allurement."

"Young men," Lord Auſchamp ſaid, "think they diſplay a mighty gallant ſpirit of diſintereſtedneſs, by pretending to deſpiſe money. For his part, he thought, a man who knew its uſe, could never have

have too much. His own fortune was too much confined for the ſupport of his rank and importance. Very often he had found the inconvenience of it. Indeed he had been obliged by ſome great occaſions to dip conſiderably. Nay, he was at that very time under the neceſſity of taking up ten thouſand pounds. He had mentioned this to his ſiſter, who ſaid, ſhe believed Sir George had it in his power to ſerve him."

"Sir George replied "he had, and would order that ſum to be ſold out of the funds whenever Lord Auſchamp pleaſed.

"My dear nephew," ſaid Lord Auſchamp, preſſing his hand; I knew you would not refuſe me. Indeed I don't believe there is that thing in my power, which I could refuſe you. Apropos, Mr. B. is dead; one of your members for the borough of Niitown. We had intelligence this morning. If you don't ſtand yourſelf, do me the favour to permit me the next nomination."

"I do not underſtand," replied Sir George, "why you ſhould aſk that as a favour, which under a certain qualification, is the right of all his Majeſty's ſubjects, peers excepted."

"But," ſays Lord Auſchamp, "a ſimple qualification is not ſufficient. He ought to have an intereſt with his conſtituents.

"I think he ought, my Lord," anſwered Sir George.

"This intereſt," ſaid Lord Auſchamp, "you can ſupply."

"I have indeed," ſaid Sir George, "much of the property in that borough, but certainly the votes of the inhabitants are not included in it"

"Sir George," ſaid Lord Auſchamp, "it is not worth your while to ſet up for a virtue the times

times will not bear. The price of your borough, if you chuſe to ſell it, would be four times the value of your property in it."

"I ſhall never make it an object of venality, my Lord," ſaid Sir George.

"I have known," anſwered Lord Auſchamp, "many young ſtateſmen profeſs this inflexibility of public virtue; not one who did not change it."

"I am ſorry for it," ſaid Sir George, "and wiſh great men better minds."

"Did your Greeks and your Romans," reſumed Lord Auſchamp, "who ſaid theſe fine things, practiſe them?"

"Once they did," Sir George anſwered.

"I wiſh," ſaid Lord Auſchamp, rather peeviſhly, "I wiſh, Sir George, you would be content to take the world as it is."

"I muſt, my Lord," Sir George anſwered.

"Then," ſaid Lord Auſchamp, "you will oblige me in what I aſk?"

"Never, my Lord," anſwered Sir George, with emphaſis that marked his diſpleaſure at the requeſt, "you ſee me ready to accommodate your Lordſhip with what is my own. The free votes of my fellow citizens are not my own."

"Upon honour," ſaid Lord Auſchamp, correcting a little emotion of anger, you are an inflexible young man. Well,—remember the other point, and do not forget Lady Ann Brixworth; ſo good even.

"Good even, my Lord."

CHAP.

CHAP. XL.

THE oſtenſible miſtreſs of the houſe in which Lady Ann Brixworth reſided, was a Mrs. Harcourt, widow of a younger brother of family, who, to a ſmall patrimony, having added a place under government, of two thouſand pounds a year, with perquiſites, made a hard ſhift to live.

Mr. Harcourt died, leaving one ſon, a lieutenant in a regiment of foot. His widow, reduced to a revenue of three hundred pounds per annum, managed to live in London with great virtue and diſcretion, about two years, when ſhe found herſelf inſenſibly a thouſand pounds in debt, without being able to conceive the poſſibility of ſuch an event.

Juſt at this time Lady Ann Brixworth arrived at twenty-one. She had been placed by her guardians in a reſpectable family who reſided chiefly in the country, but uſually came to London three months in winter, to partake of its diverſions moderately.

Lady Ann had no taſte for moderation. A ſuperficial education, and early flattery, had given her but one paſſion, that of vanity. No ſooner miſtreſs of herſelf and fortune, than ſhe ſought a more abundant gratification of this than a ſober family allowed. Mrs. Harcourt was a diſtant relation. Lady Ann viſited her when in town, admired her freer manners, and longed to imitate them. She knew her diſtreſſes and relieved them; propoſed an aſſociation of pure friendſhip; and finally ſettled herſelf in a large houſe in Cavendiſh-ſquare, under Mrs. Harcourt's auſpicious protection.

tion. Here were assembled all the innocent pleasures of the ton — dress, cards, and scandal. Under the rank of a countess, scarce any lady could boast of more crowded routs than Mrs. Harcourt; and no lady could boast more conquests than Lady Ann Brixworth.

Lady Ann was not an idiot; very far from it. She had to be sure some of the greatest disappointments in life, as all ladies have. Her gens de mode would sometimes rack her with their horrid want of taste. There were some times when her frizeur was no better than a blockhead Englishman. Her down bed was sometimes suspected of being made up of mere gooses feathers. She herself was apt to be taken, in the morning, with a most distressing languor; and her mirror, in a morning also, had the unpoliteness to reflect an image, so unlike that of the preceding evening, she could scarce recognize it for her own.

These poisons of the felicity of the great excepted, and a few, perhaps, which might arise from envy, or a little uncharitableness, Lady Ann was happy enough. All that she much desired, she had. Love, the refined love of the poets and sentimentalists, she knew nothing of. She was a lady in her own right. It was scarce in the possibility that marriage should enlarge her enjoyments; it was much more probable it might diminish or control them.

So at present thought Lady Ann; and Mrs. Harcourt, who knew well the value of such a way of thinking, endeavoured to strengthen it by frequent conversation; railed at the laws for giving such unreasonable power to man, and collected stories of all the morose husbands and poor distressed wives within the bills of mortality.

Such

Such was the enviable ſituation of Lady Ann Brixworth, when Sir George Paradyne inliſted himſelf in her train; and ſoon acquired a diſtinguiſhed preference over his rivals in gallantry. To him was now given the honour of her hand to the chariot, and a ſeat next herſelf in the box; but the moſt enviable of all his diſtinctions, was admiſſion to the early part of her toilette, before ſhe was viſible to the admiring world.

This partiality on the ſide of the fair lady, and ſome little aſſiduity on the part of the gentleman, produced the uſual effects. It began to be clear that the reign of gallantry was near its cloſe, and that Sir George was the happy man. The newſpapers ventured to announce it to the univerſe; and Sir George received the congratulations of Lord Auſchamp, and ſomething of the ſame nature from Lady Mary; but accompanied with a ſtately remonſtrance for the manifeſt omiſſion of filial duty, in entering into ſo important an engagement without her conſent.

Lady Ann herſelf had not the leaſt doubt but her conqueſt was compleat. Her only debate was whether ſhe ſhould give up her darling liberty, even to the amiable Sir George Paradyne. It was indeed true, that Sir George had not yet actually made the eſſential declaration; but it was becauſe love, true love, was timid; and timidity ſtill made a part of Sir George's character. About this, ſhe gave herſelf no pain. All that oppoſed her growing inclination, were vanity, and Mrs. Harcourt.

To Sir George, it were captivating, no doubt, to carry away a prize diſputed by coronets. What young man could reſiſt ſuch a gratification of his vanity? For the reſt, the more he appreciated the merits of Lady Ann Brixworth, the leſs he was

inclined

inclined to enter with her into any ties, but thoſe of gallantry. Compariſons would enter his head, even when he was little diſpoſed to make them; and Miſs Colerain only roſe the higher in Sir George's ſcale of eſtimation, the oftener theſe compariſons were made.

Amongſt Sir George's rivals we muſt reckon Count Colliano of Turin, and the marquis de Valine in Dauphine. Not that they could form to themſelves any probability of ſucceſs in ſuch a ſuit, but not having in their own countries fortunes ſuitable to their titles, they thought it better to travel, and diſpoſe themſelves to receive the favours of fortune in any place, or in any form. Men of infinite courage, they would have fought for Lady Ann from the Rhone to the Po; but their buſineſs in England depending upon their politeneſs, they did not chuſe to offend any man, much more a man of Sir George's importance. I muſt indeed, do juſtice to their courteous humanity; they were always readier to play than fight. In this humour they were liberally indulged at Mrs. Harcourt's, and together with Sir George and Lieutenant Harcourt, a gay careleſs lad, with a blunt humorous oddity about him, conſtituted that ſet of familiar viſitants, in whoſe favour, the ceremonies which keep the polite world at ſuch a well bred diſtance, were diſpenſed with.

The free and odd good humour of the young lieutenant, was extremely pleaſing to Sir George Paradyne. An intimacy commenced betwixt them, which might be called a friendſhip; not ſo ſtrong as that of Pylades and Oreſtes, but pretty well conſidering times.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLI.

FOR my part, ſays the Count one day, when theſe four gentlemen were en famille with Lady Ann and Mrs. Harcourt, it was in anſwer to a humane ſentiment which had fallen from Sir George; "For my part, I do not know why ſo much ſenſibility ſhould be laviſhed upon the Canaille. The common herd want nothing more than mere animal gratification."

"If they are ſatisfied with that," ſaid Sir George, "it is pity no government will contrive they ſhould have it with rather leſs labour, and in ſomething greater abundance."

"It is abſolutely neceſſary," the Marquis obſerved, "that the greater part of mankind ſhould labour; or how ſhould the finer ſpirits invent and enjoy all the arts of elegance."

"The finer ſpirits, according to your theſis, Monſieur le Marquis," ſaid Sir George, "muſt be all thoſe who happen to be born to affluence."

"Sans doute," the Marquis replied, "religion teaches us that heaven has its elect, upon whom it ſhowers down all earthly bleſſings. If I happen to be one of theſe ſelect, ought I not to enjoy the bounties of heaven. My Chateau is upon the fineſt ſpot in all Dauphine; the fineſt province in the world; upon the banks of the Rhone, the grandeſt river in the univerſe. My hills are covered with vines, my paſtures with flocks, the golden grain waves through the whole extent of my domains. On the one hand I have Lyons, famous for its labours to adorn beauty, on the other Marſeilles, where

where a thouſand veſſels pour out the wealth of the Eaſt. What then? is it incumbent upon me to take care that my horſes, cows, hogs, and peaſants ſhould fare as well as myſelf?"

"By no means," ſaid the Lieutenant; "humanity is an accidental circumſtance in a man's diſpoſition, perfectly natural, and not too frequent. It is not incumbent upon any man to have it, but it is, to have the fineſt chateau in the univerſe, if he can get it. Yours is in Gaſcony, you ſay?"

"Pardonnez moi, Monſieur Harcourt," ſaid the Marquis;" "no, in Dauphine."

"Indeed!" ſaid the Lieutenant; "nay, I own my want of geography. I thought all this ſort of French chateaus had been in Gaſcony."

The Marquis did not bluſh, nor attempt to put himſelf in a paſſion at this groſs miſtake of the Lieutenant's, which many a man would have done, nor was he in haſte to anſwer; ſo that it gave the Count time to ſlip in, and perform the Italian gaſconade, which he did very much to the ſatisfaction of the ladies.

He allowed that the Marquis's chateau was raviſhingly beautiful; but for the grand and majeſtic, he muſt beg leave to prefer his houſe upon St. Salvadore's Hill. Turin to the North, Genoa to the Eaſt, and the Mediterranean to the South. What mortal eye ever ſaw ſuch a ſituation, pour la beaute pittoreſque!

The Count and the Marquis thus proceeded to praiſe their reſpective countries, their chateaus, each other, and themſelves. Mrs. Harcourt expreſſed her admiration by declaring, "that were ſhe young and rich, ſhe ſhould of all things like to travel and ſee ſuch charming places."

"So,"

"So," ſaid the Lieutenant, "ſhould I——if they were to be ſeen."

"Sir," ſays the Marquis.

"Sir," ſays the Count.

"A little of the embelliſhment," cries the lieutenant, "muſt be allowed to travellers, and a little more for lovers."

"It is well, Monſieur le Capitain," ſaid the Marquis; I imagined you thought proper to queſtion the exiſtence of my chateau in Dauphine."

"Oh no," replied the Lieutenant, "I could not poſſibly be ſo unpolite; could I, Lady Ann?"

"You can be careleſs, Harcourt," Lady Ann anſwered.

"And cannot you, my dear Lady Ann?" aſked the Lieutenant. "Not, continued he, that I deſire to abridge the privileges of the rich and fair; and their's it has been, ever ſince I can remember, to be careleſs not only of what they ſay themſelves, but of what others ſay of them."

Lady Ann gave her head the quality toſs.

"Are there human beings," aſked the Count, "who can ſpeak of Lady Ann Brixworth, but in terms of approbation?"

"If I knew any ſuch!" ſaid the Marquis.

"People may be careleſs of what they ſay ſometimes," ſaid Harcourt.

"Will you, in your cenſorial gravity," ſaid Lady Ann, "be pleaſed to inform me what they ſay, or rather what you ſay for them?"

"Me, Lady Ann! this accuſation of me, your devoted ſlave! how could you, dear Lady Ann, ſay any thing ſo immenſely cruel. Me who have adored you openly for many months, and ſighed in ſecret for years; me, whom cruel love has waſted to ſkin and bone! Dear Lady Ann when will you put an end to my torments?"

"Imper-

"Impertinent!" ſaid Lady Ann.

"Oh! but I know not whether impertinent means next week or next month; however, I am devoted to your will, and ready whenever you pleaſe to call."

"Stay till then," anſwered ſhe.

"Yes, Lady Ann; but for pity's ſake don't let it be long. Think what happineſs you are preparing for me and yourſelf by ſo judicious a choice. Delays are dangerous; young men volatile. Where can you expect to meet with another lover like me?" one that would indulge you ſo readily in all your pious wiſhes. Your two hundred thouſand pounds, added to my three and ſix-pence a-day, will provide us with all the decent comforts of life. The pomps and vanities of this wicked world, I know you deſpiſe as I do: I know how you pant after piety, and wiſh to exchange your cards for prayer-books. I am not a man to refuſe you the indulgence of ſuch reaſonable wiſhes."

"I wiſh, Charles," ſaid Mrs. Harcourt, "you would not indulge yourſelf in ſuch wild unprofitable talk."

The Lieutenant had taken out his watch. "I make it an abſolute point to obey you madam," ſaid he, riſing. "But dear Lady Ann, let the words you have this day heard be engrafted in your heart; and ſo adieu, adieu, adieu."

As Sir George had an apointment this morning, he roſe alſo, and taking leave, went out with the young officer; to whom he ſaid, "you ſurpriſed me tod-ay, Harcourt. Is it that you diſlike the Count and Marquis, that you have made this attack upon them to-day?"

"I had not much reverence for them, I own," ſaid the Lieutenant, "and this morning's rhodomontade has not ſerved to increaſe it."

"Oh! forgive them this little fault," ſaid Sir George, "they are men of politeneſs, and not deficient in underſtanding. But perhaps you conſider them as lovers. You are not afraid either of them ſhould carry off Lady Ann?"

"I know, I think," ſaid the Lieutenant, "one who has it in her power to prevent it. May I take the liberty to aſk you a queſtion, Sir George?"

"I am rather offended that you aſk that liberty," anſwered Sir George.

"We are friends, I hope."

"It is," replied the Lieutenant, "my pride to think ſo. Has Lady Ann attached your heart?"

"No, Harcourt," anſwered Sir George.

"Do you deſign her your hand?" aſked the other.

"I have no ſuch deſign," replied Sir George.

"You are here then purely for amuſement?" ſaid the Lieutenant.

"Purely," Sir George anſwered; "one muſt be ſomewhere."

"I own," ſaid Harcourt, "I do not admire the academy, though my mother is profeſſor. You play; may I aſk with what ſucceſs?"

"One would not win money of ladies," ſaid Sir George, "that would not be to make one's ſelf agreeable; and as to the foreigners, I own they are much my ſuperiors."

"I dare ſay they are," ſaid Harcourt, have you loſt much?"

"Not above a thouſand or ſo," Sir George replied.

"A thouſand! ah, Sir George!" exclaimed the officer.

"Why yes, Lindſay has been at his ahs too," ſaid Sir George. "To ſay truth, I am not well pleaſed with myſelf. I hoped I ſhould have deteſted

teſted gaming. I think I ſhould have reſiſted all temptations from man. Fielding who has the rage, has never been able to ſeduce my virtue; but woman,——lovely woman.——

"Ah," ſaid Harcourt, "beware of men, and eſpecially of Counts and Marquiſſes, who have ſplendid chateaus. Be cautious, and forgive my impertinence."

CHAP. XLII.

SIR GEORGE's appointment was to meet a Mr. Sampſon at Mr. Birimport's. He had taken ſome pains to cultivate the friendſhip of his ſiſter's huſband; but Mr. Birimport was generally inacceſſible. Never ſeen at any of the theatres, at any coffee-houſe, or any route. This Sir George attributed to buſineſs, to a ſoul ſuperior to the arts of trifling, and capable of drawing amuſements from its own fund. But Mrs. Birimport was become a recluſe alſo; and for this Sir George could not account.

Friday morning was a kind of levee day with Mr Birimport, when he condeſcended to be viſible to his moſt intimate friends for one hour. Some weeks before Sir George had happened to be preſent at one of theſe hours; when this Mr. Sampſon ſpoke with ſome acrimony, not only againſt Mr. Haſtings, but againſt the whole ſyſtem of Eaſt India corruption.

Mr. Birimport, who chanced to be in one of his talking humours, ſaid, it was now no longer neceſſary to have been in India, to be thoroughly acquainted with its accumulated miſeries. The orators of the Houſe of Commons have furniſhed a copious

ſupply to our coffee-houſes and taverns; all reſound with complaints of peculation unnoticed, and inhumanity uncurbed. I, who have been upon the ſpot, ſee with different eyes. To me, this ferocious delinquent, now at the bar of the Lords, appears to have received from heaven an uncommon portion of wiſdom, and to have uſed it politically for the ſervice of his country; and as far as his influence extended, benevolently for the ſervice of mankind. I have known his cares, watchings, ſolicitudes; I have known his magnanimity, and I have ſaid, "certainly this man has ſupernatural powers."

"But," ſay his enemies, "the people are oppreſſed." Yes, with eaſe, plenty and indulgence. "He murdered Nundcomar." Yes, by law. "His crimes were as black as his hue; a money-griping raſcal, who betrayed his friends, and, for half a lack of rupees, would have betrayed himſelf."

"What a coil," continued Mr. Birimport, "they kept about the Begums; fooliſh and vain women, always deſirous to raiſe diſturbances; and pulling, like the reſt of their ſilly ſex, when they found themſelves perfectly inconſequential."

Sir George ſtole a glance at his ſiſter, who did not appear to notice this polite compliment.

"And," Mr. Birimport continued, "they rail at Haſtings for taking bribes; as if it was incongruous in the nature of things, to receive a reward for performing a ſervice. Are bribes and recompences then the ſame things? let them look round in their own aſſembly; there are amongſt them, I apprehend, men who know the intrinſic difference.

"But Mr. Haſtings was diſobedient to the orders of the directors. The devil muſt have been in

in him, if he was not. One ſhip orders him to the right, another to the left. Their public letters all ſermonics, preaching over the ten commandments. The private, Euge, well done, thou good and faithful ſervant; enter thou into the joys of thy lords."

This harangue Mr. Sampſon anſwered with a ſmile, and riſing to go; the reſt of the company alſo roſe and took leave. Sir George ſaid to Mr. Sampſon as they walked, "Mr. Birimport has been quite eloquent this morning; and is, I perceive, a moſt determined ſupporter of Mr. Haſtings."

"He is not always loquacious," ſaid Mr. Sampſon, "nor always a defender of this gentleman. If I ſhould meet you there again, Sir George, it may be in my power to ſhew him you as the accuſer of Mr. Haſtings, and the declaimer againſt Indian politics."

Since this time Sir George had always taken a very polite notice of Mr. Sampſon, and they had agreed to meet at Mr. Birimport's this morning, and to dine together in Groſvenor-ſquare.

A gentleman preſent, at Mr. Sampſon's private requeſt, began an harangue in praiſe of Mr. Haſtings, of whom he made a demi-god; to abuſe the managers of the houſe of commons, came in courſe; and he concluded by drawing a flattering picture of India proſperity, and the ſuperior happineſs of the inhabitants under our government, compared with that under the native princes.

If Sir George thought Mr. Birimport eloquent before, he thought him more ſo now. Whether panegyric be a leſs potent ſubject for oratory than ſatire; or whether theſe were his true ſentiments, —— this gentleman was now warm animated, and pathetic: he painted Mr. Haſtings, delinquen-

cy in the blackeſt colours; drew the wretched condition of the natives under our government; did not ſpare the directors; and had very little complaiſance for the board of controul.

Lady Mary happened to dine out, and as Sir George had no other company, he had opportunity to make what enquiries he thought proper of Mr. Sampſon, reſpecting his brother-in-law.

"I am ſorry," ſaid he, "to ſee Mr. Birimport ſo immerſed in buſineſs. He has no time for friendſhip and ſocial enjoyment.

Mr. Sampſon replied, "That it would be more proper to ſay, he had no taſte for them. His firſt paſſion is to be a man of importance. His neceſſary buſineſs lies now in ſmall compaſs; his humour is to be thought to have a great deal."

"A man of his good ſenſe," ſaid Sir George, "might keep up his importance, and probably encreaſe it, by mixing more with mankind."

"That I do not know," Mr. Sampſon anſwered: he has good ſenſe, no doubt; but has not variety of knowledge. In the Eaſt he acquired more things than money. A habit of command, which he can ſcarce remember to lay aſide when ſpeaking to free people. An overbearing pride, which renders it neceſſary to his own happineſs, to be always the dictator of the company. ——It is, perhaps, to ſome little affronts he has received, on account of too magiſterial a behaviour, that his inacceſſibility is owing. He muſt domineer ſome where. Engliſhmen will not let him do it abroad; ſo he ſtays at home to indulge himſelf in this humour."

Sir George trembled for his ſiſter. "I ſuppoſe then," ſaid he, "his domeſtics have not the eaſieſt of lives with him."

"You

"You ſhall hear," ſaid Mr. Sampſon. "I wanted a ſervant. A Scotſman applied, who told me he was leaving Mr. Birimport. We agreed on terms, but I required a character. Mr. Macreith brought me one next day in theſe terms: "The bearer is an honeſt man for any thing I know; with more learning than is wanted for a valet de chambre; and more pride than is requiſite for any ſervice. Signed T. B."

"I ſuppoſe," ſays I, "Mr. Macreith, you owe the loſs of Mr. Birimport's place and favour to this pride he ſpeaks of here.

"Indeed I do," ſaid the Scotchman. "Weel as my countrymen are ſaid to bear ſlavery, I found Mr. Birimport's too heavy. The Eaſt has ſpoiled his eye-ſight; ſo that he canno ken the deefference between a free mon and a ſlave."

"Mr. Macreith," ſaid I, "your notions may be too free to bear ſervitude in any degree."

"Sir," anſwered my learned valet, "I canno anſwer that queſtion, tull I get a definition of ſervitude. As ſoon as I left ſchool, I became footman in Lord Glencairn's family; I roſe to be his gentleman, or valet de chambre. I ay conſidered this to be a contract betwixt my lord and myſell; on his part, to find me ſubſiſtence, and a ſma' ſpell o' money over; on mine, to perform the offices that are implied in the names of footman and valet de chambre."

"It is," ſaid I, "the true idea. How long did you live with Lord Glencairn?"

"Eleven years and three months," Mr. Macreith ſaid, and he diſſolved the contract by dying in my arms. I loved him," continued this honeſt fellow, the tears ſpringing from his eyes, "I loved him muckle weel. He was my countryman, and did na' take it amiſs that I had a ſmattering o' leetters.

"And Mr. Birimport did, I ſuppoſe?" ſaid I.

"Indeed and he did," replied Macreith, "and mony a foul taunt I had on this hede. This I ſhould na' ha' minded, gin I could ha' ſpeered his humour; but that was aboon my abilities, tho' I took leſſon o' phyſiognomy from Mr. Lavater himſelf, as I ſtood behind his chair; for he dined often with Lord Glencairn, who lived at Lauſanne three years; but the lines of Mr. Birimport's face, and the bones of his ſcull too, deceived me ten times a day. This body is broken doon, and I could have pitied him for that wi' all my heart, gin his mind had na' been lifted aboon aw reaſonable height; but its no eaſy taſk to learn to plaiſe a mon who has na' learned to plaiſe himſell. There is na' eend of his variability. King Solomon could na' ha' ſpoken wiſer than he, when right in his hede; nor any king mare lik a fu' when the blue deels are about him.

"Hypochondriaciſm is a true diſeaſe, Mr. Macreith," ſaid I, "and deſerves our pity and relief."

"I ſhould na' deny his right to compaſſion," Macreith replied, "gin his poours o' plaguing his domeſtics were exerted ainly when he ſuffered himſell. Ane day he ſent his groom to Smithfield with an auld coach horſe; and I was ſent after with orders to ſell him for ten pounds. I did ſo, and twa mare. I laid him down the money, and expected applauſe at leaſt.———And ſo, Sir, ſays he, you have preſumed to diſobey my orders?

"As hoo, Sir?" I aſked.

"I think Sir," ſays he, "I ordered you to ſell the horſe for ten pounds."

"Sure enough you did Sir," ſays I.

"And you ſold him for twelve?" ſaid he.

"Sure

"Sure enough I did," anſwered I.

"Then Sir, for the future, I requeſt that you will learn preciſion in your duty, and obey me acco ling to the letter."

"Sure enough I will Sir," ſaid I, "in aw ſic like caſes."

Ane fine froſty mairn, he had choſen to walk doon to Leadenhall-ſtreet. A thaw came on, wi' ſnaw and ſleet. So I ſent the chariot to bring him hame; and ſure enough it did. He ſent for me into his preſence, and ſaid,———you know his way, Sir,———"By what authority, Sir, did you preſume to ſend out the chariot." I could ha' ſaid, by my miſtreſs's; for I had her approbation; but I ſuppreſſed this, for I ken'd well ſhe had enough of the like ſort of her ain: So I anſwered, I thought Sir, on ſic an occaſion, a little care o' my maſter would na' be taken amiſs."

"Sir," ſays he, "you are here to act; not to think. I deſire to inſtruct you, Mr. Macreith, if you are not too learned for inſtruction, that I with no body to take the trouble of thinking here, but myſelf. It is ſufficient that I aſſign you and the reſt of my domeſtics, the executive power; the legiſlative I chuſe myſelf."

I could not help laughing at this, which encouraged my talkative valet; who continued thus:

"One day he ordered me into Wapping, with a meſſage to the captain of a veſſel. The day was cold and moiſt, and I had happened to take a little mercurial phyſic. I told him ſo, hoping the commiſſion might be deferred till next day."

"And ſo Sir," ſays he, "you have been taking mercury."

"Yes Sir," I anſwered, "but for no ſhameful diſorder: I aſſure you it is what the apothecary pleaſed to give me for a little inward complaint."

"Then Sir," ſays he, "I muſt take the liberty to tell you, and your apothecary, and your phyſician too, if you pleaſe to have one, that no domeſtic of mine ſhall take phyſic, but by my preſcription.

CHAP. XLIII.

SIR George, after this converſation, could not be eaſy till he had ſeen his ſiſter; till he had related a part of it, and expreſſed his fears that ſhe was leſs happy than ſhe ought to be.

"My dear brother," Mrs. Birimport anſwered, do not be alarmed on my account; I ſhall do very well. It is true, I miſtook Mr. Birimport. His good ſenſe I took for an indication of all the virtues; and I imagined that if I married all the virtues, I might very well diſpenſe with ſome accompliſhments. But, my dear Sir George, Mr. Birimport is rather an odd than an ill man. His caprices are partly the effect of infirmity, and partly of that tyranny which is ſaid to be ſo eaſily learned in the Eaſt. However, were he much worſe than he is, I am his wife, and know my duty.

"But, my dear ſiſter," ſaid Sir George, "one ſees you no where. You do not partake of the pleaſures of ſociety, by way of compenſation for diſagreeable hours at home. I ſuppoſe Mr. Birimport has commanded this; and you think it your duty to obey.

Mrs.

Mrs. Birimport aſſured Sir George, that he was miſtaken in his ſuppoſition. "I go," ſays ſhe, "where I pleaſe, without Mr. Birimport's interference. Only at my return he is apt to make very ſenſible and keen obſervations, on the nature of pleaſure and diſſipation; which, in order to avoid, I chuſe to ſtay at home. After all, I may perhaps be benefited by the deprivation, and taught to depend upon my own proper energies for happineſs; a leſſon which moſt fine ladies, like myſelf, might poſſibly learn with advantage; and who knows but the little impediments thrown in the way of our inclinations may not be benefits in diſguiſe."

Sir George was, undoubtedly, pleaſed with the rectitude and magnanimity of his ſiſter's ſentiments. Embracing her tenderly, he conjured her not to ſuffer too much; and depend upon his affection for relief, whenever ſhe found it expedient to ſeek it.

Full of the ſubject, he ſpoke of it to Lady Mary, who wondered what Mrs. Birimport had to complain of. It was well known that ſhe herſelf had been cooped up in the country twenty years, deprived of all the elegant pleaſures. Mrs. Birimport could enjoy them all; and all ſhe had to pay for the enjoyment was a ſarcaſm. What was that, to what ſhe had endured from Sir Jeffery's violence; and every body knew how ſubmiſſive ſhe had been to all his arbitrary commands. This was a ſecret, however, unknown to Sir Jeffery himſelf.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLIV.

THE ſpring was approaching, and Sir George did not ſee its approach with infinite pleaſure. It was deſtined to carry him from London, where, under the auſpices of Mr. Fielding, he began to taſte the animated joys which are to be obtained by ſhaking two cubes of ivory in a box. This was Mr. Fielding's firſt and greateſt pleaſure; to this ſucceeded, as the ſecond in eſtimation, wine; and to wine, woman. In my mind this was inverting the order of things; but this gentleman was not of my mind; nor I, thank heaven, and lovely woman, of his.

Though ghoſts and apparitions have fled this guilty land, and left it to its fate, there are ſtill phantoms which trouble the repoſe of young men, at their firſt entrance into a courſe of guilty pleaſure. If he ſipped of animation at Weltjie's, Minerva, in the ſhape of Lindſay, would purſue him by day; if he taſted the unhallowed fruit of ſome Mrs. Sinclair, connubial Juno, in the ſoftened majeſty of Miſs Colerain, haunted him by night. But for Miſs Colerain, Lady Ann Brixworth's empire over Sir George, might have extended beyond his vanity: Some brilliant Circe might have mingled for him the enchanted cup, which tranſforms a man into——a man of mode.

If it was the lot of mankind to find its felicity in thoſe glittering things which make all people happy, but thoſe who have them; of what would Lady Ann Brixworth have had to complain? Of nothing—but the want of ſomething elſe; a want, extremely apt to get to bed to very great

great men, and very fine women; nay—to kings and queens.

Notwithſtanding the firm reſolution Lady Ann had made to enjoy the world a few years in perfect freedom; there was a ſomething in Sir George which ſeemed to diminiſh the value of this perfect freedom. She knew, indeed, that he was devoted to her; no man could be more ſo; yet he had never talked of love. What this could be owing to, but the timidity which a genuine paſſion always inſpires, ſhe could not conceive. As a proof of her divinity, ſhe found this timidity extremely agreeable; but it had become troubleſome by its duration; and as Sir George began to talk of the continent, Lady Ann thought it expedient to inſpire him with confidence; for which purpoſe ſhe took ſome very proper and genteel pains, which expoſed her elegant perſon to more of thoſe little pleaſing, gallant liberties, than are allowed in any of the preſent codes of female decorums.

One day Sir George, not in the timid reſpectful way, but in a moſt aſſuming and confident manner, dared to raviſh a kiſs; which, all the world knows, is a moſt ſhocking impropriety, and muſt of neceſſity kindle a fierce and terrible anger in a young lady's boſom. Lady Ann's beat tumultuouſly. She raiſed her delicate arm, to puniſh the audacious outrage. It overthrew the guilty baronet upon a ſopha. Men in falling, catch any thing. Sir George caught the lady's waiſt; and poor dear Lady Ann fell upon the ſopha alſo. There are bodies in nature which kindle as they fall; but of that nature, ours cannot be. Nothing paſſed upon the ſopha,——— no, certainly——cenſurable by canon laws,—or any laws, but thoſe of a refined delicacy,—and yet Lady Ann was angry,—monſtrous angry, and called Sir George very hard names.

But

But the dear gentle ſex cannot be long under the influence of the ſtormy paſſions. Sir George had the pleaſure to ſee the laſt ſparks of anger fly from her lovely eyes. Some other expreſſion filled them! when, turning them upon Sir George, ſhe ſaid, "Monſter! how could you treat me with ſo little ceremony!"

Sir George did not endeavour to vindicate himſelf: That was impoſſible. He only laid the fault upon the force of her beauty;—upon the power of her charms. "My dear Lady Ann," ſays he, "there are moments when you are abſolutely irreſiſtible. If the cupids will lie in ambuſh about that lovely boſom,—will wanton upon thoſe charming lips, have I not a right to ſeize my enemies, where-ever they may lie concealed.

"You wretch," ſays ſhe, "it is plain what you want. It is to draw me into marriage before my time, and againſt my will."

Sir George aſſured her he had no ſuch deſign.

"Nay," ſays ſhe, "I muſt confeſs, my partial inclinations have long been yours."

Sir George began to recover the timidity of his character very faſt, and to feel himſelf look as ſimple as Lady Ann could wiſh.

"I did indeed wiſh to have enjoyed my freedom a few years longer; and I could have preſerved it againſt all mankind but you," continued Lady Ann. "But you are born to be my fate, you wretch; ſo take my hand, and———

Who can refuſe a Lady's hand? Sir George did take it,—but mechanically.—It did not make the heart vibrate with pleaſure,—it only made the head feel——"like a ſmoak jack,"——and gave his face a fine air of futurity.

Lady Ann ſaw this vacancy of intelligence, in Sir George's aſpect, and attributed it to the ſudden manifeſtation of her own kindneſs: She ſaw him over-

overwhelmed, deprived of the power of ſpeech, and exulted in the force of her charms. But ſhe had not contemplated this agreeable ſpectacle half a minute, when Mr. Harcourt rapped at her dreſſing room door, to inform her, that Miſs Chittick and Lady Bridget Waterford waited to have the pleaſure of ſeeing her.

"You wretch!" ſays ſhe, adjuſting herſelf in the glaſs, "come lead me down." Sir George obeyed this welcome command. He took her hand. It did not tremble, as it ought to have done, conſidering how this delicate confeſſion ſhould have diſordered the nervous ſyſtem. He led her in to the ladies; then, remembering an appointment, took his leave.

CHAP. XLV.

SIR GEORGE PARADYNE now found it abſolutely neceſſary to think; for which purpoſe he haſtened to Groveſnor-ſquare, precipitated himſelf into his library, and then prepared himſelf for intenſity of cogitation in an eaſy chair.

Man, as all orthodox people know, is an animal peſectly maſter of himſelf. His volition is quite at his own diſpoſal. His ideas come at command, and follow each other exactly in the order he deſcribes; of all this, Sir George was well convinced, for he had pleaded the cauſe of liberty and free will, againſt the few advocates for neceſſity, which were to be found at Oxford; and againſt Lindſay, who was unfortunately tainted by this heretic and abominable doctrine. It vexed and ſurpriſed him therefore to find, that in the preſent critical emergency, his truſty and obedient ideas, had ſet up the ſtandard of rebellion.

on. However, like a wiſe prince, he took the beſt-poſſible method to reduce them to their duty; not by hanging and quartering, but by going to ſleep, out of which he was elevated by a ſummons to dinner.

At this dinner Sir George was not diſpoſed to talk; nor Lady Mary either, till the fourth glaſs of madeira had revived her drooping ſpirits. Then ſhe found means to inform Sir George that this was her night; and to let him know, in the moſt acrimonious terms our language will permit, how void he was of filial duty, never to attend theſe her routs. It is true, Lady Mary's lectures had now arrived at their ne plus ultra of perfection; they no longer hurt Sir George. At every opportunity, he knew they muſt come, as certainly as fate; he therefore gave his imagination leave to wander, and was often rewarded for this dutiful inattention, by delightful reveries, in which Miſs Colerain formed the principal object.

This night, however, not knowing what better to do, he attended Lady Mary's rout, which he was ſurpriſed to find ſo faſhionable and ſplendid. Lady Ann was there in all the inſignia of wealth and beauty. No cloud was upon *her* brow, nor did ſhe appear to have fallen aſleep with the agitation of thinking: Oh, you wretch! ſaid ſhe, who expected to have found your philoſophy at a route? come, you ſhall be at my table; I will abſolutely engage you at whiſt the whole evening, at guinea points, to puniſh you for all your ſins. Sir George admired, bowed and obeyed.

On his pillow the next morning, Sir George found his mental powers more his own, but not ſufficiently capacious to comprehend all Lady Ann.

Of

Of having ſaid, or deſigned to-day, any thing but what modern gallantry permits, or perhaps demands, he entirely acquitted himſelf. On what then could her notions be founded? Did ſhe draw them from Lord Auſchamp, or from Lady Mary? could there be deſign in Lady Ann's conduct? Was ſhe an actreſs?

A month was wanting of the time fixed for Sir George's continental tour, and nothing was yet arranged. But ſince little indiſcretions were likely to be attended with claims upon his affection or his honour, it was beſt to avoid little indiſcretions. He could not ſtay in London without ſeeing Lady Ann; it was therefore beſt to leave it, repair to his country ſeat, and there prepare for his journey.

The ſame day he reſpectfully acquainted Lady Mary with his intention, at the ſame time requeſting her to make uſe of his town or country houſe, at the expence, if ſhe pleaſed, of half his annual income. This was perfectly agreeable to Lady Mary; nor did ſhe once queſtion him concerning the cauſe of this ſudden reſolution, ſo ſatisfied was ſhe with the effect.

Common politeneſs required that Sir George ſhould take leave of Lady Ann, and the fear of indiſcretions made him wiſh it might be not ſolus cum ſola; ſo he called at Mr. Harcourt's lodging, and fortunately found him at home. To Sir George's requeſt of walking with him to Mrs. Harcourt's, he anſwered, "that he came moſt opportunely; for he was going there to thank Lady Ann Brixworth for a captain's commiſſion, which had been given him that morning unſolicited and unexpected. He ſaid, he knew the government of the army too well, to ſuppoſe that favour would be conferred upon him without intereſt;

intereſt ; nor, amongſt the number of his friends, could he imagine any one, except his fair and opulent relation, Lady Ann, likely to think of him unaſked."

Lady Ann was in her dreſſing-room, where the gentlemen were admitted on ſending up their names. " I am come," ſays Sir George, " to take leave of Lady Ann for three long years, and to thank her for the many agreeable hours ſpent in her ſociety." " And I," ſays the Captain," " to thank her for my future hours which her kindneſs will enable me to enjoy more at my eaſe."

" And I, gentlemen," ſaid Lady Ann, " ſhall have my thanks to pay, if you will be ſo good to tell the meaning of this odd addreſs."

" I really have no meaning," ſaid Sir George, " but what my words import. A circumſtance relative to a friend, has anticipated the time of my going abroad. I leave town to-day."

Lady Ann bluſhed. A bluſh of anger, perhaps, or of diſdain.

" The import of my words," ſaid Harcourt, " is very ſincerely to thank Lady Ann for my Captain's commiſſion, which I have this morning received ; and to dedicate my ſword and its owner to her ſervice."

" As to you, Harcourt," replied Lady Ann, " you always rattle ; ſo there is no neceſſity to ſuppoſe you have any meaning whatever. To Sir George," added ſhe, with an air of diſdain, " I have only to wiſh bon voyage ; and if he finds honour put up to ſale at any foreign markets, to recommend the purchaſe of a little, for his own uſe."

" Is it that you think me deficient, Lady Ann ?" ſaid Sir George.

" It

"It muſt be my endeavour," anſwered Lady Ann, "not to think of Sir George Paradyne."

"Captain Harcourt was aſtoniſhed to ſee Lady Ann alternately pale and red, and walking backwards and forwards with indignant majeſty, whilſt Sir George had the air of a man confuſed. Recovering himſelf, he ſaid, "if I have offended Lady Ann by any particular inadvertency, I aſk her pardon. My general behaviour, I am confident, warrants no ſuch charge againſt me; nor can I patiently endure the imputation, even from a lady."

"It would have been better not to have merited it," ſaid Lady Ann.

"I have not," anſwered Sir George, ſimply.

"Oh!" ſays Lady Ann, "it is very eaſy for gentlemen to make miſtakes upon this head. To me, Sir George Paradyne ſtands open and confeſt; I wiſh I could ſay, for the virtues of honour and ſincerity."

"It is not for me," replied Sir George, "to diſpute a lady's prerogative, eſpecially that of liberty of ſpeech. Nor can it be agreeable to bear reproaches which my heart tells me I have not deſerved.

"Your heart," cried Lady Ann, with emotion, "have you a heart?"

"Peace and happineſs to Lady Ann Brixworth," ſaid Sir George, bowing; "as long as I have a heart, that will be one of its warmeſt wiſhes." So ſaying, Sir George haſtily withdrew.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLVI.

THERE is no thinking well in the ſtreets of Weſtminſter; but the park, when it is not high mall, affords tolerable opportunity. He could not find in his heart to be angry at Lady Ann Brixworth, the cauſe of her reſentment was too flattering to his vanity; but if there aroſe in his mind ſentiments of piety in her favour, which inclined him to heſitate, before he decided abſolutely againſt an union with an opulent young heireſs, who had even confeſſed an affection for him; it was oppoſed by her vanity, her love of play, her want of ſolid accompliſhment, and Miſs Colerain. For the idea of this lady was perpetually intruding amongſt his other ideas, without any ſort of right, much againſt Sir George's will, and ſometimes to his diſpleaſure.

When he returned to Groſvenor-ſquare, he found a letter which run thus:

"SIR GEORGE,

"The ſuddenneſs of your departure from Lady Ann B's prevented an explanation which ſeems to be neceſſary between that lady and you. It ſeems, from what eſcaped her, you have taken pains to gain her affections, only to give an eclat to your vanity. This, however common, is not the part of a man of honour; and if true, you muſt anſwer it to me. Gratitude demands that I ſhould not tamely ſuffer Lady Ann to be injured or inſulted: I hope you will wait upon her,

her, and ſave me the infinite pain of meeting you as an enemy,

"Your moſt obedient,
"W. HARCOURT."

Let us ſee now the nature of the point of honour, the preſent governing principle of the nobility and gentry of Europe. Sir George knew well that Captain Harcourt was ſeduced into error by gratitude, the moſt amiable of human motives. He knew that he had only to ſpeak, and the cloud that obſcured Harcourt's mental diſcernment would be diſpelled. But the point of honour would not permit him to ſpeak. The pride, by which this point of honour is ſupported, could not ſtoop for a moment to a ſenſe of juſtice, though death and horror might be the reſult of an adherence to its dictates. Sir George then anſwered thus:

"You imagine then, Captain Harcourt, that if I am the delinquent you do me the favour to ſuppoſe me, it is by the point of your ſword I am to be compelled to juſtice. Be pleaſed to know that I acknowledge neither the delinquency, nor your right to puniſh it; and if you chuſe to prefer your Quixotiſm to friendſhip, I am, extremely at your ſervice.

"Your very humble ſervant,
"G. PARADYNE."

The conſequence of this retort courteous, was a meeting at the next day's dawn, in the Green Park.

It is probable, not one of my fair readers was ever preſent at a duel; I beg leave to introduce them to the ceremony. They may imagine, that when

when two people meet to kill each other, if there is truth in Lavater, then is the time to read in their faces the purpoſes of their hearts. My fair readers forget that it is a point of good manners, and therefore capable of the higheſt politeneſs.

When Sir George, accompanied by John Lake Fielding, Eſq. and Captain Harcourt, by a brother officer, entered the field of honour, the action was begun, like the battle of Fontenoy, by taking off their hats to each other. They then advanced, in order to ſhake each other by the hand. The ſeconds enquired whether the affair was of a nature not to be terminated but by proceeding to the laſt extremities. The Captain ſaid that Sir George knew well what was expected from him, which if he did not chuſe to comply with, it was he who choſe the conſequence. Sir George replied, that the Captain had called him into the field upon a very frivolous motive, and, as it appeared to him, upon a very impertinent one; it lay with him therefore to retract and apologize, which, if he did not chuſe, it was he who choſe the conſequence."

The point of honour being thus ſettled, the piſtols were given up to the ſeconds, and each loaded under the other's inſpection. Twelve being the number of the holy apoſtles, twelve yards were meaſured for the diſtance. Each took his ſtation; and once more ſaluting each other with their hats, waited the determination of the ſeconds, whoſe ſhould be the firſt fire. The lot fell upon the captain; who fired. Sir George returned it. The ſeconds then enquired of the firſts, if either were wounded, which being anſwered in the negative, they aſked if either were diſpoſed to recede, and this being negatived alſo, the captain fired again, and the piſtol

piſtol fell from Sir George's hand. On enquiry, the ball was found to have lodged in the fleſhy part of Sir George's right arm; and rendered him unable to return the fire. Thus the lady was avenged; honour was ſatisfied; and nothing remained to be done by the combatants, but to pay the proper compliments on each other's valour.

The ball was eaſily extracted, and the wound of little conſequence. The ſurgeon required only four days for a cure. So, Lady Mary being out, Sir George ſent for Lindſay to dine with him, and they ſpent the evening very uſefully, in moralizing upon the various follies of mankind.

A morning paper of the next day announced to the world the dreadful encounter of the day before, and without attempting to aſſign the cauſe;———a marvellous modeſty. It happened to be one of the papers with which Lady Mary amuſed herſelf. She ſaw it, and enquiring if Sir George was at home, had the goodneſs, even before breakfaſt, to go up to his apartment. It might have been expected, that maternal fondneſs would have led her to enquire into the nature and danger of Sir George's wound. But maternal fondneſs, in Lady Mary, ſeldom operated this way. "My dear Sir George," ſaid ſhe, "you will certainly drive me one day to diſtraction. How could you hazard your precious life, when you knew mine was involved in it? And that you had no right. No,"——continued ſhe———"you are God's creature and mine; and you are accountable to both of us for the life we gave you. What was the cauſe, Pray, of this undutiful and unrighteous preſumption?———Some wench, I ſuppoſe."

Sir

Sir George anſwered, "That gentlemen made it a rule never to talk about theſe things when they were over."

Lady Mary conſidered this anſwer as flat rebellion; and her tender acrimony exceeded all reaſonable bounds. But ſhe had more cauſes than one for this redundancy of bile. Fortune had been uncomplaiſant the evening before; and it came into her mind, that this preſumptuous affair would poſtpone Sir George's intention of leaving town; and conſequently, her ſole and undivided authority.

Notwithſtanding Sir George's dutiful prayers to heaven, he could not obtain from it a patience——————without bounds. He replied, with too little conſideration, "Since, madam, I am never to experience any part of the maternal character, but its harſhneſs and its diſcord, I know not what obligation nature or ſociety impoſes on me to endure it. Nor can I endure it. You have given me ſo many convincing proofs that I am totally diſagreeable to you, that I think it muſt be obliging you, to withdraw from your preſence, perhaps, for ever. Nor will you wonder, that, after ſuch provocation, I uſe the power the laws have given me, and apply the patrimony of my anceſtors to my own uſe." So ſaying, Sir George, with his handkerchief at his eyes, withdrew to his library.

There was not, perhaps, in all the materia medica, one article which could have ſo ſoon alleviated Lady Mary's complaint, as the laſt clauſe in Sir George's ſpeech. Her pride, however, was ſtill too great to admit the proper application; ſo ſhe ordered the chariot, and was conveyed to Lord Auſchamp's.

CHAP.

CHAP. XLVII.

THE poſt-coach was at the door, ready to convey Sir George, Mr. Lindſay, and the ſurgeon to Dennington; when Captain Harcourt, pale and trembling with agitation, made his way to the room where Sir George was giving the laſt orders to old Cartwright, his ſteward. Him the Captain regarded not; and ſeemed, without being able to ſpeak, about to throw himſelf at Sir George's feet. "If I am any way the cauſe of this perturbation, Captain Harcourt," ſaid Sir George, "be pacified. Aſſure yourſelf I have no reſentment againſt you."

"I ought to have the more againſt myſelf," Harcourt replied; "and indeed I have ample cauſe. I have been the dupe of a ſilly woman: I have raiſed my arm to kill the only human being who has a ſuperior claim to my eſteem and reverence: The man, whoſe ſilent unoſtentatious benevolence ought to have bound me to him for ever. It was to you then, Sir George, not to Lady Ann, I was indebted for my commiſſion. In one thing only unkind,———in ſuffering my gratitude to take a wrong and unworthy direction. Yes,———even when I returned yeſterday to give her an account of my ſhameful triumph, even then ſhe did not undeceive me. It was to Major Metcalfe I owe the knowledge of my benefactor. He aſked me, an hour ago, if Sir George Paradyne had raviſhed my mother? It muſt be that, ſays he, or ſomething as atrocious, that could make you raiſe your arm againſt the man from whom, two days ſince, you accepted a commiſſion.

 ——Heavens!

———Heavens! Major!———What mean you? I aſked. It is to Lady Ann Brixworth, my relation, I am indebted for this obligation."

"I know nothing of the matter," ſaid the Major, "but that it was obtained by Sir George Paradyne's intereſt, his application, and his money. If Lady Ann pays him again, that, in part, leſſens the obligation."

"I flew to Lady Ann. I found ſhe knew not a ſyllable of the commiſſion. I could not reſtrain my anger. I reproached her in terms ſuited to the ſenſe I had of her art, her malevolence, and duplicity. She ſmiled with all the calm malignity———of a woman,———and ſaid, ſhe had no ſervice for ſuch fools as myſelf, but to rid her of other fools, when ſhe was weary of them."

"Ladies,"——ſaid the ſmiling Sir George ———"have no weapons of———but their tongues and their nails; and you may think yourſelf happy, Harcourt, in having excited only the former."

The captain railed at the dear ſex outrageouſly, and was beginning after the manner of Caſtalio, to enumerate all the evils they had brought upon unhappy man; but Sir George, who loved the ſweet kind, and did not believe them capable of any thing but a little innocent miſchief for love's ſake, found means to ſtop, to ſooth, to conſole, and to diſmiſs him, well ſatisfied, and aſſured of Sir George's friendſhip.

Lady Mary, with all poſſible expedition, only calling in upon four of her moſt intimate friends, juſt to complain that ſhe was the moſt miſerable of mothers, haſtened to Lord Auſchamp's, and poured a flood of diſconſolation into his fraternal boſom. But what was Lady Mary's ſurpriſe and dig ni-

indignation, when Lord Auſchamp told her, though in the moſt polite terms, that it was ſhe herſelf who was to blame.———For his part,———except in the affair of the boroughs ———he had found his nephew a well inſtructed and well diſpoſed young man. However he would, as ſoon as he had diſpatched a very momentous concern, which could not wait, he would attend her back, and ſee what could be done. When they arrived in Groſvenor-ſquare, Sir George was gone.

This was a cruel precipitation. So prodigiouſly did it affect Lady Mary's nerves, that ſhe once determined not to be preſent at the Counteſs of C.'s rout that night. This reſolution ſhe wiſely altered; and fortune, in the form of kings and aces, condeſcended to give her ample conſolation. Lord Auſchamp wrote to Dennington, and the placable Sir George yielded to permit his mother the uſe of his town and country houſe; with the addition of 3000l. per annum, to her jointure: a negociation which gave Lady Mary almoſt entire ſatisfaction.

CHAP. XLVIII.

MR. James Paradyne was gone to a celebrated hunt in a neighbouring county; the country was dull; it wanted a month before travelling on the continent could be pleaſant; and Sir George was unhappy without knowing why.——Mr. Lindſay, who thought he did know why, propoſed a tour, the object of which ſhould be to inſpect his own country's arts and manufactures, its agriculture and its commerce. Sir George embraced the propoſal with alacrity; and they ſet out. A decent volume might be added to theſe, invaluable memoirs, from the journals of our travellers. But—will my fair readers be gratified by it? Since I write ſolely to pleaſe them, I muſt conſult their elegant taſtes; and as the dear ſex has been the ſtudy, as well as the joy of my life, I may be ſuppoſed to know ſomething of them; and I preſume to ſay that in books,——I do not pretend to extend the obſervation farther,———but in books,———the dear creatures do prefer the dulce to the utile———that they do.

They had proceeded through Yorkſhire into Lancaſhire, and happened to ſtop at a village inn to dine, where a concourſe of villagers were aſſembled round a mountebank's ſtage, and waiting for his exhibition. Mr. Andrew amuſed the crowd, as uſual, for half an hour, when the doctor himſelf came forth; a man of moſt venerable appearance; whoſe white beard fell down upon his breaſt;—ſome rolls of linen, deſigned for a Turkiſh turban, adorned his head; and his dreſs bore no reſemblance

ſemblance to any thing our company had hitherto ſeen. He mounted, looked round him with a lofty air, and waving his hand for ſilence, like a man of authority, ſpoke as follows:

"When I inform you, good people, that I come among you, againſt my will; not ſeeking my own good, but your's, you will naturally infer that I am an impoſtor. It is not in my power to prevent this concluſion; but if you make it, the error will be your's; and you will be deprived of an aſſiſtance, which I am not aſhamed to ſay, is altogether ſupernatural. They are not the trifling ails of the body only, which I am ſent to cure; they are thoſe of the ſoul alſo. It is true, I am a mortal enemy to the gout, gravel, and rheumatiſm; to tooth-ach, corns, and chilblains; but I am a ſtill greater enemy to drunkenneſs, to evil ſpeaking, lying, and ſlandering, to fornications and adulteries. Who is it amongſt you, that does not break ſome of the ten commandments? How many of you covet his neighbour's chattels? or his wife, or his daughter, or his maid ſervants? I ſpeak to you all as one corrupt body, breaking amongſt you the whole decalogue. But all your offences, jointly and ſeparately, I will ſend back to the devil from whence they come. Yes,——I will cure you of all diſeaſes, corporeal and mental. For particular diſeaſes I have particular remedies. But what I wiſh is to ſtrike at the root of all your diſeaſes; and for this purpoſe, I recommend to you my two univerſal medicines, which you are to have recourſe to when I am gone. See here, two ſmall phials. On this, ſealed with red wax, is inſcribed, body; on this, with black wax, ſoul. Take them and hand them round."

This being done, there was, a general mur-

mur,——we ſee nothing in them. "You do not," replied the doctor. "They are eſſential eſſences of eſſences; and not ſubject to the perception of our groſs ſenſes.——— Nine drops of the red,——mark me,—nine drops,—taken upon the ninth day of every month, will purify the blood; and you all know that from impure blood proceed all bodily diſeaſes. For the black phial, which contains the proper phyſic of the ſoul, the application is to the brain; for you all know, that from an impure brain all diſeaſes of the ſoul proceed. Theſe I would willingly give you, and will give you, as ſoon as I have compleated my Catholicon, which is to enable me to live my appointed time without food. At preſent I eat, and you all know, that to eat requires money. The intrinſic value of theſe phials cannot be eſtimated; but take them at what you pleaſe. Let thoſe who can afford it give me a ſhilling; thoſe who cannot ſixpence."

Here the doctor pauſed, in expectation of the fruit of his rhetoric; but all hands were inactive, probably becauſe no man had the boldneſs to begin firſt. The doctor then ſaid,

"What; is there not amongſt you one wiſe? Not one ſenſible of his mental or corporeal maladies? Not one! How I pity you! So it is. You had rather ſee this gentleman tumble, than hear the words of wiſdom and of ſcience. Tumble then, Mr. Andrew. Tumble into their pockets; into their hearts. Whilſt I go and pray, that truth and common ſenſe may enter there." So ſaying, he deſcended with dignity, and retired into the houſe.

After a few tumbles, Mr. Andrew preſented his cap; telling his audience, that it was his misfortune to eat as well as his maſter; and his rewards were liberally beſtowed in the form of halfpence.

The

The collection over, the doctor reaſcended, with an awe-inſpiring aſpect. "Oh!" cries he, "the folly and degeneracy of theſe times! It is now two hundred and ninety years and nine, ſince I was upon this ſpot before. They wanted no tumbling then. The holy monks came out of that monaſtery, now in ruins; bought up all my phials and ſold them again to their penitents, at a profit of a thouſand fold. Well! keep, ſince you are ſo fond of them,—keep your ſins and your diſeaſes. But before I diſmiſs you to the conſequence of your folly, know who I am. Perhaps you may imagine I was begotten and born amongſt this perverſe generation. No. I ſaw the light in the 94th Olympiad, the very day that Alexander the Great won the battle of Arbela. You have all heard of Alexander the Great, and of the great Eſculapius. I am the ſeventh ſon of the ſeventh ſon of the ninth daughter of Eſculapius. For ſome ſins of my youth, I am doomed to live till the year 2201; and I muſt expiate my offences by an aſſiduous endeavour to cure mankind of folly. But how can I cure thoſe who reject my medicines? who prefer a ſhilling to wiſdom and ſixpence to health."

Sir George, who ſtood at the parlour window, beckoned to his ſervant, who was among the crowd, and gave him ſome orders in a whiſper. Phillip went to the doctor, and demanded two phials, for each of which he paid one ſhilling. Nine drops to purify the blood, you ſay?

"Nine,"—anſwered the doctor.

"How,"——aſked Philip——"ſhall I count them."

The doctor turned to the window, with a look moſt piteouſly ſignificant. "Drill," ſays he, "a hole in the cork with an inviſible needle? invert

the phial with your mouth; count nine by a pendulum thirty-nine inches and two-tenths long, —the thing is done."

Philip carried the phials to his maſter; who again ſent him to the doctor to aſk, how his medicines could act if they were not to be perceived? The doctor threw a look of entreaty at the window, and then ſaid, "there might be action without a correſpondent perception, as well as perception without a correſpondent action —— Young man approach. You ſee this ring; take it. Are you ſatisfied it is a ring?" "Yes," anſwered Philip. "Hold your hand," ſays the doctor, "you have the ring in it." "I have," ſays Philip. "Gripe it faſt," ſays the doctor. "I do," ſays the other. The doctor gently touched Philip's hand with a phial, and aſked if he had it ſtill? "Yes," anſwered Philip, "I have." "You have perception then without a correſpondent action. Open your hand." The ring was gone, and poor Philip had a loud laugh againſt him. He was ſent again by his maſter to ſay, that he deſired to have all his phials at a ſhilling each. The people no ſooner heard the meſſage, than they began to put their hands in their pockets. The barber ſaid to the ſhoe maker, damn all monopolies, Tom. The exciſeman ſwore it was all a damned hum; the butcher, that it was a good take in for cockneys, but would not do in Lancaſhire. So they ſlipped away one after the other, with tolerable expedition.

Sir George, pleaſed with the doctor's dexterity of evaſion, ſent him a preſent of five guineas, and deſired his company to dinner. He accepted both the money and the invitation with great thankfulneſs; and retired to his chamber to diſrobe. When he appeared in the parlour, he preſented to the

the wondering eyes of Mr. Lindſay, the well known features of a fellow ſtudent at Cambridge, with whom he had had ſome degree of intimacy.

Common gratulations ended, they dined; after which Sir George ſaid, "It is evident, Mr. Jones, that you are a ſcholar and a man of ſenſe; I fear we owe the pleaſure of your company here to ſome misfortune.

"Sir George," Mr. Jones replied, "I muſt own that I am not without misfortunes; nor without the follies that deſerve them. I have the misfortune to be poor; to be a Welch curate, a poet, and a mountebank, and to be in love."

"Theſe are unfortunate circumſtances, no doubt," ſaid Sir George,——"may we enquire how you came into ſuch a group."

"That I was born to be a poet," ſaid Mr. Jones, "I am afraid no body but myſelf will allow. That I was born to be poor, no body I fear will take the trouble to diſprove; and for love, it lay in my way, and I found it. I am the youngeſt of two ſons and a daughter, of a farmer in Glamorganſhire; and, if it had pleaſed God, I might have been a credit to the plough. But I was a genius; ſo ſome ſilly people told my father; and it was pity I ſhould be brought up to farming, which does not require any."

"A moſt extraordinary idea," exclaimed Sir George, "as if the firſt, the moſt important of all arts, had arrived at its ultimate perfection; or if it was poſſible to apply genius better, than to the improvement of that, by which all conditions of human life ſubſiſt."

"You are undoubtedly right, Sir George," ſaid Mr. Jones. The notion however ſent me to

college, and made my father, aſſiſted by my mother's brother, the grocer of the village, ſtrain hard to ſupport me there. When my education was finiſhed, I returned to my native place, to wait patiently for a living which was promiſed me by Mr. Howel, my father's landlord.

"Whilſt I was leading a life of idleneſs, the devil put it in my head to make verſes, celebrating the majeſty of Juno, the wiſdom of Minerva, and the beauty of Venus, in the perſon of Miſs Higgins, daughter of the ſhoe-maker of our village. I did not indeed think her a goddeſs; but I thought that in old poetic times, goddeſſes had been made of as bad matter. We loved each other very poetically, and very platonically too, till my father forbad the connexion. Love then, became an invincible paſſion, capable of breaking down all the barriers of prudence; and we agreed to ſteal away together, and get married; then return and pray forgiveneſs.—An accident prevented this. Mr. Howel, my patron that was to be, died, a very honeſt man; who would indeed get ſuddled ſometimes, but never broke his word. His ſon and ſucceſſor, was a man of nice honour; well known in the great world, and a ſlave to his word alſo, except his memory failed him, or except in caſes of expediency.

This young gentleman was at my father's a fortnight, in order to inſpect his eſtate; for all around was his. He took a liking to us, for my ſiſter was rather a pretty girl, though a little ſhy; and very readily declared his intention to fulfil the promiſe of his father, when the incumbent died; an event which had been long expected; for the preſent rector was old and dropſical. He was very much my friend, and took a taſte to my poetry; which he ſaid was quite claſſical

claſſical and ingenious; and he deſired to ſee my goddeſs Now Miſs Higgins was really prettier than my ſiſter, and much gayer, and better acquainted with the polite ſort of things; ſo that ſhe did not run away, and hide herſelf at the approach of Mr. Howel, which my ſimple ſiſter had often done.

"When this dear friend took leave of us, he ſhaked me by the hand with exceſſive cordiality, and ſaid, "Jones, remember, whenever you want, you have a friend in Tom Howel. I wept with affection.

"Three days had elapſed ſince his departure, and I began to think, that with the friendſhip of ſo great a man, I might wed my dear Molly with a certainty of being forgiven. I had ſettled the particulars in my mind, and was going to communicate them to her, when my ſiſter ſaid, Lord, brother! can it be true, what people ſay, that Molly Higgins is gone off after Mr. Howel.

"I believe, gentlemen, it will be no peculiar entertainment to you, to hear related the well laid ſtratagems and bold manœuvres which brought this matter to bear, nor the deſpair which a novice in the world, like myſelf muſt feel, from the double treachery of love and friendſhip. I got a fever by it, which kept me lingering betwixt life and death, about four months. I was beginning to recover when news came of the Rector's death, whoſe ſucceſſor I was to be. The cuſtom is, I believe, to gallop to the patron on ſuch an occaſion, and lick his feet. But I was too ill to gallop, too ſulky to write, and too reſentful to admit that I ought to accept favours from ſuch a man. My brother thought I was a fool, and beſides, began to be afraid I might lie upon his hands very much to his detriment. So he undertook,

took, unknown to me, the part of ſolicitation. Mr. Howell was then in Wales, and received him graciouſly. He declared himſelf perfectly willing and deſirous to beſtow the living upon me; but it muſt be upon condition that I married Polly Higgins. I was honourably engaged to her, he ſaid, and he hoped that the circumſtance of her having been his houſekeeper a few months, would make no alteration in my affection. Such things were not regarded now a-days. He would be very kind to me, and would take upon himſelf to furniſh the parſonage houſe from the attic ſtory to the cellar, reſerving one room for his own uſe in the ſhooting ſeaſon.

"Over and above all theſe good words, my brother had plenty of good ale; ſo he rode merrily home to communicate to me the fine diſpoſition of goodneſs which Mr. Howel had unto me. I, unhappily did not ſee with my brother's eyes, and peremptorily rejected the propoſal; ſo betwixt him and me there was ſtrife. At length I reſolved to ſeek my fortune; and having obtained ten pounds of my father, I ſet out for London with two dozen of ſermons, and ſome ſonnets and elegies. I ſought a purchaſer amongſt the bookſellers, but found none. At length I found a cuſtomer in a young divine, well born and indolent, who had acquired habits of ſpending his time more to his taſte than in his ſtudy. By degrees too, I got employment among the magazine and newſpaper editors; ſo that ſometimes I might get as far as a guinea a week; ſometimes a crown. When my pockets were empty, I dived for a dinner; when full, I indulged in a beef ſteak. I choſe to climb for my lodgings, becauſe the air in the upper regions is more ſalubrious to gentlemen who

who follow the muſes. Thus I lived in London ſeven years. About this time, at my leiſure hours, I ventured to write two ſmall volumes in the novel way, which produced me ſix pounds. A whim now took me, ſince I was rich and could ſo well afford it, to go out and ſee the world; and for my firſt excurſion I fixed upon the county of Kent, but my progreſs was ſtopt at Maidſtone. Paſſing by the priſon there, a voice called me by my name; it came from a pale viſage, looking through a grate, and proved to be that of John Higgins, my ſchool-fellow and play-fellow, in my native village; and moreover, the brother of my once dear Molly. Though I had lived ſo long in London, and had ſeen a great deal of miſery, my heart was not hardened. I got admittance to my old friend, relieved his wants, and heard his ſtory. John had left his father's houſe, to improve himſelf in the art of ſhoe-making. John got more money than he well knew what to do with; however he ſoon found thoſe who taught him. John learned to drink, and to be idle; and at laſt liked rather to live by his wits than by his laſt. Amongſt other arts, John learned ſlight of hand; I don't mean picking of pockets in the way of Mr. Barrington, but of Mr. Breſlau. At length John ſet up trade with a mountebank, and followed it two or three years with variable ſucceſs; but becomeing ſuſpected of doing ſome things which ought not to be done, John and his maſter were thrown into Maidſtone goal, where the latter died.

"It wanted but few days to the ſummer aſſizes; ſo I comforted John as well as I could, and prayed by him; for, being in orders, I ſtill conſidered myſelf as a clergyman, though I had no cure. The evidence againſt John, at his trial,

was

was only preſumptive; and the judge, not being in the humour to admit it, directed the jury to find for the priſoner; and John was acquitted. After this he had nothing to do, but to pay his fees, for which my money was of ſignal uſe.

"I had preached ſo much to John about the happineſs of living an orderly and virtuous life, and John had ſuffered ſo much in priſon, that I eaſily perſuaded him to go down to our village, and ſettle at his buſineſs; and I engaged him when there to give me an account of my family, of whom I had heard nothing for ſome years. This is John's firſt letter, which I keep about me for my own edification.

"Reverande Sur and dear frend I was receved here by father and mother like unto the prodigale ſun for god help my poor father he is looſing all buſineſs for want o' knowing how to do it in the jimmy way. As to ſiſter Mary why ſhe han't been hard of ſome yeres having left Squire Houels ſarvice and gon I cant tell whear. Im ſorry to tel you that youre father and mother was tornd out of theire farm the nexte yeare after you wud not here o' having ſiſter Mary ——— which to be ſhure of a woiſe man was but ſimpluſh——— for you meet ha been parſon o' Cloig, and Im ſure molly ware not mich worſe for ware at that there time thof god knows how ſhe may ha bin hagged and har uſed ſin And meſter Panut lets youre father twenty acers o' paſture land and he keeps too or three milchers, and youre ſiſter Hannah dos al the work both at hom and abrode and for all her enduſtre theyre pore enugh God helpe em Now I underſtand the parſon o' Ruoin wants a coorate and purpuſes to give twenty pounds a yare which is worth fifty at London

and

and healthfuller for both body and ſole. So if you like wroite me wurd next poſte as I may go ax for it being all at preſent,

from youre frend till deth

JOHN HIGGINS.

" Poſecrip Youre brother drank ſo hard when Squer Hovel was ſo out o' the way as it kild him.———Father and mother longen to ſee you."

" I muſt own that I am not fit for a hero, for on the receipt of John's letter I ſat down and cried like any woman. I wrote back inſtantly to ſecure the curacy, and ſtaying one week only to ſettle with my maſters the bookſellers, and ſell up ſtock, I ſet out for my native village, and had the ſatisfaction to find my father, mother, and ſiſter well, though poor; and more affectionate than I had dared to hope. I obtained the curacy which being a ſmall pariſh, only three miles off, it gave me opportunity to live with them. You may be ſure we are not in the ſplendid ſtile; and indeed we wanted ſo many of the common conveniences of life, that I became deſirous of getting a penny ſome other way. In order to be uſeful to my pariſhioners I ſtudied practical phyſic, or rather ſurgery, and got together many good receipts for ſimple ailments. Into complicated diſeaſes I never ventured; for I choſe not to play with the life of any man. A little preſent of butter or eggs ſufficed for my payment.

" News now came of poor Molly Higgins. She had taken refuge in the Magdalen; and wrote home to expreſs her penitence, and deſire of returning to a life of virtue and induſtry. John

was

was willing; ſo Mary came, and added to our ſorrows and our wants.

"In talking over theſe things together, John remembered his old trade, and knowing how great a doctor I was, for the celebrity of a man who works for nothing is pretty ſure to be greater than his merit, propoſed that we ſhould, in proper diſguiſes, make excurſions as large as a week would permit; which he aſſured me he knew how to make profitable, by only ſelling at a fair apothecary's price, thoſe common things which I was in the habit of making up. After many perſuaſions I ventured; and upon the whole have met with tolerable ſucceſs!"

"You are the firſt of your profeſſion," ſaid Sir George, "who has attempted to ſell nothing in the ſhape of nothing; how came ſuch a thought to ſtrike you?"

"By mere accident," anſwered Jones. "At a late viſitation, ſome of my brethren were talking of the exceſſive credulity of mankind; and inſtanced the well known ſtory of the man propoſing to get into a quart bottle at the Hay-market. Others affirmed it was curioſity, not credulity, which brought that concourſe together. I had a mind to try how far I could practiſe upon one or both theſe qualities. You ſpoiled my experiment, Sir George, but have not certainly diminiſhed my profits. For the future, however, I believe I ſhall not venture to ſoar into the region of metaphyſics.

"But what," ſaid Sir George, "would your biſhop ſay, if he knew this trade of yours?"

"I hope," replied Jones, "he would connive at it, as he does at ſelling a pot of ale, or fiddling at wakes and merriments; which ſundry of my brethren muſt do or ſtarve."

"Well,"

"Well," ſaid Sir George, "ſhould you leave it off think you, if your ſalary was doubled? Or do you make more of it? Or do you find pleaſure in it as well as profit?"

"Not pleaſure, certainly, for I always enter upon it with reluctance; and as to profit, if we have 10l. each at the year's end, we call it a good year.

"This being ſo," ſaid Sir George, "do me the favour to accept this 20l. bank note. You are an ingenious man, and deſerve better fortune than you have found. I hope it may one day be in my power to place you better. Till then I will cauſe this ſum to be paid you yearly; and five more to your partner, provided he will engage to ſtick by his trade, and leave off tumbling. I muſt confeſs, though I can excuſe it on the ſcore of neceſſity, I think your profeſſion and your trade agree very ill together."

"I allow it, ſaid Jones; "and I accept your bounty with great gratitude, and no reluctance; and will ſo act in future, that it ſhall not be ſaid you have beſtowed it upon a baſe and unworthy object."

CHAP.

CHAP. XLIX.

A Scene of a far different kind was preparing for Sir George at Birmingham, a place ſcarcely more diſtinguiſhed for uſeful and ornamental manufacture, than for gentlemen who excel in natural philoſophy, in mechanics, and in chemiſtry. One of theſe has a manufactory at a ſmall diſtance from the town, ſcarce better known in England, than in France and Italy, Holland, Germany, and Ruſſia, or wherever commerce has diſplayed the Britiſh flag. In the exhibition room here, Sir George Paradyne's eye was caught by ſome ornamental toys, finiſhed in a taſte ſuperior to the reſt. Some paintings upon certain of theſe arreſted his view. He thought he ſaw here the repreſentation of objects he had ſomewhere really ſeen. On a more accurate examination, for the objects were in miniature, he recognized a view he had oft admired,———the ſouth view from Combor church yard.———Another little landſcape contained the church itſelf, the common, the White Houſe, juſt diſtinguiſhable, and a diſtant view of Southampton.

A ſmall degree of ſickneſs took Sir George on the recognition of theſe objects, and leaning on Lindſay, he went a few minutes into the open air. Mr. Lindſay gueſſed the cauſe; but choſe to leave love to his own operations. Sir George recovered ſoon, and returned into the room with agitated nerves, a quickened pulſe, and an air of aſſumed unconcernedneſs. He reſolved upon a perfect apathy to all fooliſh ſenſations; to aſk queſtions

queſtions with cool indifference; and was ſurpriſed to find his functions no longer in the power of his will.

Mr. Lindſay ſaw all this, without ſeeming to obſerve; and he took upon himſelf to aſk Sir George's queſtions. Theſe, ſaid he to the proprietor, ſeem to be the works of ſuperior taſte.

"They are, Sir," the proprietor anſwered; "the paintings in particular; and what is ſomething extraordinary, they are the works of a lady."

"Is it extraordinary then, Sir, that a lady ſhould have taſte and talent?" aſked Mr. Lindſay.

"It is rather extraordinary," anſwered the gentleman, "to find dilettanti performers in any art, ſuperior to profeſſors."

"This lady then," ſaid Mr. Lindſay, "paints for amuſement only?"

"I don't ſay that," the proprietor replied; "but it is pretty certain ſhe learned and practiſed the art, for amuſement only, till very lately."

"Is ſhe," Mr. Lindſay aſked, "of a neighbouring family?"

"No,"—anſwered the proprietor; "ſhe is of Southampton. Her father was a merchant, and is lately dead. Her name is Colerain."

"I think," ſays Lindſay, "I knew a lady of that name there; but ſhe was young."

"Miſs Colerain," anſwered the proprietor, "is young alſo, and moſt accompliſhed."

"Then ſhe has many admirers no doubt?" ſaid Sir George, with a tremulous voice.

All who know her," anſwered the proprietor; — "but theſe are few. She ſhuns acquaintance. She has indeed honoured my table with her company twice; when I have been favoured

voured with the company of Dr. Prieſtly; with that of Mr. Heir, the well-known tranſlator and elucidator of Macquer's Chemiſtry; or the celebrated author of the botanic garden, to whom all arts and all ſciences have obligation. But without ſome ſuch inducement, ſhe never ſtirs abroad; and has, I believe, never yet admitted a viſitor, male or female."

"If ſhe had a lover," ſaid Sir George, "he might apprehend no contemptible rival in you, Sir."

"If I were young and a bachelor," returned the other, "I would contend for her, as pro aris et focis. But I am old and married; and beſides, think leſs of the force of love, than of the force of ſteam."

"Does ſhe live near you?" aſked Sir George.

"In that houſe," anſwered the proprietor, "pointing to a neat building upon the common."

"Alone"? aſked Sir George.

"No Sir," the proprietor replied. "The houſe was taken by a young perſon in the manteau-making line; ſhe had a ſiſter, many years Miſs Colerain's maid, before the death of her father, and whilſt ſhe was high in affluence. The ſiſters have aſſociated; and Miſs Colerain has choſen to be with them, and to purſue her favorite art for ſubſiſtence, rather than to be a dependant upon any proud relation or rich acquaintance."

Sir George rewarded the courteſy of the maſter of the works, by a purchaſe of all thoſe toys which had received the embelliſhing hand of Miſs Colerain; and he ordered them to be ſent to Miſs Carlill, to whom he wrote his deſire that they might be depoſited at Combor White Houſe.

This done, he returned to Birmingham.

CHAP.

CHAP. L.

UPON the road, Sir George gave himſelf up wholly to the pleaſures of ſilence and ſighs. Not a ſingle obſervation eſcaped him. Other works were to be viſited. Sir George found he had ſeen enough, and requeſted Mr. Lindſay to go alone. This gentleman began as uſual to reaſon. Sir George could not reaſon; he could only feel. All the anſwer he made to a moſt excellent diſcourſe, was, that infinitely beyond all compariſon, Miſs Colerain had the greateſt combination of talents to pleaſe, that ever he ſaw in woman. "She plays," ſaid Sir George, "as well as ſhe paints. How beautiful are all her movements! I dare ſay ſhe is the beſt dancer in England."

"I don't diſpute the truth of your obſervation," ſaid Lindſay; "but it is rather out of place. We were not talking of Miſs Colerain."

"No!"——ſays Sir George,——"Of who then?" Lindſay laughed. "I was thinking of her however," continued Sir George.

"So it ſeems," replied the other.

"Dear Lindſay," ſaid Sir George, "have you no feeling?"

"I feel hunger ſenſibly at this very inſtant," anſwered Lindſay.

"Dine then," replied the baronet. "Feaſt thy ſenſual appetites. I feed upon memory.—But Lindſay!"

"Sir George!"

"I muſt ſee Miſs Colerain."

"No reaſoning againſt a Muſt.—But to what purpoſe?"

"To

"To tell her I adore her."

"Have not you already told her ſo?"

"Never.———My damned pride, and your wiſe argumentations prevented me. I feel that I grow wiſer. I feel that Miſs Colerain is better than philoſophy; and that it is folly to refuſe happineſs in any ſhape."

"You would marry then?"

"Yes. To-morrow. To-day. She ſhall travel with us Lindſay. By heaven! We ſhall learn more, rather than leſs, by ſuch a companion. We will teach her Euclid and Ariſtotle; and ſhe ſhall teach us the humanities and felicities. I will go this inſtant."

"You will then," ſaid Lindſay, "give Miſs Colerain an irrefragable proof of love—of love that diſregards the dull forms of common politeneſs. But for this, I would rather adviſe you to ſend a ſervant with compliments, requeſting leave to wait upon her to tea."

As ſoon as Sir George could be made to perceive the reaſonableneſs of this propoſal, he aſſented to it. Miſs Colerain returned for anſwer, that though unaccuſtomed to viſits of any kind ſhe could not reconcile herſelf to a failure of reſpect to Sir George Paradyne, to whom ſhe ſhould always own great obligations.

The ſecond ſtory of the houſe, was wholly appropriated to Miſs Colerain. She received Sir George in her ſitting apartment, where every thing had the air of ſimple neatneſs, and moſt of all, herſelf.

Neither eaſe nor grace, thoſe moſt conſpicuous qualities in our modern heroes or heroines, whoſe manners are upon record in every circulating library, were at the inſtant of meeting, con-

ſpicuous

ſpicuous in Sir George Paradyne or in Miſs Colerain. Nor is the converſation, as here recorded, perfectly exact, except as to its true ſenſe and meaning. The real expreſſion I believe was what the critics would call mutilated; or not claſſical, or not grammatical; perhaps they will ſay ſo of this; but I will appeal to my peereſſes; and if they acquit me, I am content to be hanged in effigy, in all the major and minor reviews of Great Britain.

Upon the road from Birmingham, Sir George had thought of nothing but the pleaſure he was going to give and to receive; for having obtained a ſolid victory over his pride, and diminiſhed, if not annihilated the oppoſition of Mr. Lindſay, it never occurred to him that any other difficulties remained. He ſuppoſed indeed that Miſs Colerain would endeavor to conceal her joy; but thought that her lovely eyes would betray the ſilent rapture.

When after the firſt ceremonies therefore, Sir George haſtened into the midſt of things, and with all the impetuoſity of a lover, and confidence of ſucceſs, he had declared he came to throw himſelf and fortune at her feet; he was ſurpriſed to find no exterior ſymptoms of emotion; no emanation from Miſs Colerain's eyes that denoted even that the propoſition was agreeable to her. She gave however, no interruption to his ebullitions; but permitted him to ſay quietly, what he thought proper. When he ſeemed to pauſe, expecting her anſwer, ſhe ſaid with a ſweet, though ſerious ſimplicity, "I thank you, Sir George; but it is too late."

Sir George ſtarted from his chair, as if an aſp had bit him. "Too late!" cried he as he ſtrode about her apartment. "Good heavens! too late!

And

And have you then, Miſs Colerain, been in ſuch haſte to forget me! In ſuch haſte to form engagements! What a lot is mine! When I had determined to diſregard the remonſtrances of your relations, the advice of friends, and to brave the contempt of my equals, I am informed, it is too late." Too late! repeated Sir George, once a minute.

When he had ſufficiently wearied himſelf, he ſat down; and venturing to take a look at Miſs Colerain, and ſeeing that young lady all calm, neither ruffled by his reproaches, nor moved by his complaints; he cried,—"Cruel, cruel Miſs Colerain! What, not deign to pity the wretchedneſs you create!"

"I am much at a loſs to know how the very few words I have ſaid, could have raiſed th paſſion," ſaid Miſs Colerain, which I hope is the ſole creator of wretchedneſs of which you, Sir George, complain."

"What!" anſwered Sir George,——"did you not tell me you were engaged? Can you then wonder?"

"I might wonder," Miſs Colerain replied, "although I ſaid I was engaged—— which indeed I have not."

"Bleſſed be the lips," ſaid Sir George, "that have given me this ray of thoſe terrible words, —— it is too late."

"Simply," anſwered Miſs Colerain, "that I have reſolved at preſent to liſten to no overtures of the kind you mention."

"But," ſaid Sir George, "the words too late imply, do they not, that there was a time, when I might have pleaded this cauſe with ſome hopes of ſucceſs."

"There was," replied Miſs Colerain. "I owe Sir

Sir George Paradyne too much reſpect, to amuſe him with any thing which would deſerve the names of feigned reſerve, or female caprice."

"When! dear Miſs Colerain, you intereſt and alarm me," ſaid Sir George.

"When your benevolent and kind attentions had gained upon a grateful heart, which felt, but could not reſiſt its weakneſs," replied Miſs Colerain.

"Have I then loſt that heart?" aſked Sir George.

"I have undoubtedly changed my ſentiments," anſwed Miſs Colerain.

"Oh why?" Sir George aſked.

"Merely," Miſs Colerain replied, "becauſe they were not reciprocal."

"Certainly they were reciprocal, my dear Miſs Colerain," ſaid Sir George.

"That was a ſecret," replied Miſs Colerain, ſmiling, "you did not chuſe to entruſt me with. But to be perfectly frank and explicit, I did ſee or thought I ſaw in you a growing affection. I eaſily comprehended your ſtruggles againſt it, and your motives. I held myſelf ready to aſſiſt thoſe ſtruggles and enforce thoſe motives—againſt myſelf—had you rendered it neceſſary; You conquered without my aſſiſtance."

"You reproach me, Miſs Colerain," ſaid Sir George.

"Indeed I do not," anſwered Miſs Colerain. "Your ſentiments were proper for your rank and quality. There was not any thing wrong *in them*; and certainly you had a right to diſpoſe of your affections how you pleaſed."

"Alas!" ſaid Sir George, "they were no longer in my own power. But my dear Miſs Colerain, you laid an emphaſis upon the words *in*

them; as if to intimate, that though theſe were right, there were others wrong."

"I alluded to our laſt converſation," Miſs Colerain replied; "it appeared probable from thence, that you had improved upon that claſs of ſentiments which I thought became your rank; and advanced into the more free and faſhionable mode of thinking."

"I hope," ſaid Sir George, "you accuſe me wrongfully. I hope I did not ſay any thing which could juſtly alarm your honour or delicacy."

"Perhaps not," Miſs Colerain replied; "but it ſeemed ſuch a prelude as a libertine might have employed, who had formed deſigns which he did not chuſe at once to avow."

"Whatſoever it was," ſaid Sir George, "if it offended you, Miſs Colerain, I aſk your pardon, and entreat you to forget it."

"I have no deſire," Miſs Colerain anſwered, "to remember any thing to the prejudice of Sir George Paradyne."

"I hope then," ſaid Sir George, "you will retract your heart chilling negative, and ſay no more, it is too late."

"That," Miſs Colerain replied, "I cannot do."

"If," ſaid Sir George, "I once poſſeſſed, or might have poſſeſſed your affections, what have I ſince done to forfeit this bleſſing, more than you have now forgiven?"

"You are above me, Sir George," ſaid Miſs Colerain. "You have felt your ſuperiority. You have ſtruggled againſt it, and believe you have conquered. You have taken the generous reſolution in my favour, to diſregard relations, friends, and the contempt of the world. I ought, according

according to the opinions current in ſociety, to be exceſſively obliged; and to repay this condeſcenſion with an uncommon portion of gratitude. But I really want humility. I am too proud to be exceſſively obliged. If I marry——a moſt improbable circumſtance——it will not be to bring diſſentions into a family, nor to procure my huſband contempt. It will be to a mind, which balancing good and evil, will not throw money into either ſcale. It will be to a man who poſſeſſes my unbounded eſteem; whoſe general conduct and purſuits deſerve the applauſe of the wiſe and good."

"Good heavens! Miſs Colerain," ſaid Sir George, "how many reproaches do you make me!"

"I have no ſuch preſumption," Miſs Colerain replied."

"Be candid, madam," ſaid Sir George; "do not your laſt words imply a cenſure on my conduct?"

"Certainly not," Miſs Colerain anſwered. "We may prefer one ſeries of ſentiment, or one ſeries of action to another, without implying cenſure.

"This will not do, Miſs Colerain," ſaid Sir George, "you are not candid now. Something you certainly diſlike."

"I keep no ſpies upon your conduct, Sir George," anſwered Miſs Colerain. Miſs Carlill mentions you ſometimes in her letters."

"But not with approbation," ſaid Sir George.

"Not always," replied Miſs Colerain. "It is with pleaſure I hear you retain your goodneſs of heart; but as I ſincerely wiſh your higheſt felicity, it is not with pleaſure I hear of your entering with ſpirit into the ——————I

know not what to call them———diſſipations, I believe, of the town; you would have laughed if I had ſaid its gallantries. There are, however, who tolerate this ſpecies of gallantry, who think gaming a ſerious evil."

"Gaming! Miſs Colerain," ſaid Sir George, amazed.

"I beg you will excuſe my impertinence," continued Miſs Colerain; "indeed I could not ſpeak to you thus improperly, if——if——though certain to be nothing more to Sir George Paradyne, than I now am——" Miſs Colerain's voice failed her; her eyes were ſuffuſed with tears. So, on ſeeing them, were Sir George's. He took her hand, and ſaid, with trembling tenderneſs, "Is it for me and my errors you weep, Miſs Colerain?" She did not anſwer. "No———do not weep," reſumed Sir George. "Tho' your tears do me honour, they afflict me. If I am not now,——accept my devoted heart———and I will be what you wiſh." On this ſubject Sir George became eloquent, inſinuating, and almoſt irreſiſtible. It was for Miſs Colerain a trying moment. She recollected, however, that ſhe had reſolved, under the calm influence of reaſon; would ſhe loſe its advantages by the ſoftneſs of a moment? And this recollection was deciſive.

"No, Sir George," ſaid ſhe, withdrawing her hand; "no———I intreat I may be no more importuned upon this ſubject———as diſtreſſing to me as unavailing to you."

"Cruel, inflexible Miſs Colerain!" cried Sir George. You dare not then truſt your happineſs in my hand. You dare not confide in my promiſe to be all you deſire."

"Indeed,

"Indeed, Sir George," Miſs Colerain replied, "I am too young for a preceptreſs; and you are young. It is from experience in the great ſchool of the world you muſt learn what is wanting—— if any thing is wanting——to compleat the character of a gentleman. You are going abroad."

"From whence have you this intelligence?" Sir George aſked.

"Once," replied Miſs Colerain, "I had it from yourſelf. Miſs Carlill alſo has lately mentioned it."

"I fear," ſaid Sir George, "I am not obliged to Miſs Carlill. It is ſhe who learns and communicates my little errors, I ſuppoſe, in form of anecdote."

"You would not wiſh to do good and great things unnoticed," ſaid Miſs Colerain; "and cannot expect ſo to do thoſe that are not good or great."

"I own, Miſs Colerain," ſaid Sir George, "that I have not ſpent all my time to the beſt purpoſes; but I know not that I have done any thing worthy of ſevere reproof."

"No," replied Miſs Colerain, ſmiling; "no—as times go. I, however, wiſh, and muſt always wiſh your character unſtained; and that you might never deviate into actions which can only plead the pitiful excuſe of being faſhionable. Such is gaming. Such are duels. Can duelling be honourable? Can faſhion ſanctify it? And is it compatible to fight for Lady Ann Brixworth to-day; and offer your heart to Miſs Colerain to-morrow?"

"My fair and ſevere reprover," ſaid Sir George; "you have erroneous information. I fought not for Lady Ann Brixworth, nor was ſhe to me more than an acquaintance."

"An intimate one no doubt," Miſs Colerain anſwered, laughing; "or the newſpapers would not have given you to her in marriage."

"Did you believe them?" aſked Sir George.

"I am not," returned Miſs Colerain, "much accuſtomed to confide in them; but I had no particular reaſon to doubt their intelligence here."

"Upon my honour, Miſs Colerain," ſaid Sir George, "I never gave any cauſe for ſuch a report, but that of frequenting Lady Ann's houſe."

"That," returned Miſs Colerain, "muſt have a cauſe. But I beg this kind of diſcourſe may finiſh. I bluſh to have been guilty of ſo much impertinence."

Sir George made another effort to conquer Miſs Colerain's prejudices; but in vain. It was time to depart. He begged permiſſion to renew his viſits. She anſwered, "That as ſhe had reſolutely declined receiving any viſits whatever, his would be the more remarked. She had already ſuffered ſo much by her imprudence in that particular, ſhe hoped he would have the goodneſs to excuſe her."

"Let me," ſaid Sir George, "obtain ſomething from you. Let it be permitted me, during my abſence, to have the comfort of knowing you are not expoſed to the caſual calamities of indigence."

"Of that," Miſs Colerain replied, "I have nothing to fear. Induſtry is amuſement. It is even conſolation. I beg pardon, Sir George, but I prefer it to obligation, infinitely."

"May I not hope," Sir George aſked, "a kinder reception when I return?"

"Sir George," replied Miſs Colerain, with quickneſs, "I will neither give nor receive a promiſe."

"Surely, ſurely," ſaid Sir George, "you are cruel to an extreme."

"No," Miſs Colerain anſwered, "I am only juſt. The mind has its revolutions, eſpecially in youth. You may live to thank me, that I did not ſubject you to a future conteſt betwixt your honour and your affection."

"Impoſſible, Miſs Colerain. May I take the liberty to write?"

"It were better you did not aſk it, Sir George; but be that as you pleaſe."

"And will you anſwer?"

"For that I do not engage."

"I hope on reflection you will think you have been too rigid; I had almoſt ſaid inhuman. But with whatſoever will, heaven pleaſes to inſpire you, I muſt endeavour to find ſubmiſſion to it. Adieu, dear Miſs Colerain, (kiſſing her hand) adieu. Heaven forgive you for your manifold ſins againſt me, and give you penitence and love; and me faith, hope, and patience. Dear Miſs Colerain adieu."

Below, Sir George enquired for Suſanna, and leaving his purſe in her hand, with the ſame effort of good humour with which he bid adieu to Miſs Colerain, he deſired ſhe would pray for him to her miſtreſs, three times a-day; then ſtepping into the carriage he drove off.

To Mr. Lindſay, after ſupper, he related all which had paſſed; mingling reſentment and ſorrow together, and eagerly endeavouring to drown both the ſenſations in wine.

As to Miſs Colerain——but with the examples of ladies, who, when love has aſſailed their

their gentle boſoms, have bid him be dumb, and have liſtened to his great antagoniſt Reaſon; I am but little acquainted. I cannot therefore deſcribe their ſenſations. All I know is, that Miſs Colerain ſpent the night in tears; and I hope, there are few of my fair readers who will not think her juſtly puniſhed for her obduracy.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

JUST PUBLISHED.

D'ARCY,

A NOVEL.

By CHARLOTTE SMITH;

Dedicated *by permiſſion* to his Royal Highneſs the DUKE OF YORK.

[PRICE, 2s. 2d. ſewed.]

Printed by B. SMITH, No. 38, Mary-ſtreet,

And to be had at all the Bookſellers.

In the Preſs and ſpeedily will be publiſhed,

By P. BYRNE, No. 108, Grafton-ſtreet; and B. SMITH, No. 38, Mary-ſtreet.

MEMOIRS

OF

Sir Roger De Clarendon,

The natural Son of *Edward Prince of Wales*, commonly called the Black Prince;

With Anecdotes of many other eminent Perſons of the fourteenth Century.

By CLARA REEVE.

Two Volumes.—Price, 5s. 5d. ſewed.

A Treat for the Ladies.

In a few Days will be publiſhed,

MARIAMNE;

OR

IRISH ANECDOTES.

A NOVEL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

By the Author of *Aſhton Priory*, *Benedicta*, *Powis Caſtle*, *&c. &c.*

[Price, 2s. 8d. h. ſewed.]

Printed by B. SMITH, No. 38, Mary-ſtreet,
and to be had at all the Bookſellers.